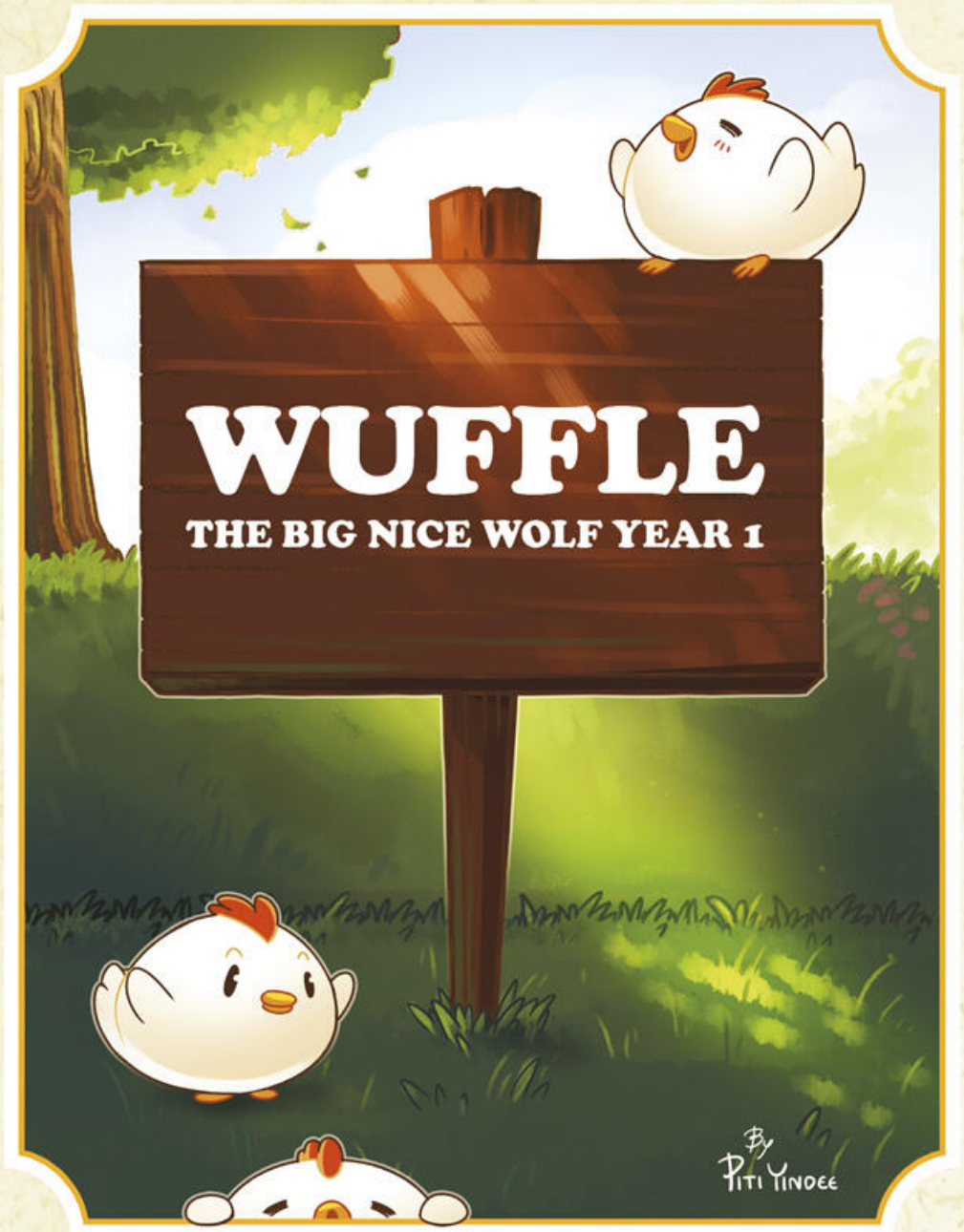
WUFFLE
THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 1
BY PITI YINDEE


WUFFLE
THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 1
By
Piti Yindee

WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 1

I, Piti Yindee, the creator, would like to thank my parents,who have always supported me and did not take away the cartoons I so loved when I was young. To my brother and sister, thank you for introducing me to the world of art.

To Gus Rodsavas, my friend and a great game programmer, thank you for being a very strict editor and for supporting my efforts in creating Wuffle Comics. Otsuki Ryuji for being a super-strict second unit editor and translating Wuffle Comics into Japanese.

Eddie "Teddy" Grant for being a preliminary editor for the early Wuffle Comics.
Marc Knelsen for teaching me how to make a book.

And all the guest artists, including Ben-ben, Cocon, CoffGirl, Dai, DomDozz, Galgard, Koku, Lunar*, Marc, Pocoinu and Shong (art not listed) for taking the time to produce all this wonderful art.

Last, thank you to all the fans for spreading the word about the Wuffle Comics.

Keep reading!

Piti Yindee, a freelance artist
and the creator of Wuffle Comics.
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- www.wufflecomics.com
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Proofread by
Cynthia Bingaman

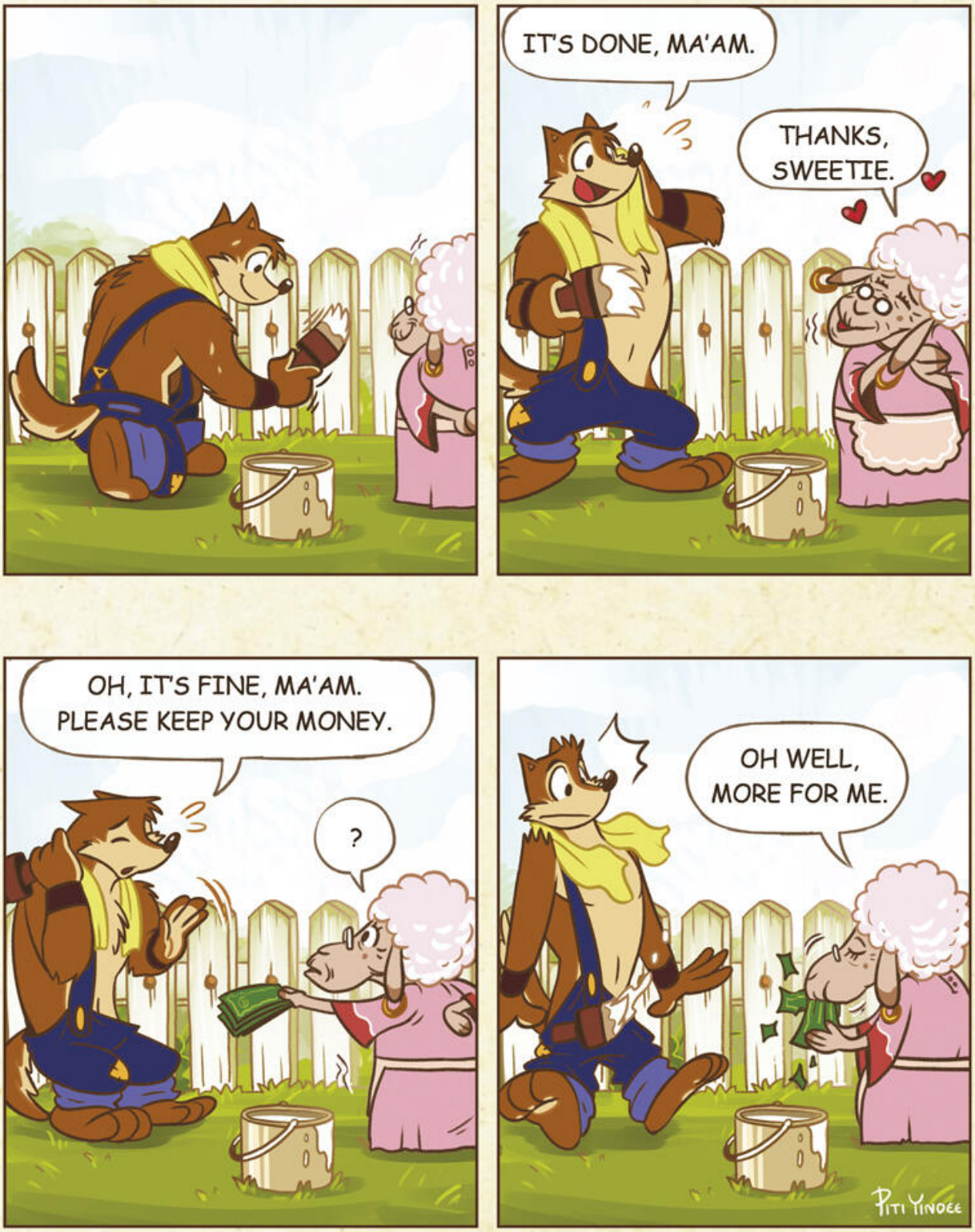
CHARACTERS
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
MATILDA, CHUCK, NATHANIEL, JOE, FOXXO
ALMOND, MRS. HAZEL, MAGGIE, DAMIEN
AUNTY PINKY, UNCLE BROCCOLI,
PUIPUI, DEBBITA, WUFFLE and CHICKEN

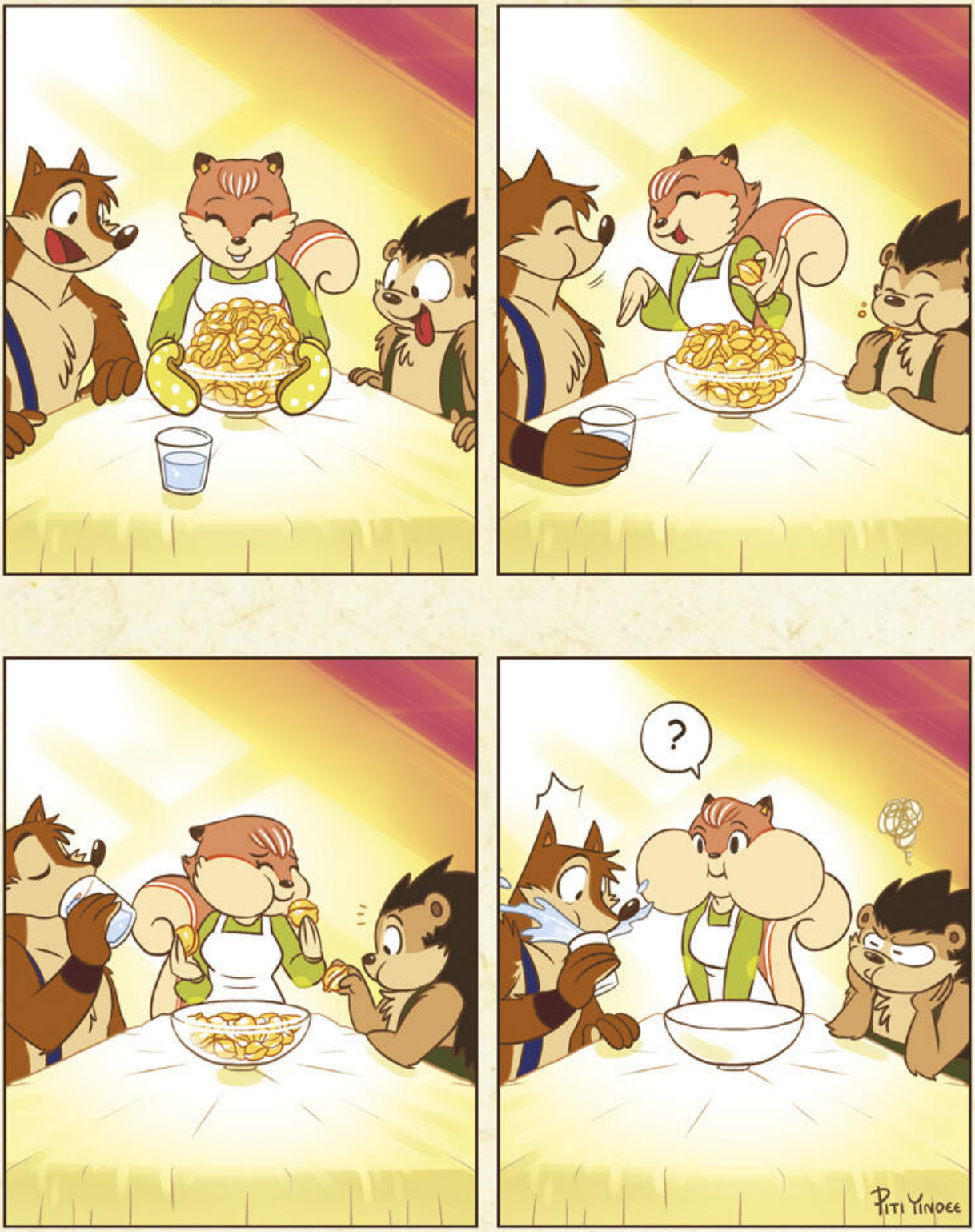
LET'S
START

PITI YINOEE

DON'T FORGET TO CUT THE GRASS!
I WON'T ... ZZZ
WOW! THAT WAS FAST!
PITI YINDEE

PITI YINOEE


IT'S DONE, MA'AM.
THANKS, SWEETIE.
OH, IT'S FINE, MA'AM. PLEASE KEEP YOUR MONEY.
?
OH WELL, MORE FOR ME.
PITI YINOEE


?
PITI YINOEE

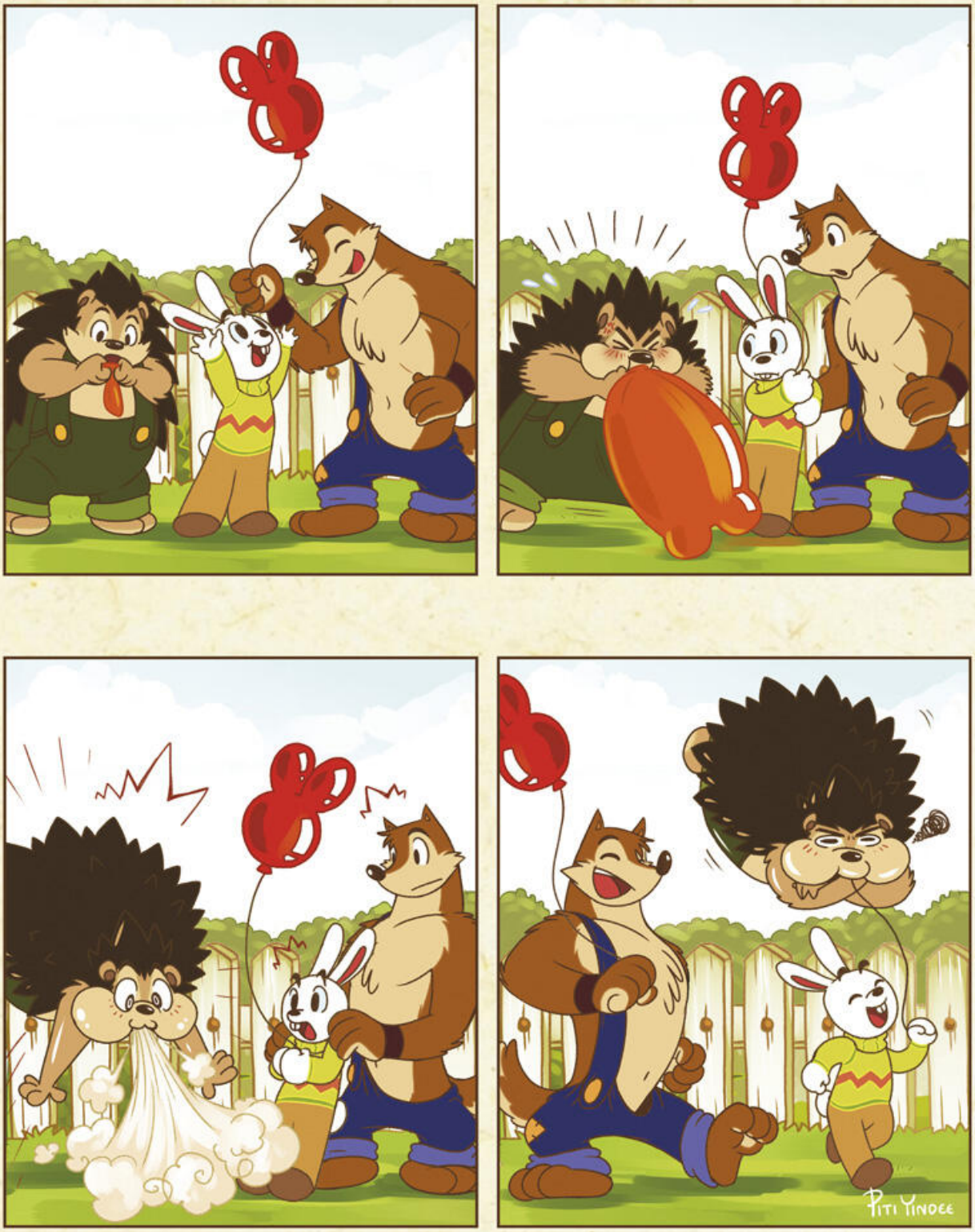
PITI YINDEE

THANKS FOR THE HARD WORK, WUFFLE AND PUIPUI. HERE'S COOKIES.
OH, WOW! THANKS, FOXXO!

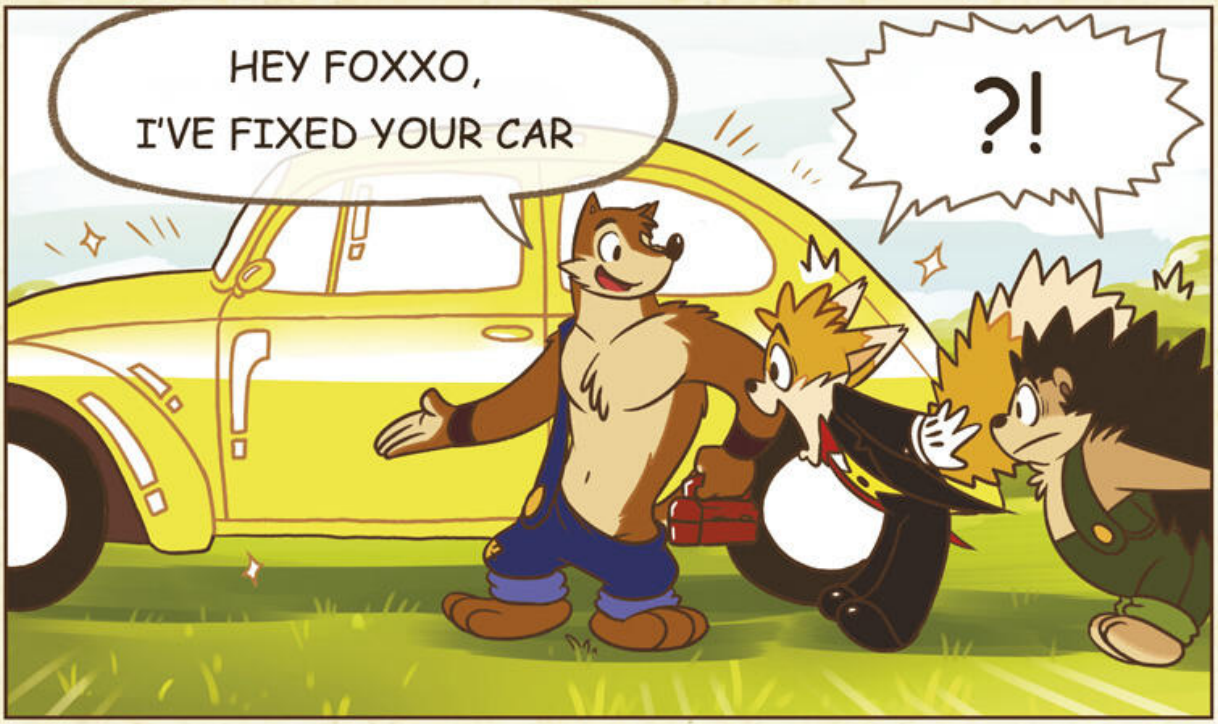
AHEM... SINCE YOU ATE THEM, I HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU.

FOXXO'S GINGERBREAD BAKERY
VALENTINE'S DAY SPECIAL:
5% DISCOUNT FOR EVERYONE!!
PITI YINDEE

I'M TIRED.
LET'S GO HOME.
PITI YINOEE

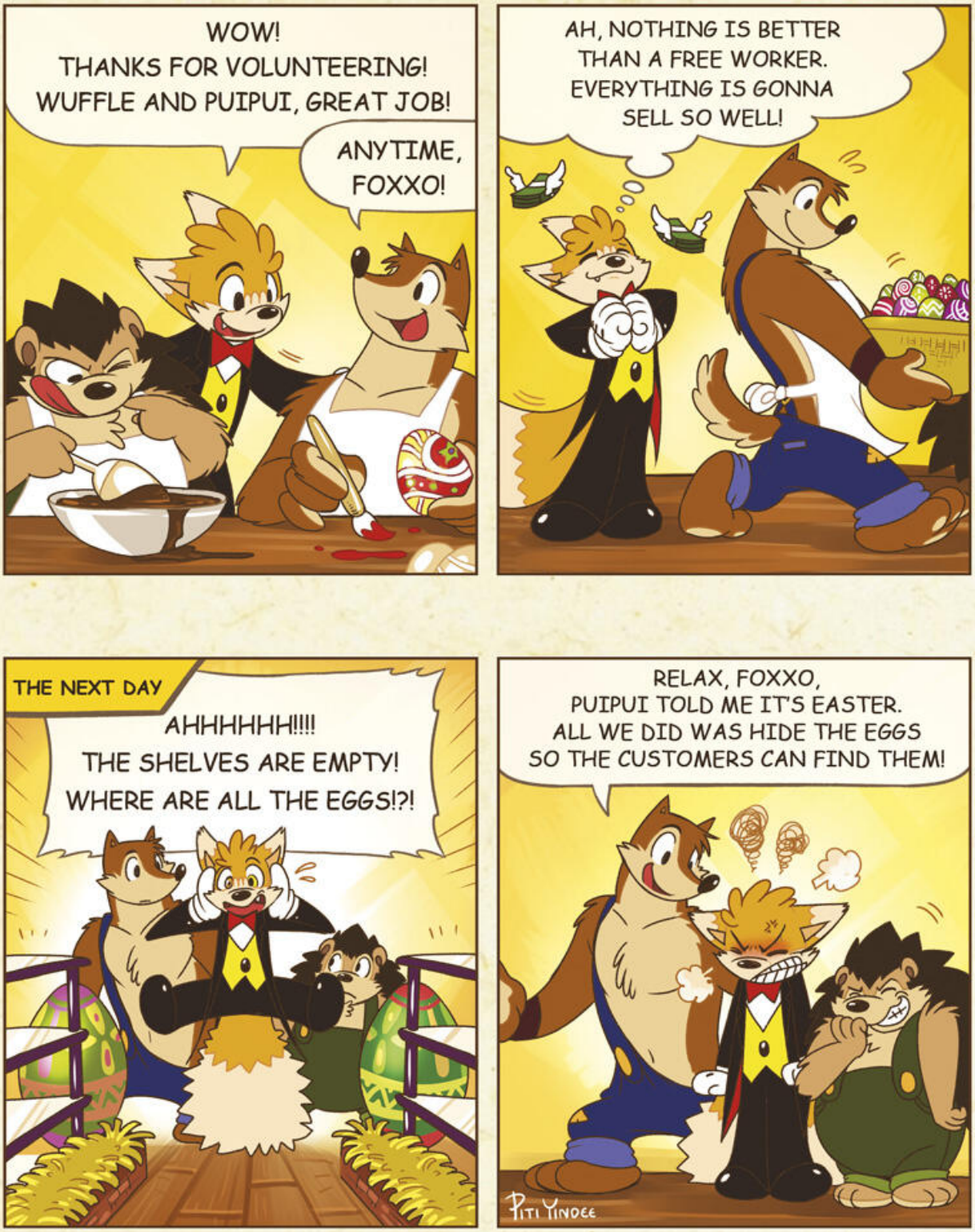

PITI YINDEE

MY CAR GOT DESTROYED!
YOU NEED TO FIX IT, PLEASE!
!
HURRY! QUICK! QUICKER!
snicker
THERE!
WHAT!?!
HEHEHE
APRIL FOOLS,
YOU TWO.
THAT IS
NOT FUNNY!

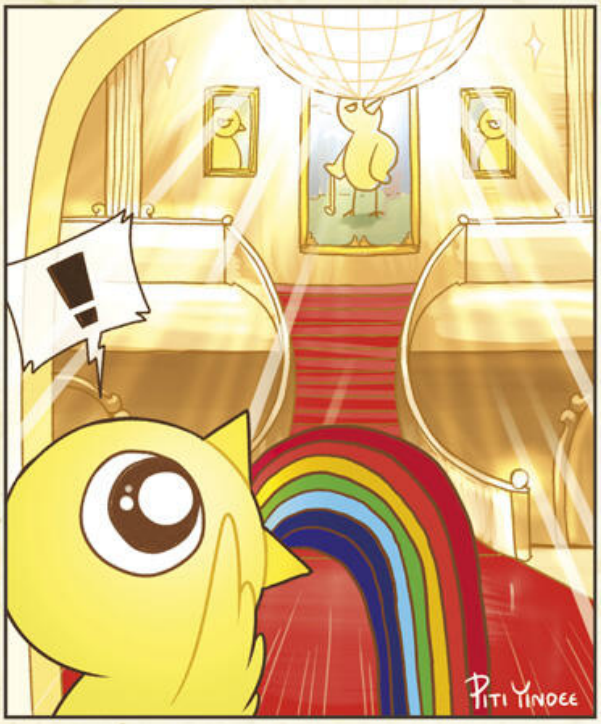

HEY FOXXO,
I'VE FIXED YOUR CAR
?!

APRIL FOOLS!
PITI YINOCE

ZZZ
PITI YINDEE


WOW!
THANKS FOR VOLUNTEERING!
WUFFLE AND PUIPUI, GREAT JOB!
ANYTIME, FOXXO!
AH, NOTHING IS BETTER THAN A FREE WORKER. EVERYTHING IS GONNA SELL SO WELL!
THE NEXT DAY
AHHHHHH!!!!
THE SHELVES ARE EMPTY!
WHERE ARE ALL THE EGGS!?!
RELAX, FOXXO,
PUIPUI TOLD ME IT'S EASTER.
ALL WE DID WAS HIDE THE EGGS
SO THE CUSTOMERS CAN FIND THEM!
PITI YINDEE

HEY KIDS!
HAPPY EA-
EGGS!!
!
STER...
PUT ME DOWN!
PITI YINDEE


!
PITI YINDEE

HI AUNTY PINKY, WHAT DO YOU NEED HELP WITH?
HI SWEETIE, YOU'RE QUICK AS ALWAYS.
I WANT YOU TO FIX THIS FAN FOR ME.
THIS FAN? I REMEMBER IT WORKED GOOD AFTER I FIXED IT.
IT'S TOO GOOD...
PITI YINDEE

ALL RIGHT, PUIPUI. IN ORDER TO FIX SOMETHING, YOU NEED TO KNOW WHERE IT'S BROKEN FIRST.
KEEP WORKING ON IT, I'LL GO MAKE US SOME WAFFLES.
PUI PUI SMASH!
GRASH!
NOW, I KNOW WHERE IT'S BROKEN!
PITI YINDEE

IT'S ALMOST MOTHER'S DAY. YOU'RE NOT GONNA CALL YOUR MOM?
NOT THIS YEAR. SHE TOLD ME IT'S FINE AND SHE'LL BE TOO BUSY TO PICK UP THE PHONE ANYWAY.
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE HER A LETTER THEN?
!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THANKS, PUIPUI!
THE NEXT DAY
SERIOUSLY, STOP...
Piti Yindee

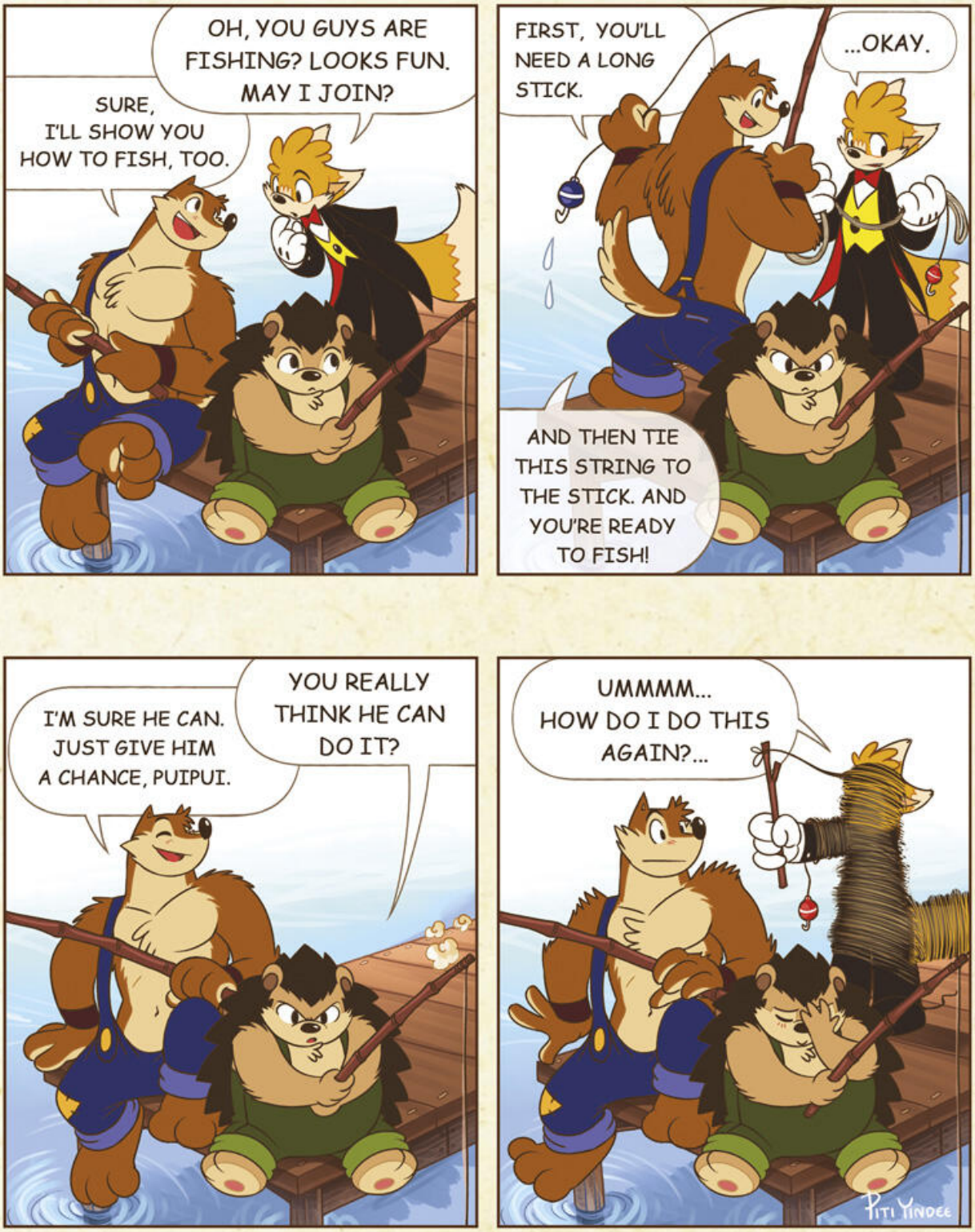
SO ALL THESE LETTERS ARE GOING TO MRS. WELWULF, RIGHT? MR. WUFFLE?
YES, CHUCK.I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE.
NOT AT ALL, MR. WUFFLE! BUT FIRST LET ME STRETCH A BIT AND I'LL DELIVER YOUR LETTERS IN A SECOND.
AHHH
AND DONE!
TH-THANK ...YOU.
Piti Yindee

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! DO YOU THINK SHE IS GONNA FINISH READING ALL THOSE LETTERS IN ONE DAY!?
HEHE, SORRY BUDDY. I GUESS I'M TOO EXCITED...
GREETINGS GENTLEMEN! HERE'S A LETTER FROM MRS. WELWULF, MR. WUFFLE
!
YAY!
PITI YINDEE

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. YOU WROTE HER AN ENTIRE ENCYCLOPEDIA, YET SHE SENDS YOU A SINGLE CARD!
WELL, IT'S FINE. SHE'S A VERY BUSY WOMAN.
THIS MEANS A LOT TO ME ALREADY.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!
I love you too, Waffle.
Love Mom
CAN I TAKE A NAP FIRST?
NO.
PITI YINDEE

YAWN
THANKS FOR PUTTING ME IN BED, JOE.
HEY JOE, WILL YOU READ A BEDTIME STORY FOR ME?
3
3 LITTLE PIGS. YES, YOUNG MASTER.
...THEN THE WOLF BLEW THE STICK HOUSE INTO PIECES!
CRACK
PITI YINDEE


OH, YOU GUYS ARE FISHING? LOOKS FUN. MAY I JOIN?
SURE, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FISH, TOO.
FIRST, YOU'LL NEED A LONG STICK.
...OKAY.
AND THEN TIE THIS STRING TO THE STICK. AND YOU'RE READY TO FISH!
YOU REALLY THINK HE CAN DO IT?
I'M SURE HE CAN. JUST GIVE HIM A CHANCE, PUIPUI.
UMMMM... HOW DO I DO THIS AGAIN?...
PITI YINDEE

B'AWWWW, THIS ISN'T FUN!
Piti Yindee

HEY, HEY!
I GOT ONE!
I GOT A FISH!
WELL,
PULL HARDER,
YOU SPOILED FOX!
YOU CAN DO IT,
FOXXO!
AHHH!
IT'S TOO STRONG!
IT MUST'VE BEEN
A GIANT FISH!
?
PITI YINDEE

DON'T BE SAD, FOXXO. HERE, YOU CAN USE MINE INSTEAD.
WHOA, WHOA! I THINK I'VE CAUGHT A BIG ONE!
OH WOW! I DID IT! I DID IT! I'M THE GREATEST FISHERMAN EVER!!
PITI YINDEE

NUTS
FOXXO'S

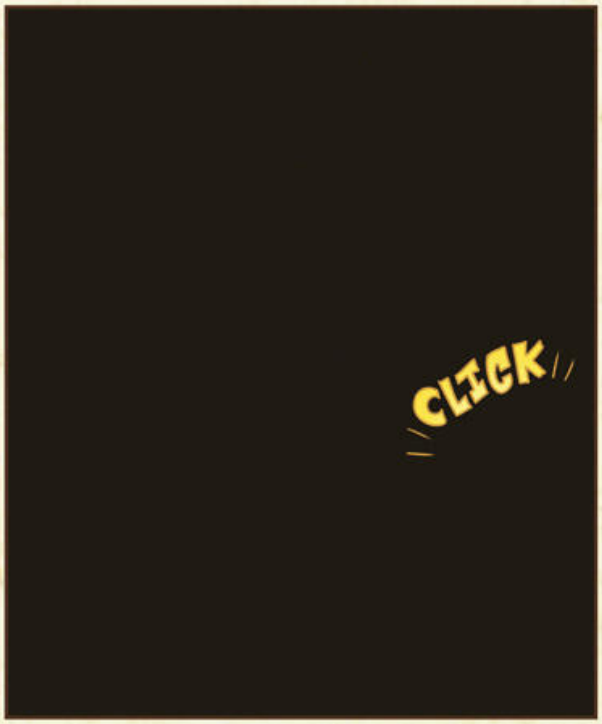
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MA'AM.
WE RAN OUT OF BAGS.

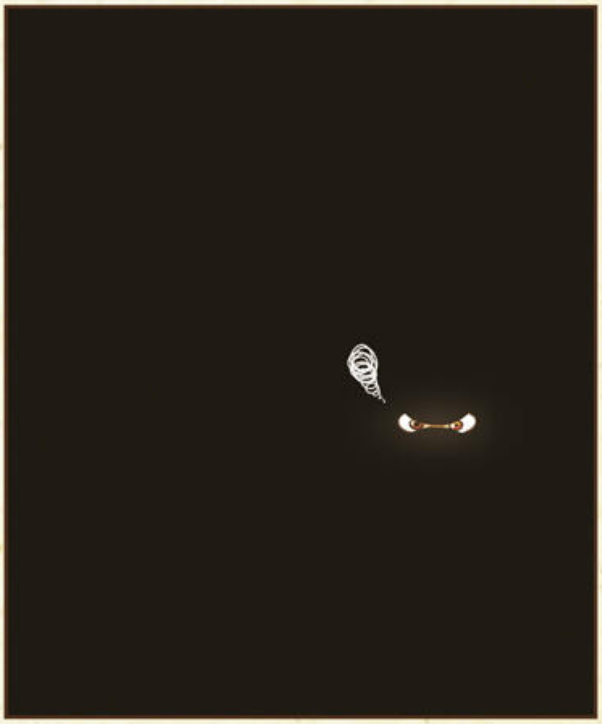
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR.
I WILL MANAGE IT THEN.

TAXI
PITI YINDEE

THANKS FOR WATCHING *GGB* NEWS, GOODNIGHT.
COMING UP NEXT, "A NIGHTMARE ON GINGERBREAD STREET"
SHRIEKKKKK!!!
WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED TONIGHT'S FEATURE PRESENTATION. SWEET DREAMS!
PITI YINOEE

STOP BEING SCARED, WUFFLE.
IT'S JUST A SILLY HORROR MOVIE.
IT'S NOT REAL. *YAWNNN*
YOU'RE RIGHT, PUIPUI
SIGH GOOD NIGHT.


CLICK



Piti Yindee

THE NEXT MORNING
AHHHH...
WHAT A WONDERFUL MORNING!
THANKS FOR DOING A NIGHTWATCH, PUIPUI.
UGGGHHHH ...
PITI YINDEE

...OH HOW I WISH YOU WERE HERE, MY DEAR BROCCOLI...
IS THAT YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTY PINKY?
YES, DEAR... YOU NEVER MET HIM, HAVE YOU?
I DIDN'T KNOW HIM. BUT I'M SURE HE WAS A GOOD MAN.
HE IS, DEAR... WE ARE CHATTING RIGHT NOW.
STILL ALIVE AND KICKIN', SON! HYUK HYUK HYUK!
PITI TINDEE

BROCCOLI, MY HUSBAND, HE HAS TO GO TO WORK IN THE CITY FROM TIME TO TIME, DEAR.
SO THAT'S WUFFLE, EH? THANKS FOR HELPING MY WIFE, SONNY!

THANKS TO THE PINEPAD, WE CAN STILL TALK TO EACH OTHER WHEN HE ISN'T HOME.
WOW...

IT'S SO THIN, ISN'T IT? I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF A BIG GUY LIKE YOU COULD BREAK IT! HOHOHOHO!
CRACK!

PITI YINOEE

I'M REALLY SORRY, AUNTY PINKY! I-I'LL FIX IT RIGHT NOW!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'LL SEE IF I CAN RETURN IT AND GET A NEW ONE.
OH WUFFLE... IT'S BEYOND FIXING, BUT YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO FIX IT TO MAKE ME HAPPY.
OH NO...
IT ISN'T EXACTLY THE SAME, BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...
CONNECTION PROBLEM, HONEY?
PITI YINOEE

SO... WUFFLE CAN TURN A PINEPAD INTO A HOLOGRAM MONITOR?
YES, YOUNG MASTER.
BRILLIANT! NOW JOE! BREAK SOMETHING AND I'LL MAKE HIM UPGRADE IT!
LET'S START WITH THAT TV.!
CRASH
WE NEED TO LEAVE HIM SOMETHING TO FIX, YOU KNOW...
PITI YINDEE

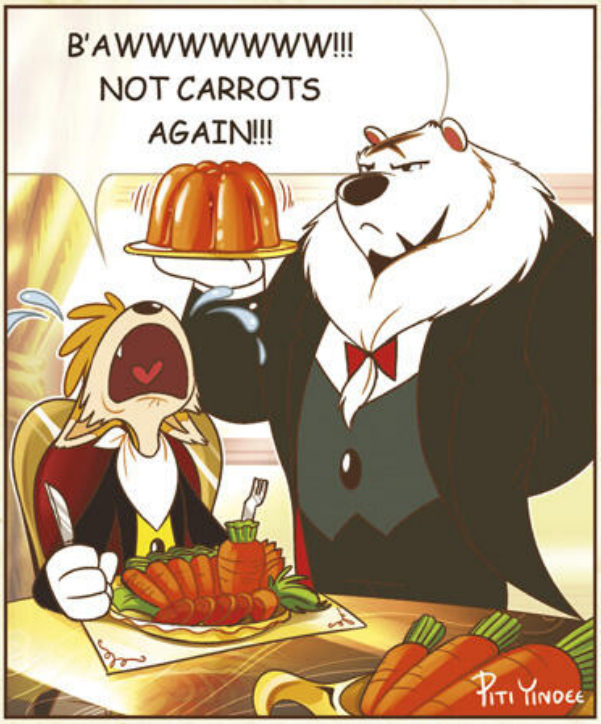
HI WUFFLE! IT'S FOXXO. I NEED YOU TO COME AND FIX MY TV., THANKS!
WAH!!! WHAT HAPP
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! NOW, MAKE IT WORK LIKE THE OLD ONE!
AHH~ WILL IT BECOME A 3D TV.? OR A HOLOGRAM LIKE AUNTY PINKY'S PINEPAD?
HERE YOU GO, FOXXO! WORKS EXACTLY LIKE THOSE OLD ONES!
PITI YINDEE

Z
Z
Z
WELCO
PITI YINDEE

HI WUFFLE!
HI PUIPUI!
HEY DEBBITA!
LONG TIME NO SEE.
I JUST GOT BACK FROM A CARROT TRIP. AND I GOT SOUVENIRS FOR YOU GUYS TOO.
OH YEAH! SOUVENIRS!
HERE'S A STRONG, BEAUTIFUL, TOP-GRADE CARROT FOR YOU, WUFFLE.
OH, UMM... THANKS...
AND A CHUBBY, SPIKY, WEIRD CARROT FOR PUIPUI.
Piti Yindee

HOORAY!
I'M FINALLY HOME!
IT'S GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK AROUND HERE!
HEY, WUFFLE. CAN YOU PUT THOSE CARROTS INTO MY STOREHOUSE, PLEASE?
SURE, DEBBITA!
I'LL STAY HERE THEN...
?
Z
Z
Z
UH, DEB?
I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY ROOM FOR MORE CARROTS THOUGH...
OOPSIE POOPSIE
PITI YINDEE

I'LL FIX YOUR STOREHOUS-
HOLD IT, WUFFLE! LET ME HANDLE THIS.
GIMME A CARROT. MASTER PUIPUI WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!
WATCH AND LEARN...
PITI YINDEE


B'AWWWWWWW!!!
NOT CARROTS
AGAIN!!!
PITI YINDEE

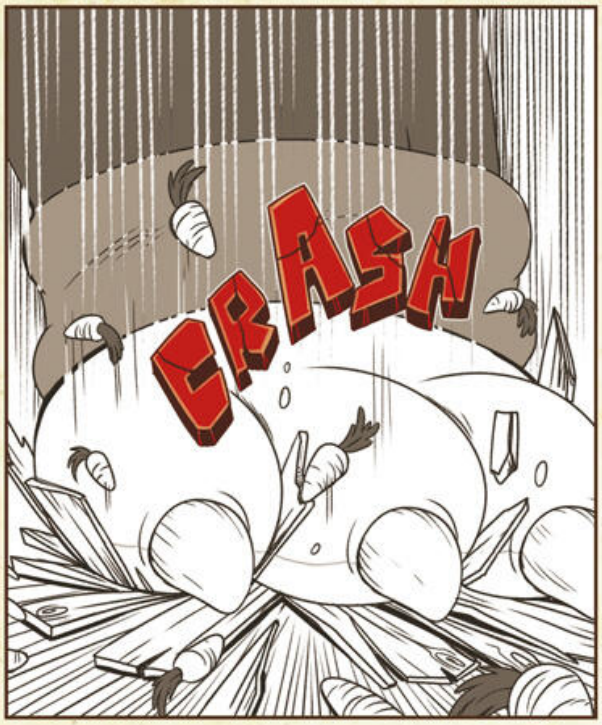
THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME STAY AT YOUR HOUSE, GUYS!
NO PROBLEM, DEB.
I'M SORRY I BLEW UP YOUR HOUSE...

A-ANYWAY, I'VE PREPARED A BED FOR YOU...
OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! I'VE MADE MY OWN STRAW BED ALREADY.

WELL, I CAN LEND YOU MY PAJAMAS...
NAH, DON'T WORRY. I ALREADY MADE MYSELF STRAW PAJAMAS.

TOMORROW IS A BIG DAY, SO YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP! GOOD NIGHT!
PITI YINDEE

RAWRRRR!!!


CRASH

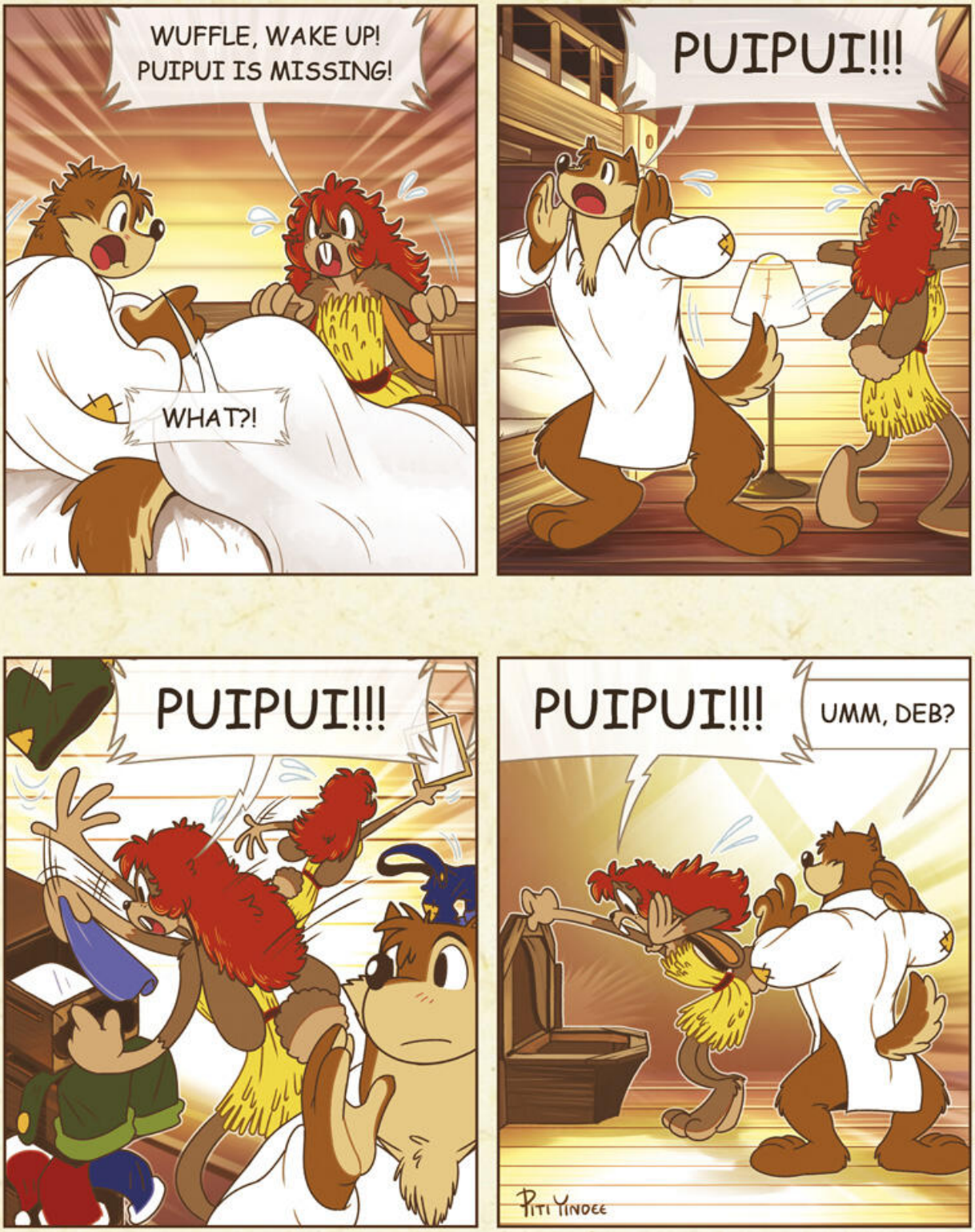
!
NOOOOO!!!
MY CARROT
COLLECTION!

I-I'M SO SORRY!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
PL-PLEASE FORGIVE ME!
SORRY, DEB. SEEMS LIKE HE'S HAVING A BAD DREAM...
HEHE, YOU GUYS SURE ARE INTERESTING!
Piti Yindee

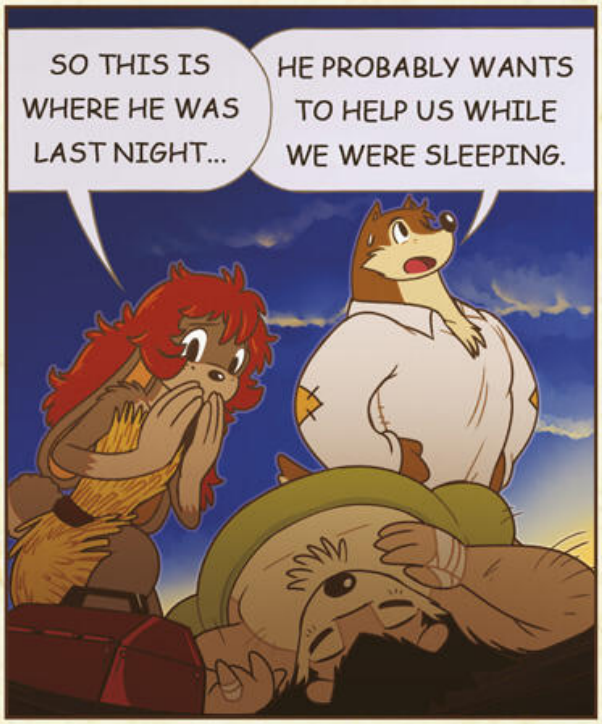
ALL RIGHT! LET'S BUILD THIS HOUSE TOGETHER!
YOU ALL RIGHT, PUIPUI? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD...

NOT REALLY... SEEMS LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD SLEEP.
HEHE, I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU SHOULD TAKE A REST, BUDDY.
YEAH, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS.
REALLY? THANKS...

LATER THAT NIGHT
GREAT. NOW I CAN'T SLEEP.
Piti Yindee

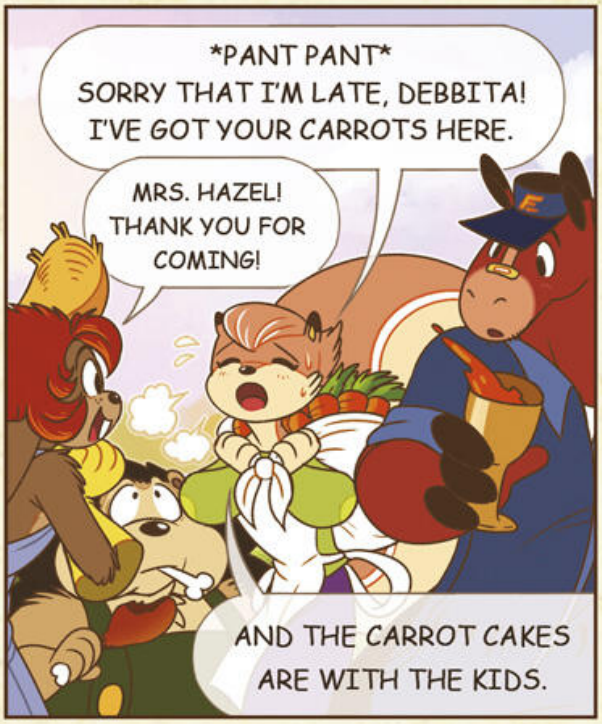

WUFFLE, WAKE UP!
PUIPUI IS MISSING!
WHAT?!
PUIPUI!!!
PUIPUI!!!
PUIPUI!!!
UMM, DEB?
PITI YINDEE

PUIPUI!!!
DEB'S


SO THIS IS WHERE HE WAS LAST NIGHT...
HE PROBABLY WANTS TO HELP US WHILE WE WERE SLEEPING.

TOO BAD. HE READ THE BLUEPRINT UPSIDE DOWN THOUGH...
I THINK IT'S AMAZING!!! THANK YOU, PUIPUI!
Z
DEB
Piti Yindee

THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY HOUSEWARMING PARTY TODAY, EVERYONE!
VERY UNIQUE HOUSE YOU GOT THERE, DEBBITA.
I WANT AN UPSIDE-DOWN HOUSE LIKE THAT!


PANT PANT SORRY THAT I'M LATE, DEBBITA! I'VE GOT YOUR CARROTS HERE.
MRS. HAZEL! THANK YOU FOR COMING!
AND THE CARROT CAKES ARE WITH THE KIDS.

THEY MUST BE REALLY DELICOUS, MRS. HAZEL. JUST LOOK AT THE KIDS!
PITI YINDEE

PITI YINDEE

NATE, CAN YOU DELIVER THIS TO AUNTY PINKY?
SEEMS LIKE SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. BE VERY CAREFUL, OK?
O-OKAY...
UMMM, MATTI? A-A LITTLE HELP HERE?
?
I THINK I OVER-PACKED IT A LITTLE...
NATHANIEL!!!
Piti Yindee

YOUR DELIVERY, MA'AM!
OOH! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, DEAR.
IT'S FINALLY HERE! I'VE WAITED FOR MONTHS, AND IT'S FINALLY HERE!
WHAT IN THE WORLD!?
...
IT'S YOUR DELIVERY, MA'AM. I'M SO SORRY...
PITI TINDEE

IT'S FINALLY ARRIVED, HONEY!
GROOVY! LET ME SEE!

BEHOLD! THE WAR OF WEREWOLVE LIMITED EDITION! SIGNED BY THE GAME CREATOR, AND COMES WITH LIMITED FIGURE!

WITH THIS, MY DESK IS NOW COMPLETE... HOHOHO!
COOL BEANS, MY DEAR!
WAR OF WEREWOLVES
PITI YINDEE

WELCOME BACK TO WAR OF WEREWOLVES ONLINE. HAVE FUN.
30 MINUTES LATER
YOU LOSE.
5 HOURS LATER
YOU LOSE.
WHAT!? NOT AGAIN!? WHO IS THIS PNKY31415?!?!
HUHUHU... NOOB.
PITI YINDEE

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
YIPPEE!
I'M TIRED!
THANKS FOR CARRYING ME, CHUCK.
NO PROBLEM, MA'AM.
JUST A LITTLE BIT FURTHER, MRS. HAZEL.

LOOK! WE'RE JUST IN TIME!

HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYONE!
Piti Yindee

AHH... WINTER BREEZE!
IT'S STARTING TO GET COLD NOW!
COME ON, PUIPUI!
IT'S TIME FOR A MORNING WARM UP!
NO.
PITI YINDEE

SNOW!
SNOW!
SNOW!
SNOW!
PITI YINDEE

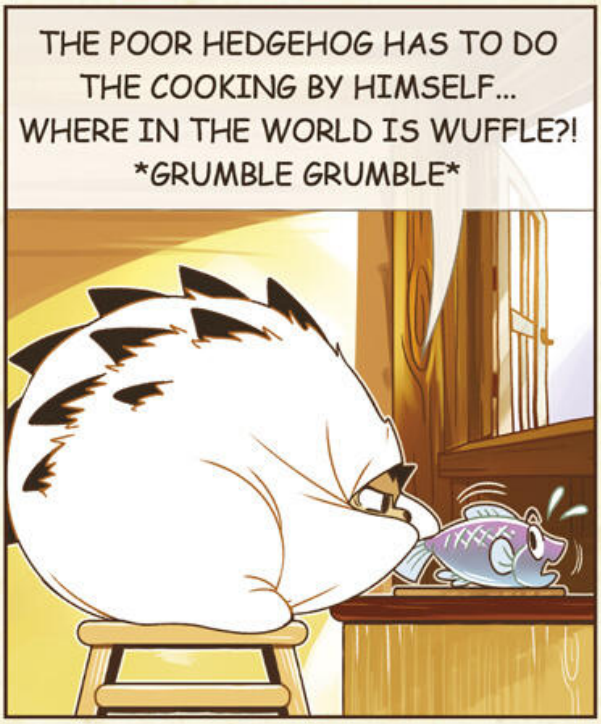
THE FOOD IS READY!
PITI YINDEE

I'M SORRY, AUNTY PINKY!
I'M SO SORRY, MRS. HAZEL!
I'M REALLY, REALLY SORRY, EVERYONE!
!
ALRIGHT, JOE. MAKE SURE YOU CAPTURE MY PERFECT SHOT!
PITI YINDEE

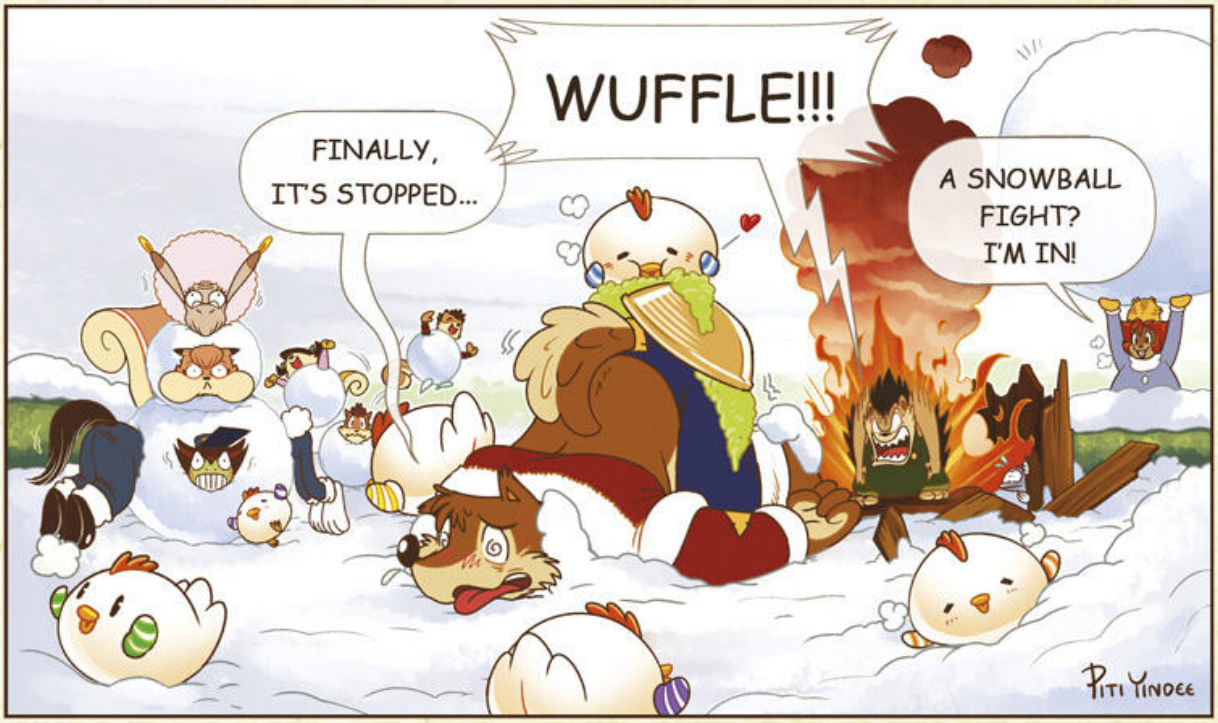
READY...
SET...
FORE!!!
WHAT AN AMAZING SHOT! JOE, DID YOU SEE THAT!?
!
Piti Yindee

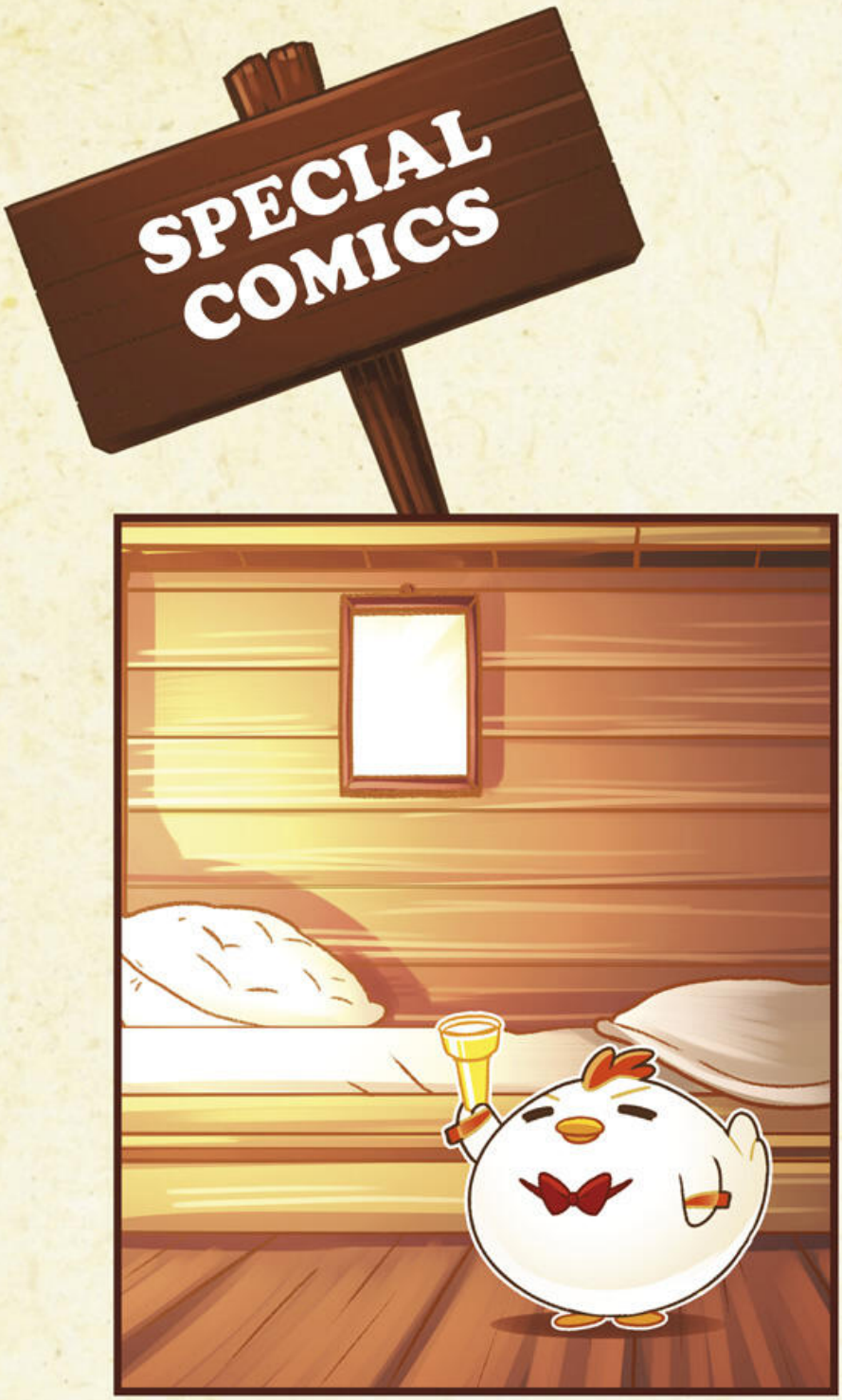
CLICK

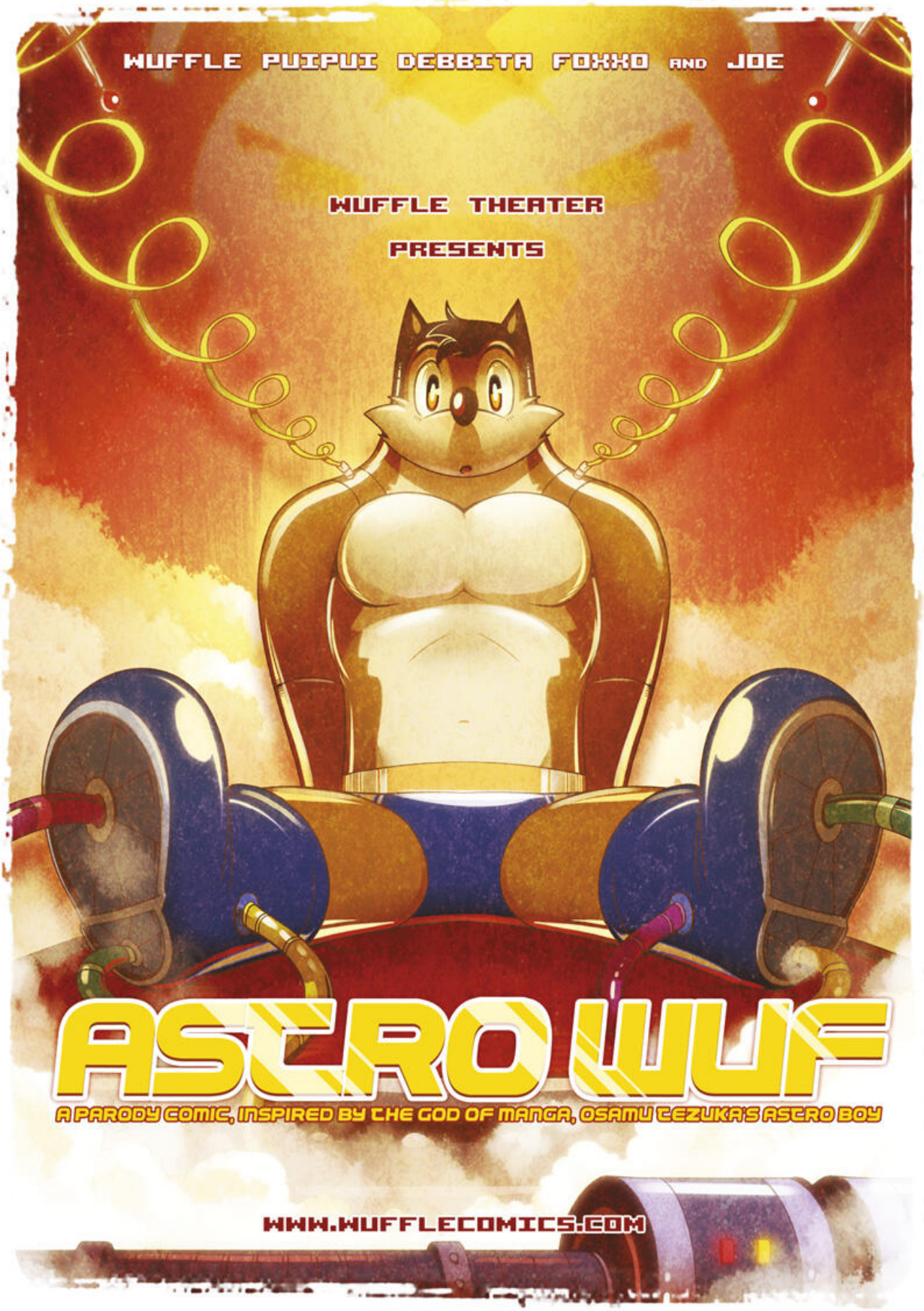
VERY WELL. NOW, CARRY ME TO THAT SPOT!
PITI YINDEE


THE POOR HEDGEHOG HAS TO DO THE COOKING BY HIMSELF...
WHERE IN THE WORLD IS WUFFLE?!
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE

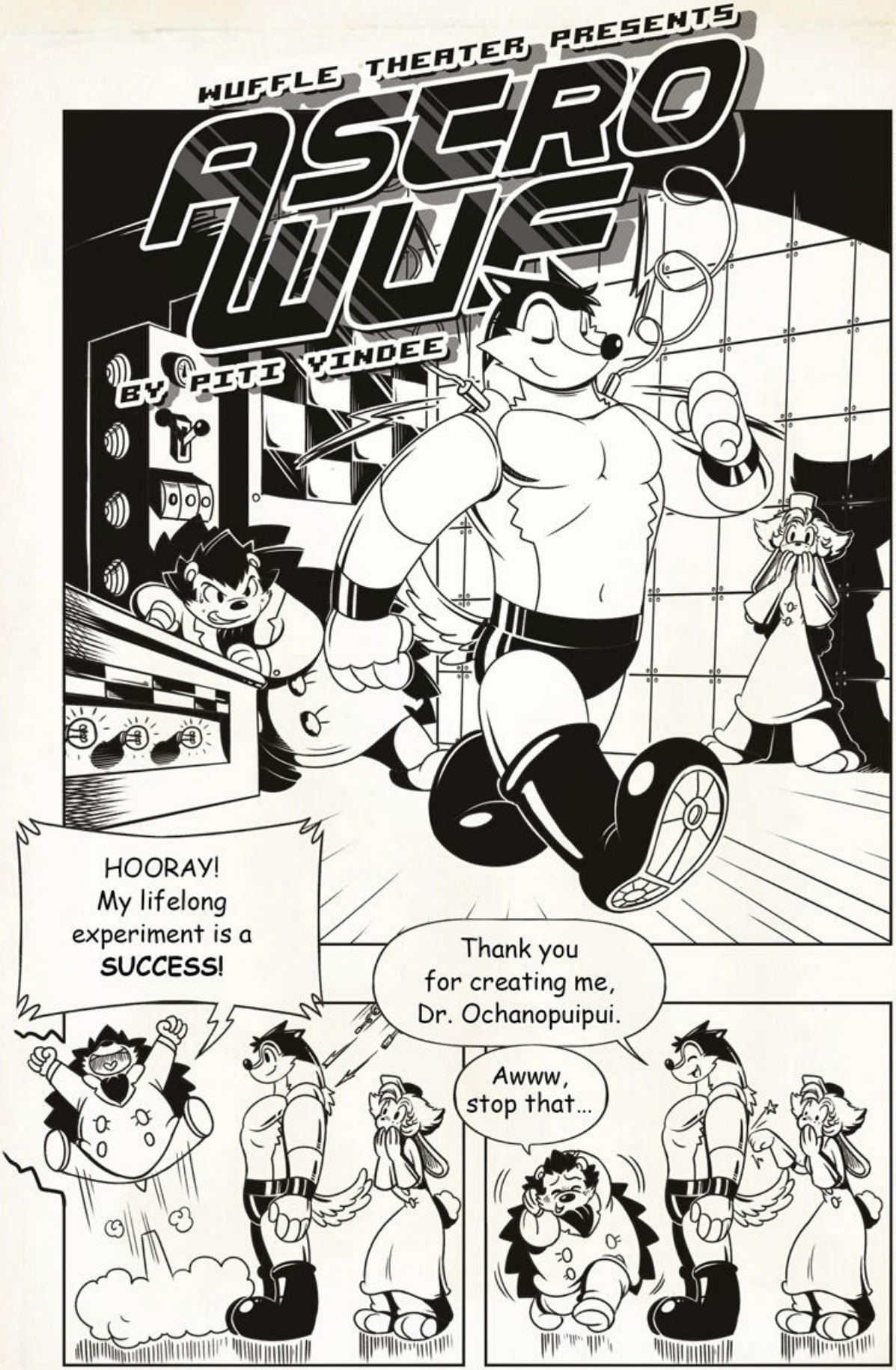
!

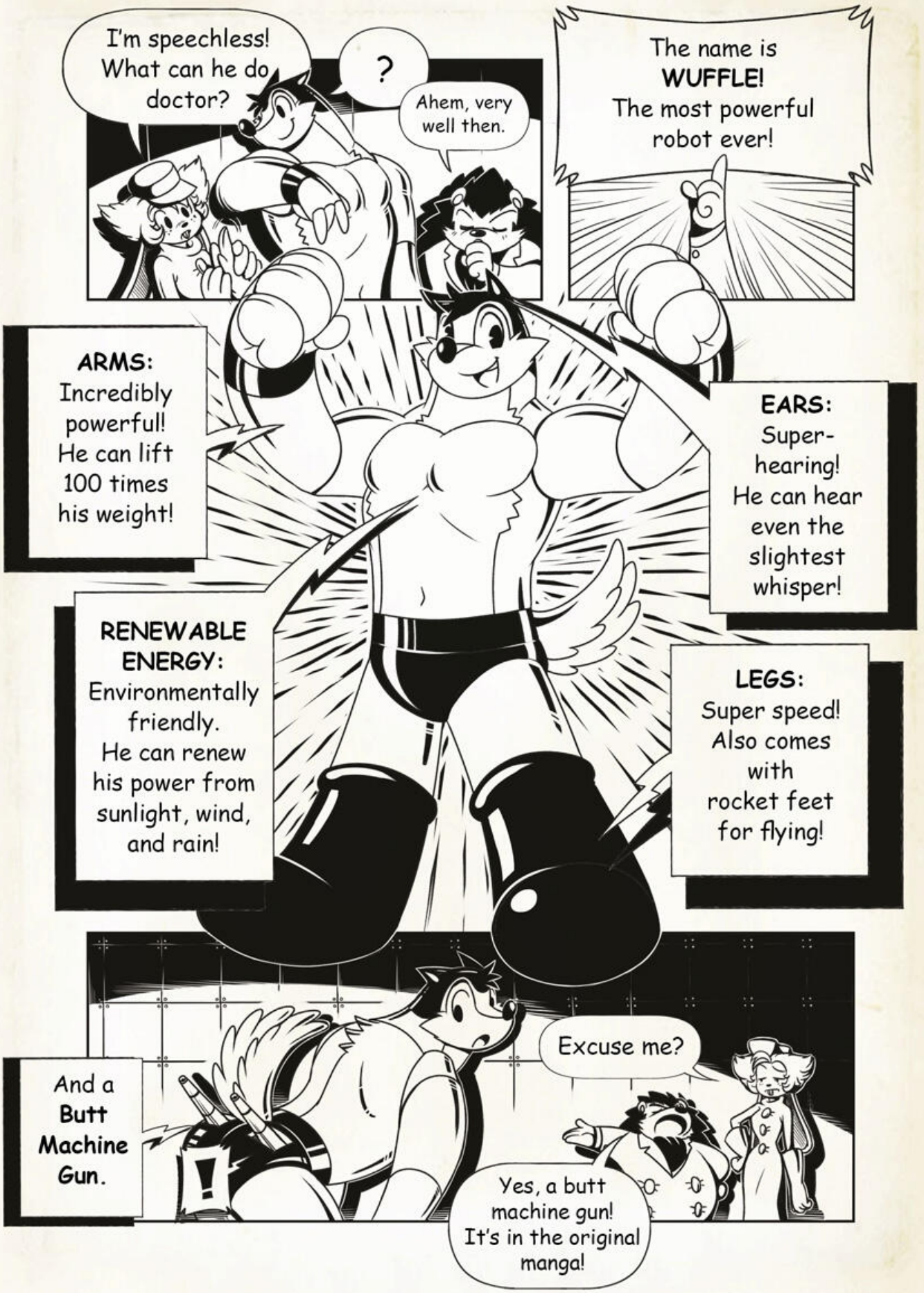

WUFFLE!!!
FINALLY, IT'S STOPPED...
A SNOWBALL FIGHT? I'M IN!
Piti Yindee


SPECIAL
COMICS


WUFFLE PUIPUI DEBBITA FOXXO AND JOE
WUFFLE THEATER
PRESENTS
ASTRO WUF
A PARODY COMIC, INSPIRED BY THE GOD OF MANGA, OSAMU TEZUKA'S ASTRO BOY
WWW.WUFFLECOMICS.COM

Dr.Ochanopuipui's laboratory
Dr.Ochano-expliali-docious-puipui!? What happened?!
Huhuhu... See it with your own eyes, Debbita!
GASP !!!!


WUFFLE THEATER PRESENTS
ASTRO WUF
BY PITI YINDEE
A PARODY COMIC, INSPIRED BY THE GOD OF MANGA, OSAMU TEZUKA'S ASTRO BOY
HOORAY! My lifelong experiment is a SUCCESS!
Thank you for creating me, Dr. Ochanopuipui.
Awww, stop that...


I'm speechless! What can he do doctor?
?
Ahem, very well then.
The name is **WUFFLE!** The most powerful robot ever!
ARMS: Incredibly powerful! He can lift 100 times his weight!
EARS: Super-hearing! He can hear even the slightest whisper!
RENEWABLE ENERGY: Environmentally friendly. He can renew his power from sunlight, wind, and rain!
LEGS: Super speed! Also comes with rocket feet for flying!
And a **Butt Machine Gun.**
!
Excuse me?
Yes, a butt machine gun! It's in the original manga!

Now, I can sleep all day and leave all the work to you!
Well well well, congratulations, Dr. Onigiripuipui.
That robot sure is very impressive...
Dr. Foxuma! What are you doing here!? You are not welcome here! And how did you-
So much potential and all he will be doing is housework? How wasteful...
So what!? WUFFLE is the greatest robot! He can do anything I want him to!
Allow me to show the 'real' greatest one!!!
Greatest, you say?

Doctor, watch out!
Behold, the greatest robot that ever existed...
THE MIGHTY JOE!
H-He's HUGE!

Well, then...
Show them your power, Mighty Joe!
Yes, Young Master.
Doctor, Debbita, be careful!
WUFFLE, fight him back!
But how? I'm out of hands!
CRASH !!!!!!
Use your BUTT!
Oh my, that thing is useful after all!?

What's the matter!? Go get them!
RAWRRR !!!!!!!
N-NO! WAHHHH!!
Ouch!!
You three stay here while I deal with him.
I got you, Dr. Foxuma!
Mighty Joe! Here I come!

GRAWWWWWWWHHHHHRRRRR!!
?
There!
That should
do it...
You...
You fixed it
for me?
That tiny robot...
What did you do to
my Mighty Joe!!
Yeah! Fight him,
not fix him,
WUFFLE!

Stop it! Both of you!
We are not built to fight each other for your pleasure...
Thank you for opening my eyes, little friend.
For crying out loud! A happy ending?
I will not accept this!
I will come back with a bigger and meanier robot, Dr. Onigiri!

Well, I guess it's over for now...
All right, WUFFLE! Clean up all this mess, right now!
...Huh?
This is NOT what I made you for, WUFFLE! *grumble grumble*
THE END

THANK YOU FOR READING!

PITI YINDEE PRESENTS

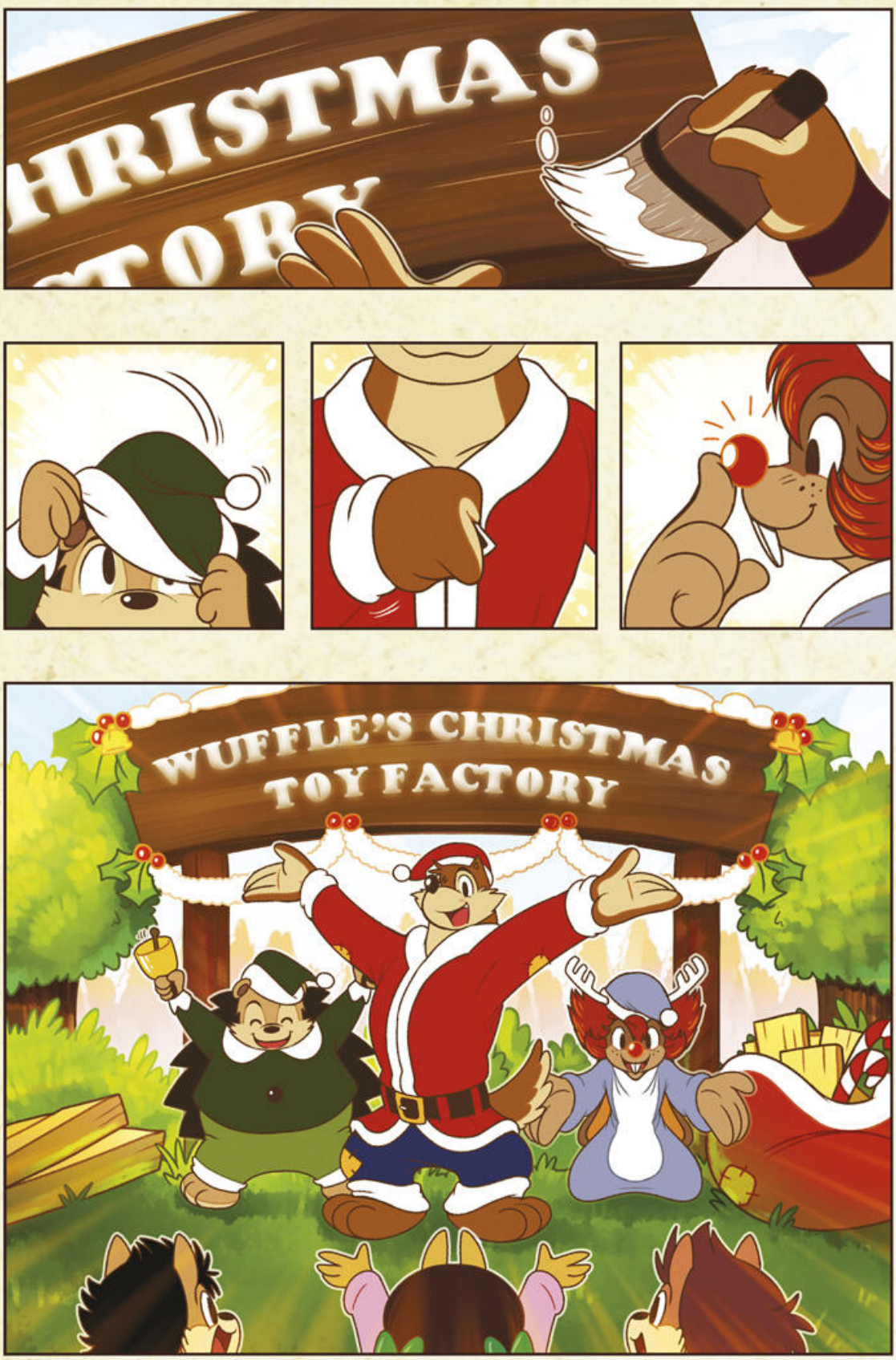
A SPECIAL

WUFFLE COMICS

WUFFLE'S CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY

IN COLOR

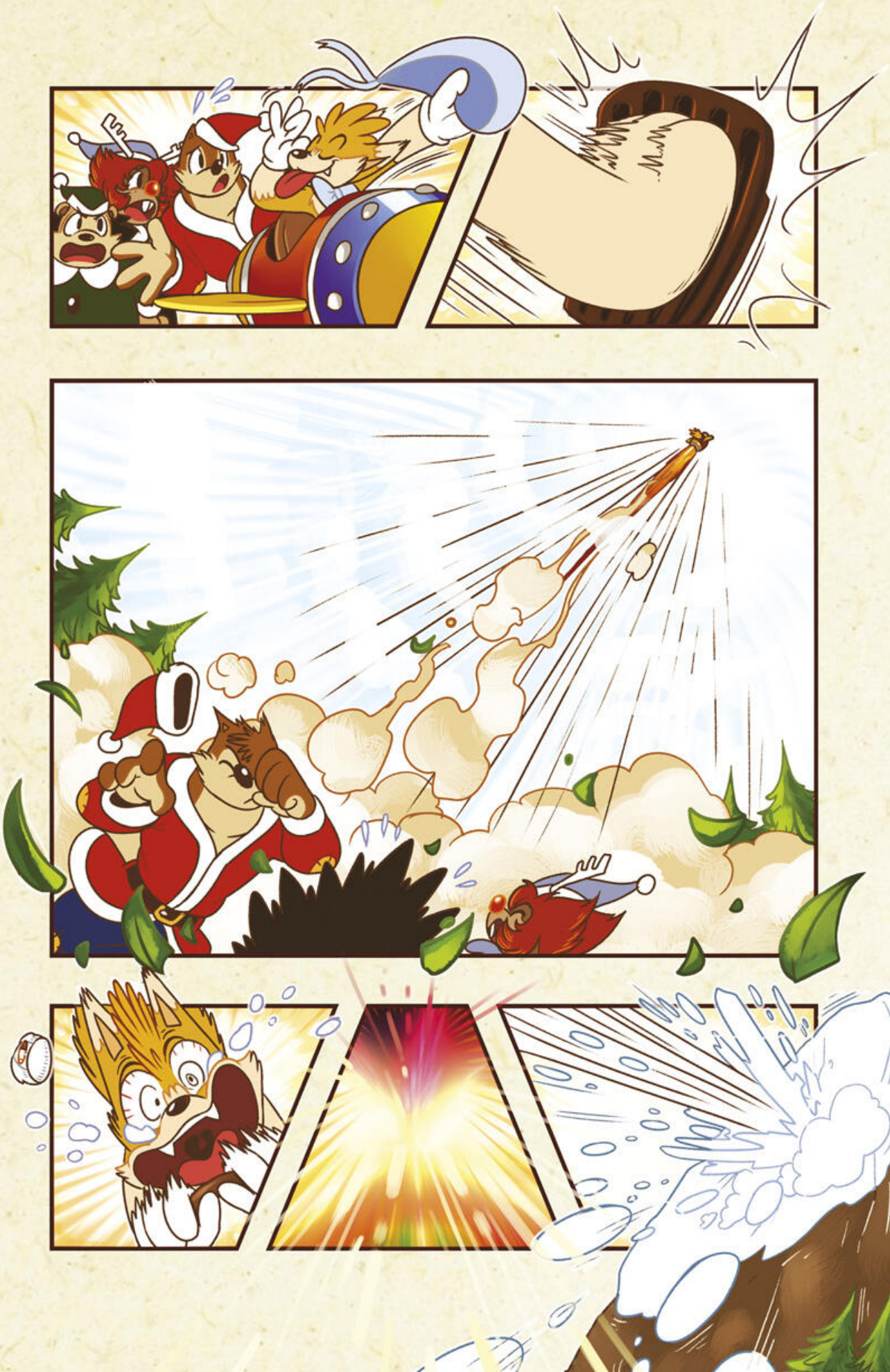
www.WUFFLECOMICS.com


HRISTMAS
TORY
WUFFLE'S CHRISTMAS
TOY FACTORY

TOY FACTO

1:1
ROCKET

1:1
ROCK



THE
END

MERRY CHRISTMAS
EVERYONE!
Piti Yindee

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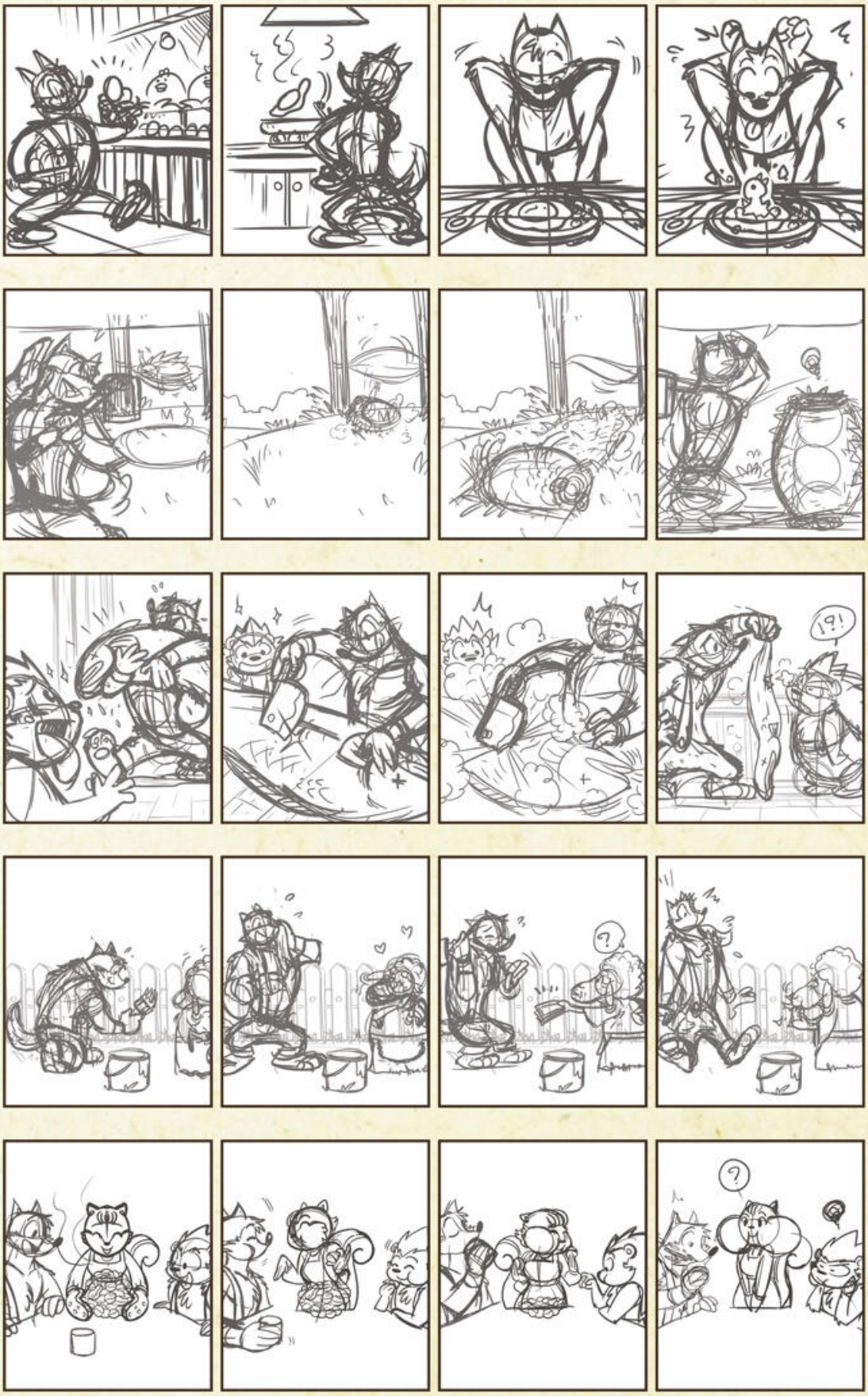
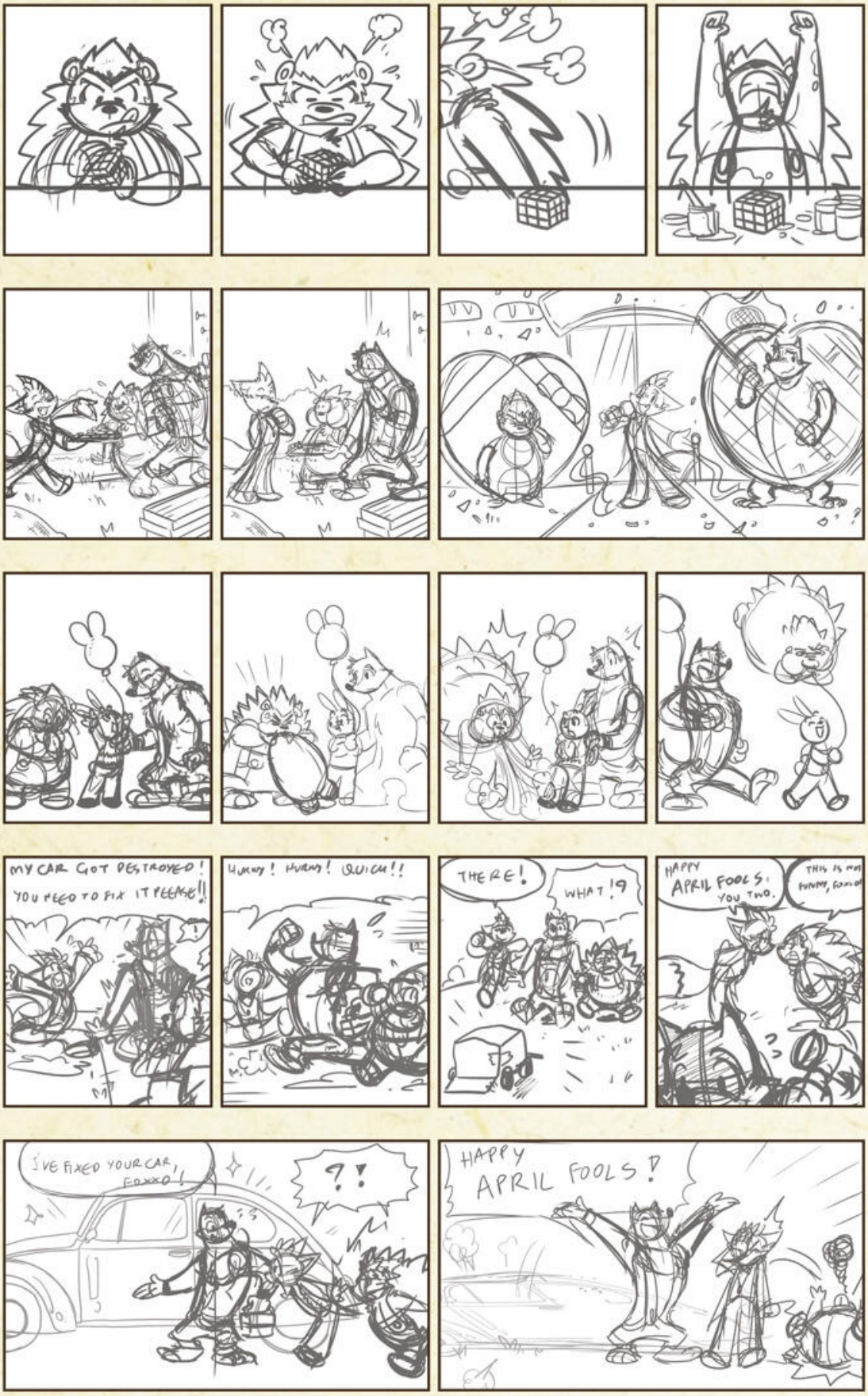
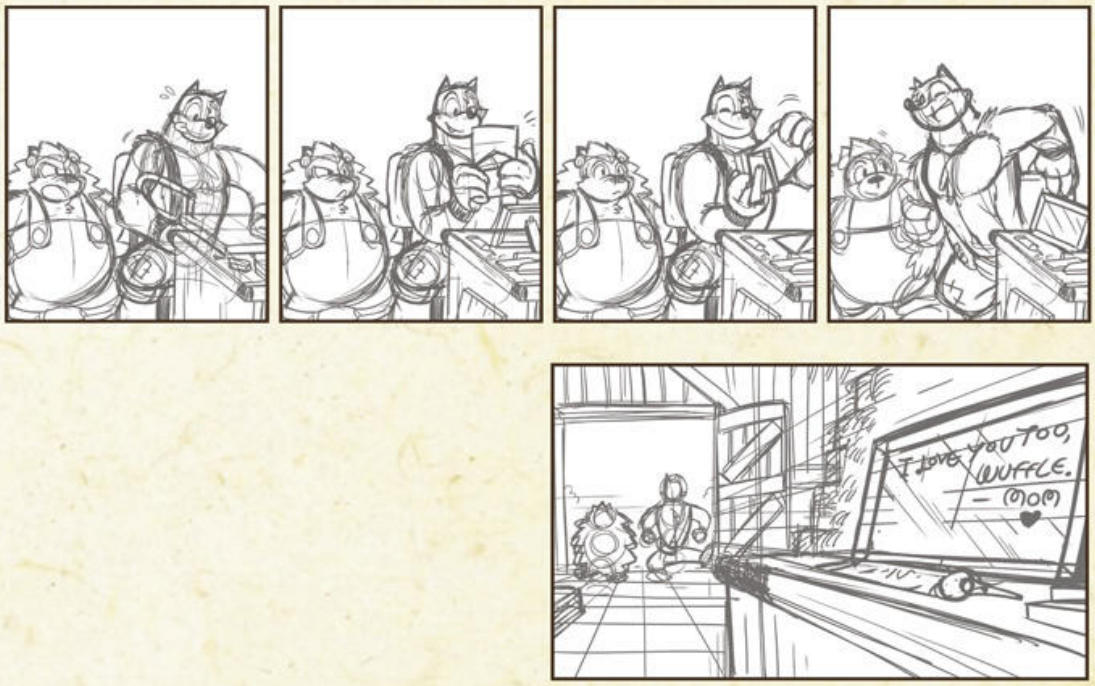
BEHIND
THE COMICS




MY CAR GOT DESTROYED!
YOU NEED TO FIX IT PLEASE!!
HURRY! HURRY! QUICK!!
THERE!
WHAT!?
HAPPY APRIL FOOLS, YOU TWO.
I'VE FIXED YOUR CAR, FOXXO!
?!
HAPPY APRIL FOOLS!

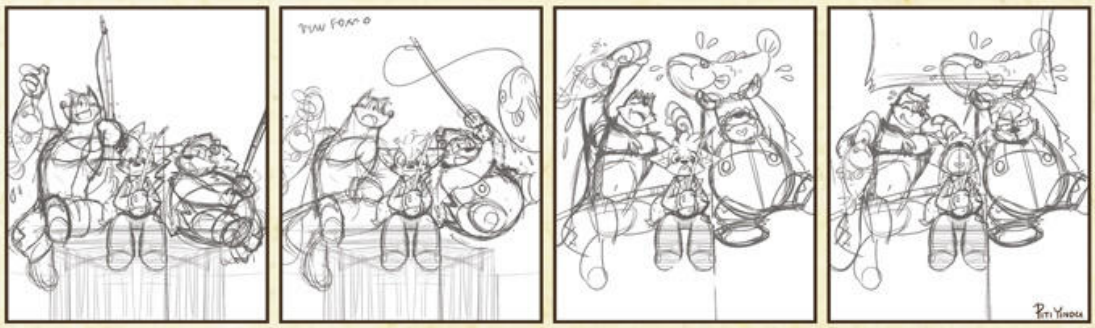
Wow! Thanks for voulinteering! Wuffle and Puipui
ANYTIME, FOXY
Ah,Everything is gonna sell so well this year!
NEXT DAY
AHHH where are all the Eggs?!?!
PuiPui said we should hide the eggs and go on a Easter Egg hunt!
Hey Kids!
Happy Ea-
EGGS!
STER...
PUT ME DOWN!
THAT'S ENOUGH STRETCHING FOR TODAY, LET'S GO!

HI AUNTY PINKY, WHAT DO YOU NEED HELP WITH?
HI SWEETIE. YOU'RE BACK TO ALWAYS
I WANT YOU TO FIX THIS FAN FOR ME
THIS FAN?
I REMEMBER IT WORKED GOOD AFTER I FIXED IT
IT'S TOO GOOD.
Alright, PuiPui. in order to fix something, you need to know where it's broken first
Keep working on it, I'll go make us some waffles
PUIPUI SMASH!
CRASH!
NOW I know where it's broken!
IT'S ALMOST MOTHER'S DAY, DON'T YOU CALL YOUR MOM?
I WANT, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TELEPHONE. BESIDE, SHE'S A VERY BUSY WOMAN
THEN WHY NOT USE A MAIL INSTEAD!?
!
THAT'S THE BEST IDEA EVER! THANKS, PUIPUI!
THE NEXT DAY
I DON'T THINK YOUR MOM CAN READ ALL THIS MAIL, WUFFLE.
SO ALL THESE MAILS TO MRS. WELWUF, AND IN SPECIAL SUPERFAST DELIVERY, RIGHT? MR. WUFFLE.
YES, MR. CHUCK
NO PROBLEM, MR. WUFFLE. BUT LET ME STRETCH A BIT AND I WILL DELIVER YOUR MAILS IN A SECOND.
(SOME SOUND FX)
DONE!
TH-THANK YOU.
C'MON, WUFFLE. ARE YOU EXPECTING THAT SHE GONNA REPLY YOU WITH THAT TONS OF LETTER IN ONE DAY!?
HEHE, I'M SORRY, I JUST TOO EXCITED..
GREETING! HERE A REPLY LETTER FROM MRS WELWUF, MR WUFFLE
YAY!

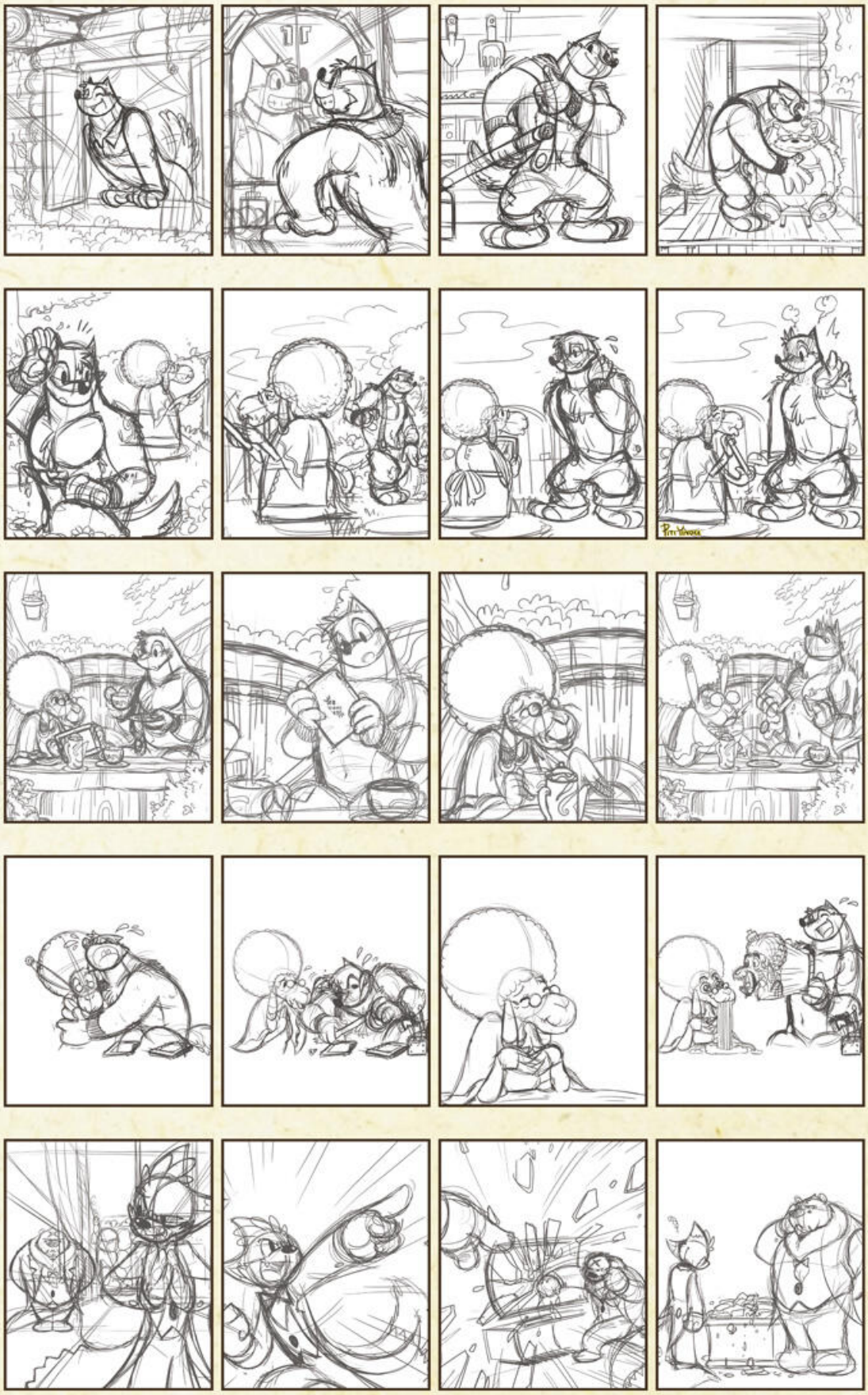

I LOVE YOU TOO, WUFFLE.
— MOM

YAWN~ THANKS FOR SENDING ME TO BED, JOE
HEY JOE, CAN YOU READ THE BEDTIME STORY FOR ME?
3 LITTLE PIGS, YES, LITTLE MASTER...
...THEN THE WOLF BLEW THE STICK HOUSE INTO PIECES.
PITI YINOCA

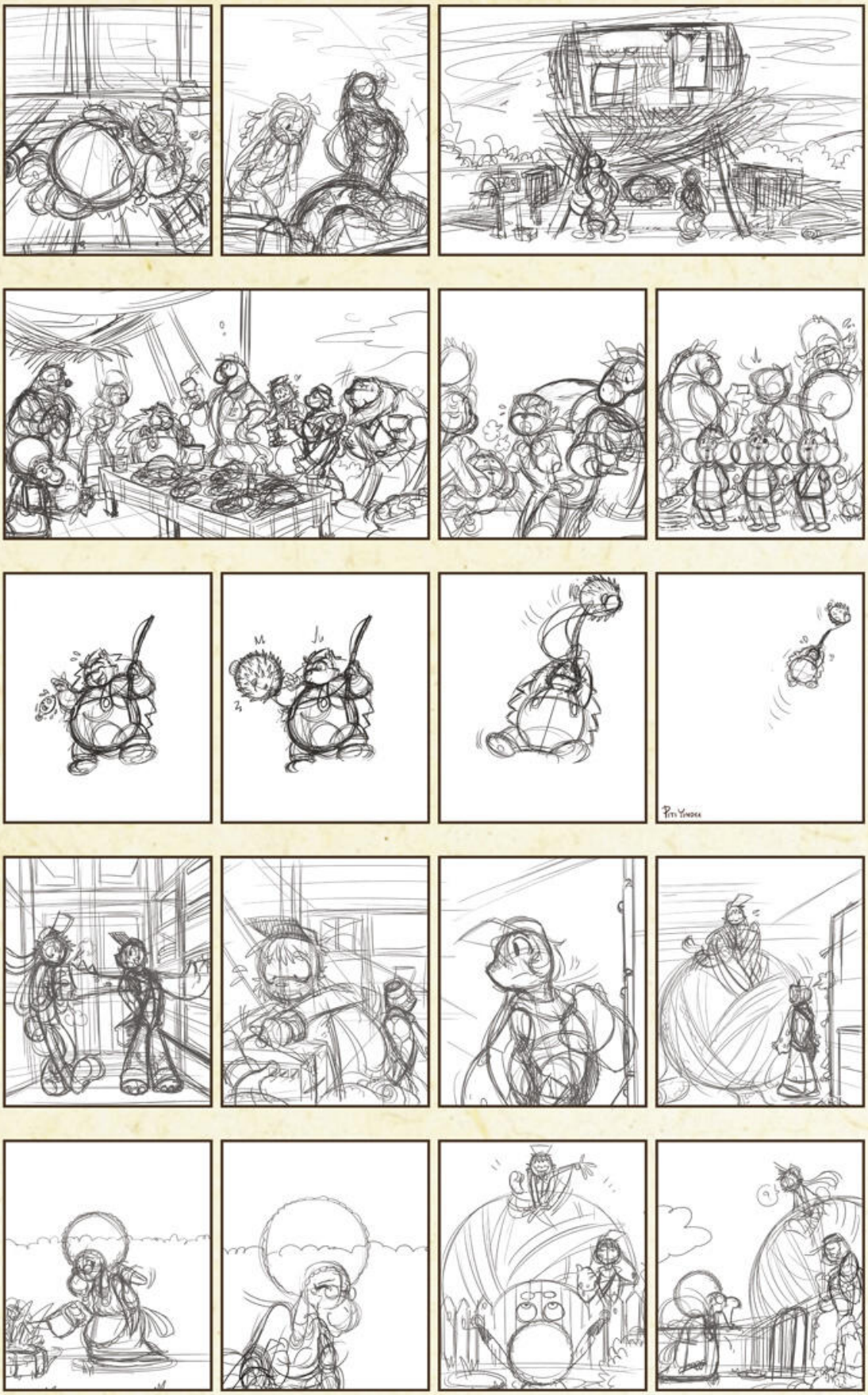
YOU GUYS ARE FISHING? LOOKS FUN, CAN I JOIN?
SURE FOXXO! I'LL TEACH YOU THEM
FIRST, FIND SOME STICKS
OKAY..
AND TIE THIS ROPE TO THE STICK, AND DONE!
YOU REALLY THINK HE CAN DO IT?
GIVE HIM SOME CHANCE, PUIPUI.
OKAY, WHERE IT START AGAIN?

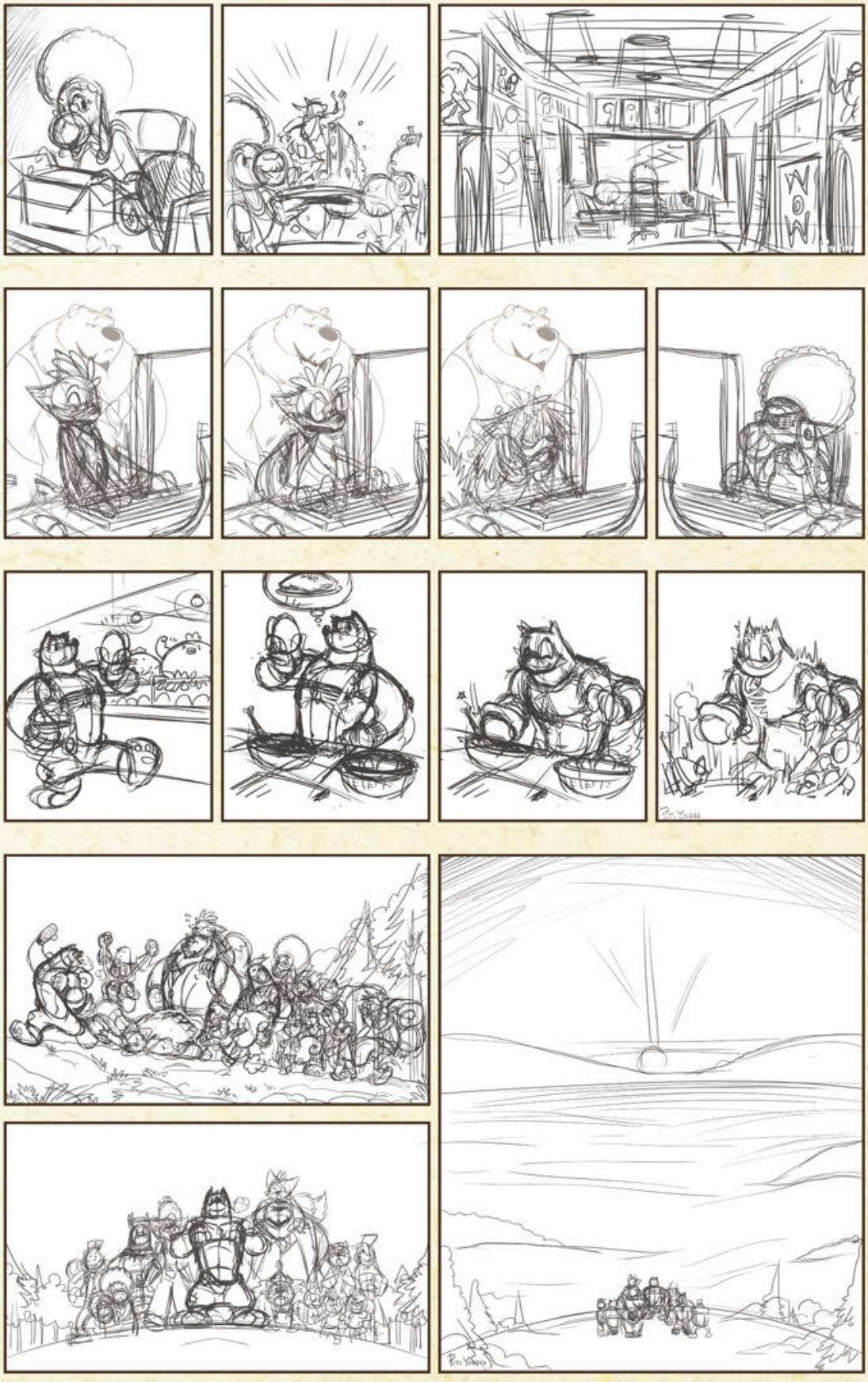

FUN FOXXO
PITI YINOCA

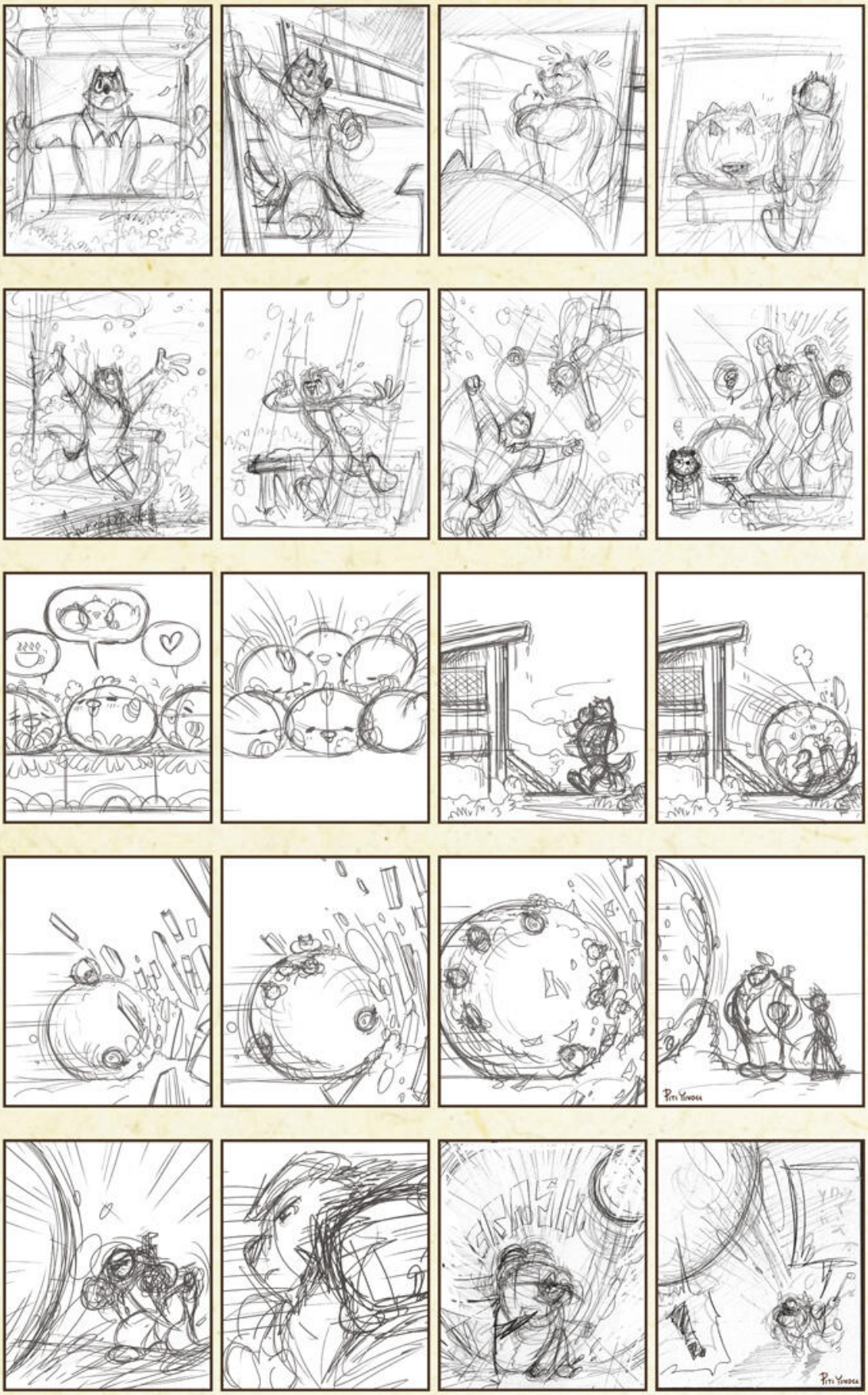
HEY,HEY!
I GOT A ONE!
I GOT A FISH!
WELL, PULL HARDER
YOU SPOILED FOX!
YOU CAN DO IT,
FOXXO!
AHHHH!!
IT'S TOO STRONG!
IT MUST'VE BEEN
A GIANT FISH!
?
Don't be sad, Foxxo.
Here, you can use
mine instead
snatch
Yoink Yoink
Whoa,whoa,wait?!
why is this fish bait
so good?!
Hey Wuffle,
your stick is great!
I don't even have to lure
the fish at all!!!!
Pewm
NUTS
I'm terribly sorry, ma'm.
We ran out of bags
It's alright, dear.
I WILL MANAGE IT THEM.
TAXI
Thanks for watching
____ News, Goodnight
Coming up next,
"Nightmare on Gingerstreet
part 20.5"
SHREEEIIKKK!!!
We hope you enjoyed
tonight's feature
presentation, sweet dreams!

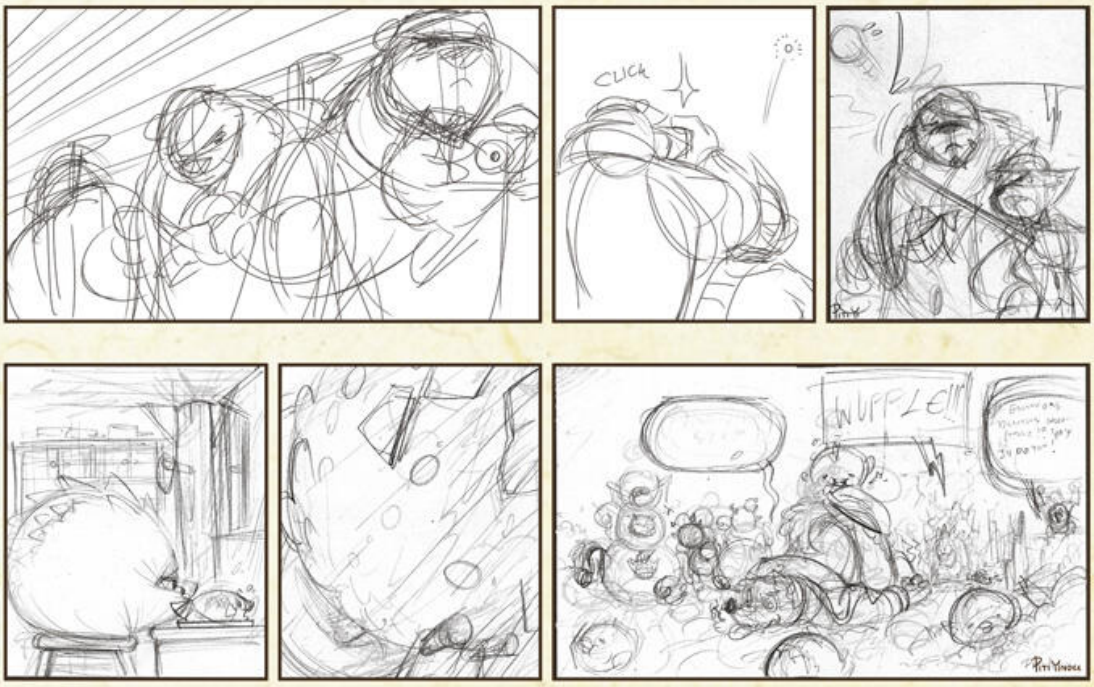


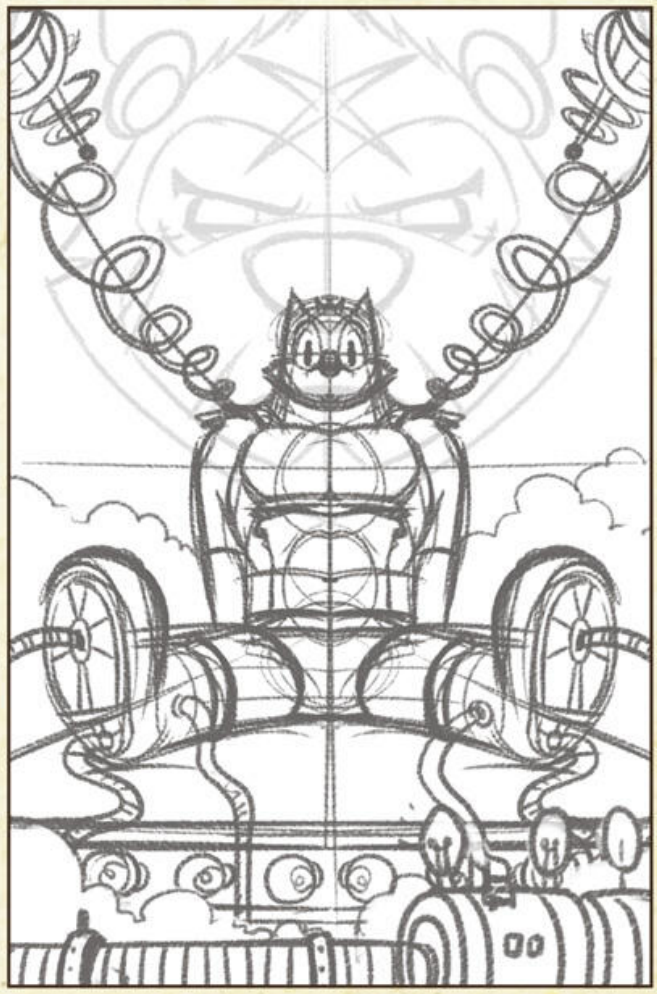
WUFFLE, WAKE UP! PUIPUI IS MISSING!
WHAT?!
PUIPUI!!
PUIPUI!!
UMMM DEB, I DON'T THINK PUIPUI IS IN THEIR THOUGH...
PUIPUI!!




WOW



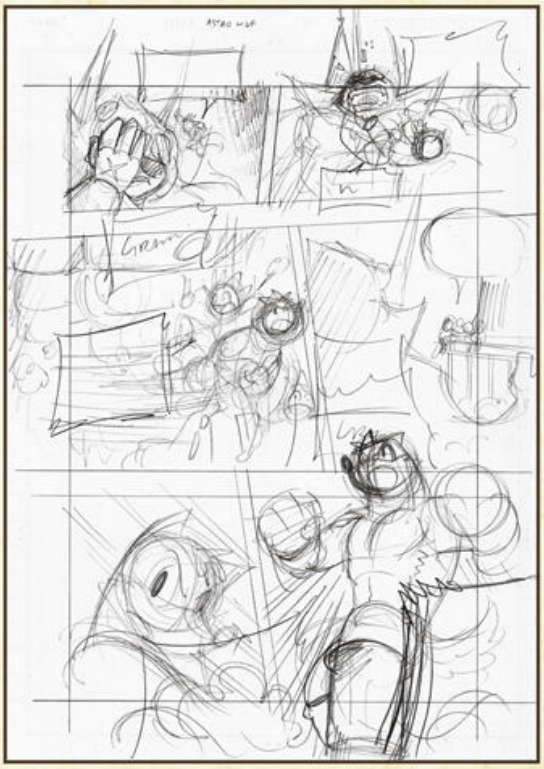

CLICK
SNUFFLE!!!

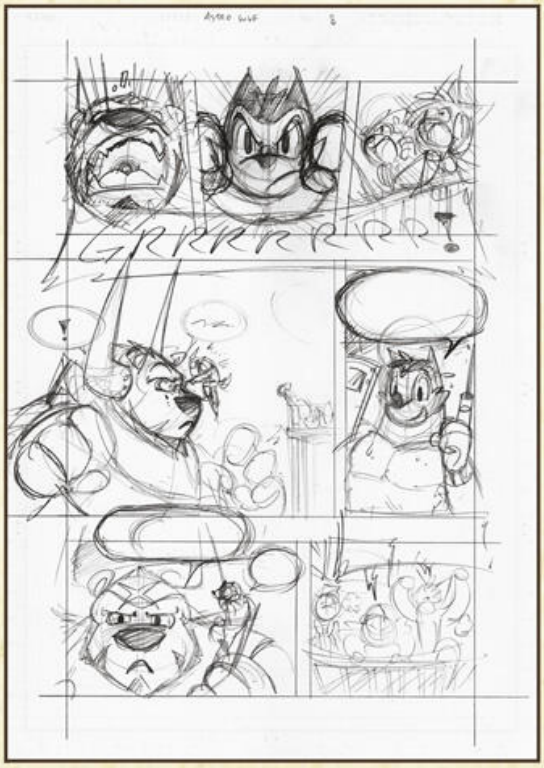


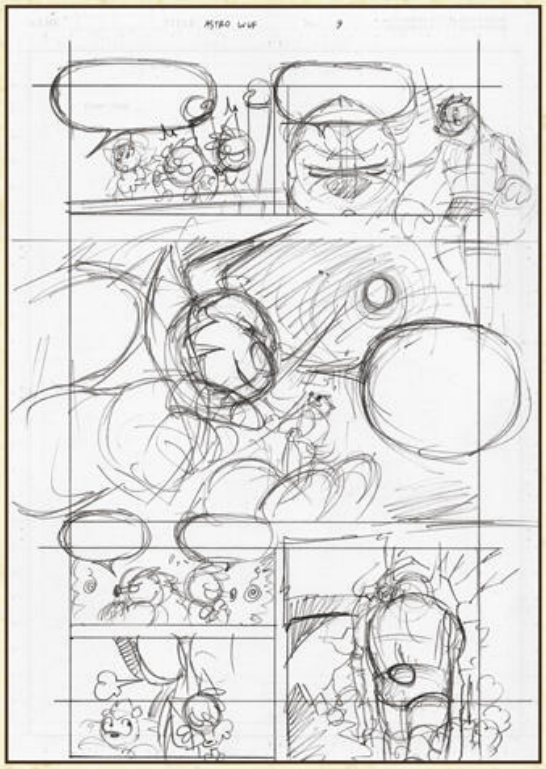
ASTRO WLF 1
ASTRO WLF 2
ASTRO WLF 3
ASTRO WLF 4

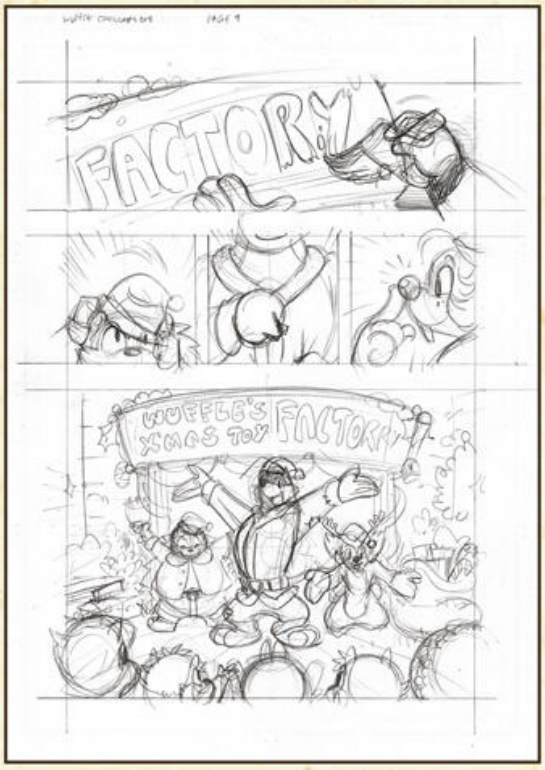
ASTRO WOLF
5
THE MIGHTY JOG!

ASTRO WOLF
6


ASTRO WOLF

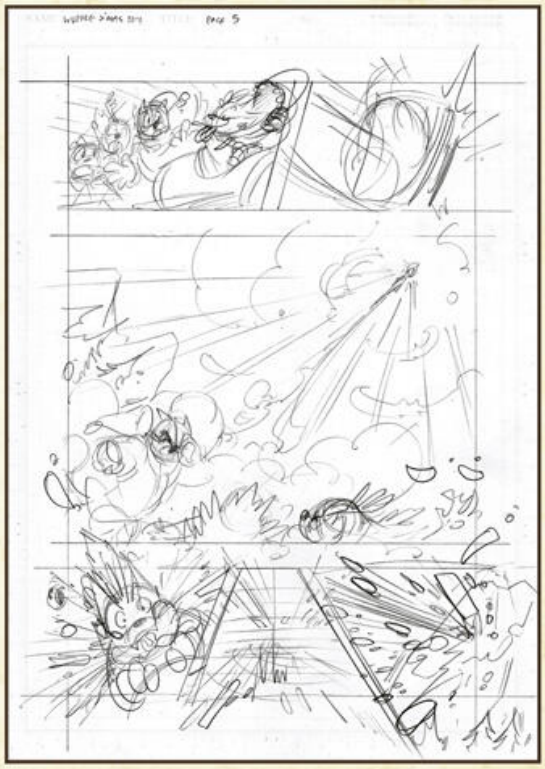

ASTRO WOLF
8
GRRRRRR!

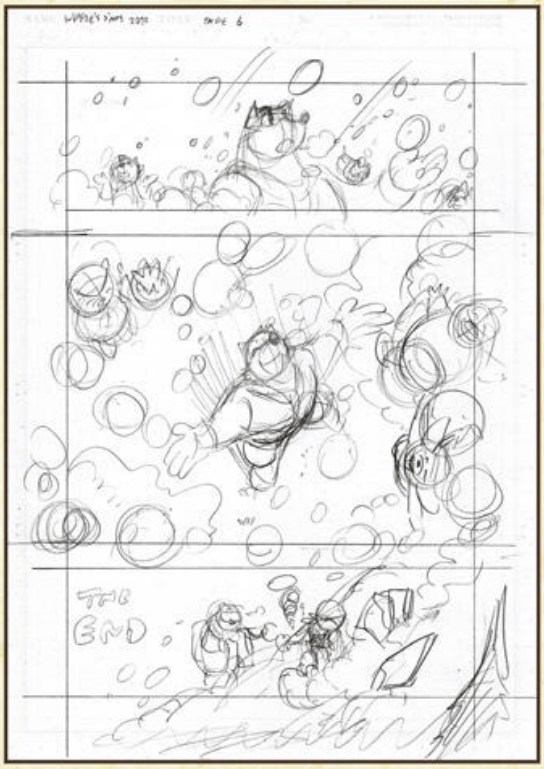



FACTORY
WUFFLE'S XMAS TOY FACTORY

Rocket

?
?




THE
END

THANK YOU
LIST

Thank you everyone on this list for making a contribution to this project.

Without you, this book would have never been made.

Thanaphon, Jittapa,
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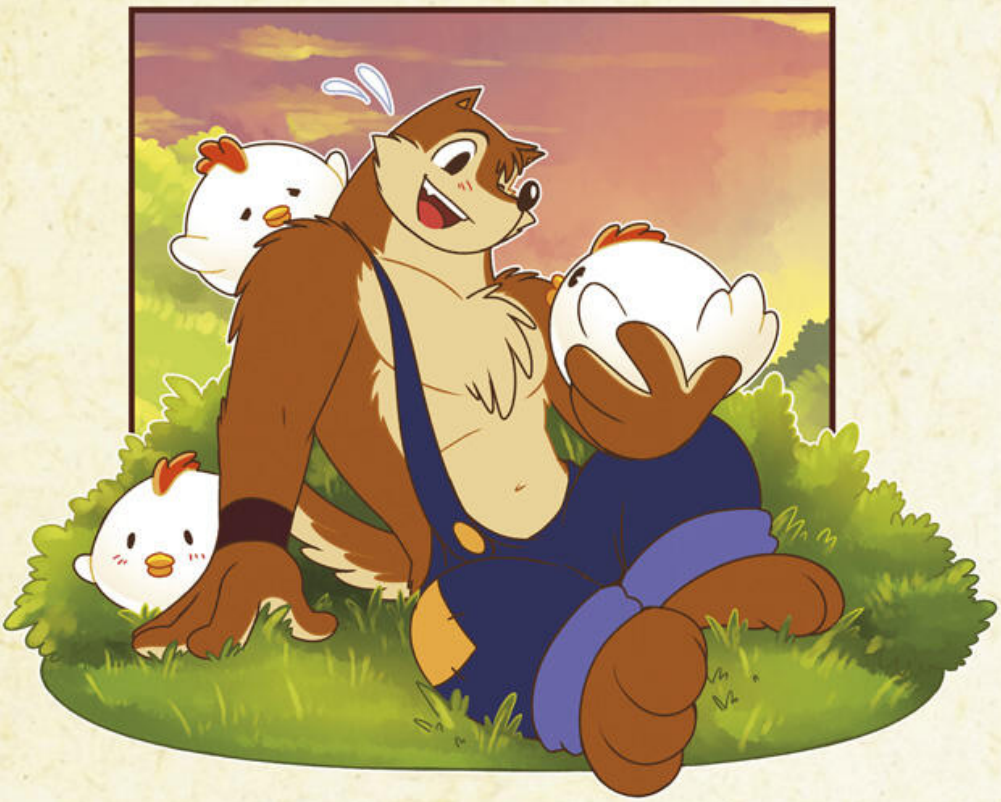
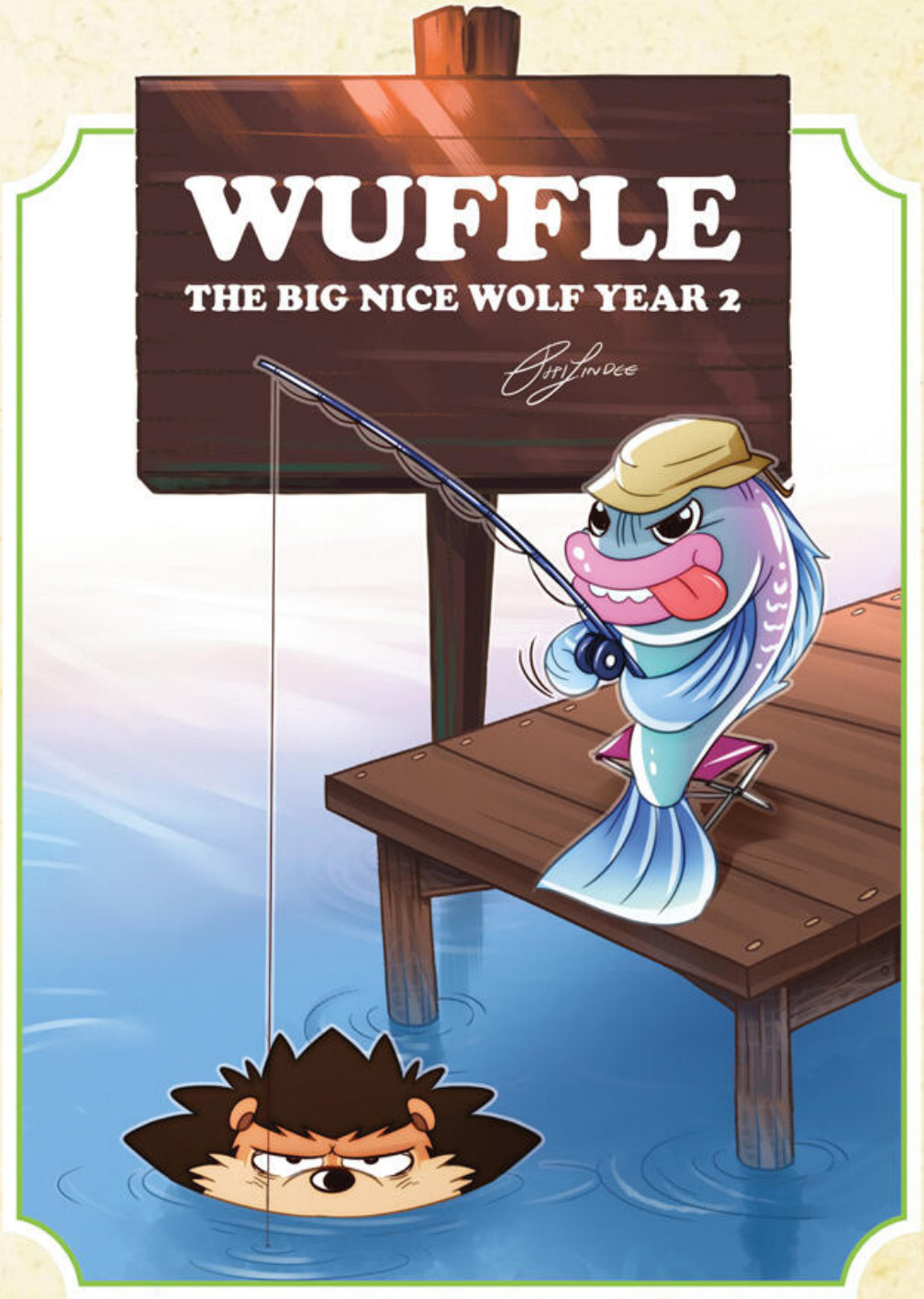


WUFFLE
THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 2
BY PITI YINDEE


WUFFLE
THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 2
PHILIN DEE

WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 2

www.WUFFLECOMICS.com

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Illustrated by
Piti Yindee

Proofread by
Leonard Kirke

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WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 2

Year 2 was a year of change, for both myself and Wuffle. The comic switched from a four panel format to full pages with developed story lines. The font, drawing, and coloring styles have changed as well. I've learned a lot during Year 2 and I hope you enjoy the results.

To my parents, my brother, my sister,
and to all my relatives for their continuing support.

To Gus and Ryuji, for being very good friends of mine
and super-strict editors for the comics.

To Leonard Kirke, for being very patient while proofreading my weak English, as well as for sharing ideas for many comics, a special short story for this book, and for the Kermit and Miss Piggy hand puppets you shipped to me. They keep me smiling!

And to all the guest artists, including Mik Merfiller, Coffgirl, Chirenbo, Buboo, Shinywaka, P'Maitri, P'Vic, Dai, Wing Yudah, Galgard, Aunno, Andy, Kappy, Justin Vu, Seth Iova, and Ben-Ben, for taking the time to produce all this wonderful guest art!

Lastly, to all the fans who support me and
spread the word about Wuffle Comics.

Thank you so much, folks!

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and the creator of Wuffle Comics.
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CHARACTERS
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
MATILDA, NATHANIEL, CHUCK, DR. GREYHAM,
ALMOND, MRS. HAZEL, DAMIEN, MR. PEANUT, MAGGIE,
AUNTY PINKY, UNCLE BROCCOLI,
DEBBITA, WUFFLE, FOXXO, JOE,
PUIPUI AND THE FISH.

WUFFLE THE BIG NICE WOLF

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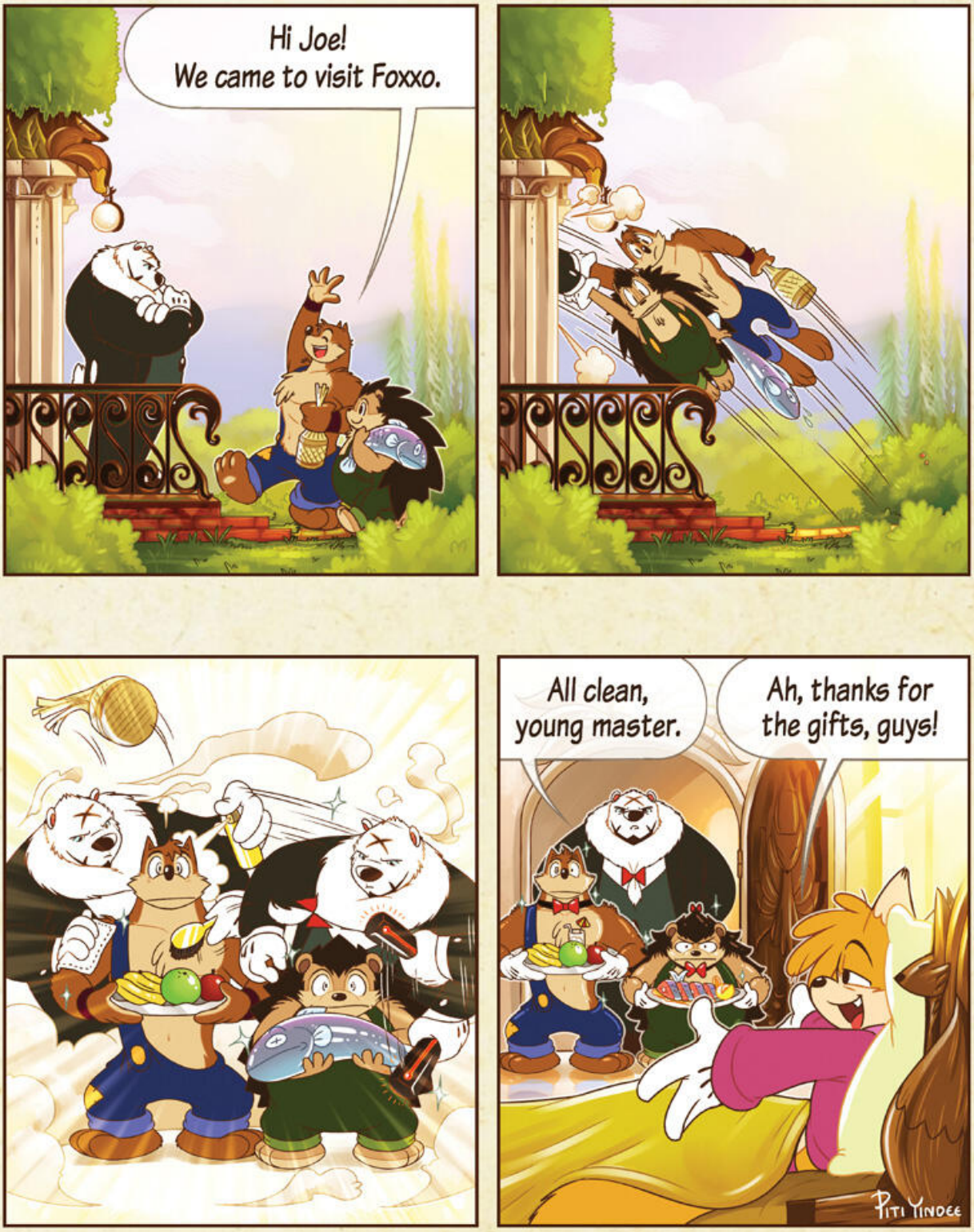
?!
PITI YINOEE

And that's how you use the lawnmower.
Sorry, bud. It looks kinda hard. Can you do it again?
Sure! Okay, watch me carefully...
And that's it! Easy, right?
It is...
But now there's no grass left for me to cut!
Oops!
Piti Yindee

This flu stinks. Please do something to make me feel better...
Bah! I don't want no stinking piece of cloth!
Now that's what I'm talking about!
Keep it coming!
Piti Tindee


Hi Joe!
We came to visit Foxxo.
All clean, young master.
Ah, thanks for the gifts, guys!
Piti Yindee

Hi Foxxo! We have something healthy for you!
healthy for you!
PITI YINDEE

Mrs. Hazel and Aunty Pinky came by and brought you gifts, sir.
Oh?

Weird. Is it just me, or are all the gifts from our store?

Well, they hope that giving you both money and gifts will make you feel better, sir.

Your cold's getting worse, young master?
N-no! It's just stupid dust in my eyes...*sniffle*
Piti Yindee

FOXXO'S BAKERY
Thank you for coming, everyone!

I am now fully recovered, thanks to all the well-wishes and gifts from all of you!

So, I've put all of the gifts back in my store. This way you can buy them again, and I'll be twice as happy!
WHAT?!

Hey! Come Back! I haven't finished my speech!
Well, looks like he's back to normal...

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
THE NEW
OVERALLS

FOXXO MART
NEW ARRIVAL
Wow...

Man, you really want those overalls, don't you?
W-well...
I don't really need them, do I? These overalls are still fine.
Wuffle, you've been wearing those for ages. They can't even hold themselves together!
Wha'cha doin', guys?
Hey, Debbita!

I see! So Wuffle needs new overalls?
Yeah, but he still insists on fixing the old ones! Can you believe it?
Well, they're still wearable...
Hmmm...
But they might be cheaper if I wait, right?
These ones, right? They're not that expensive, are they?
NEW
?
whisper whisper
Oh, I see. Interesting.
Wuffle, please cover your ears for a minute.
Okay?

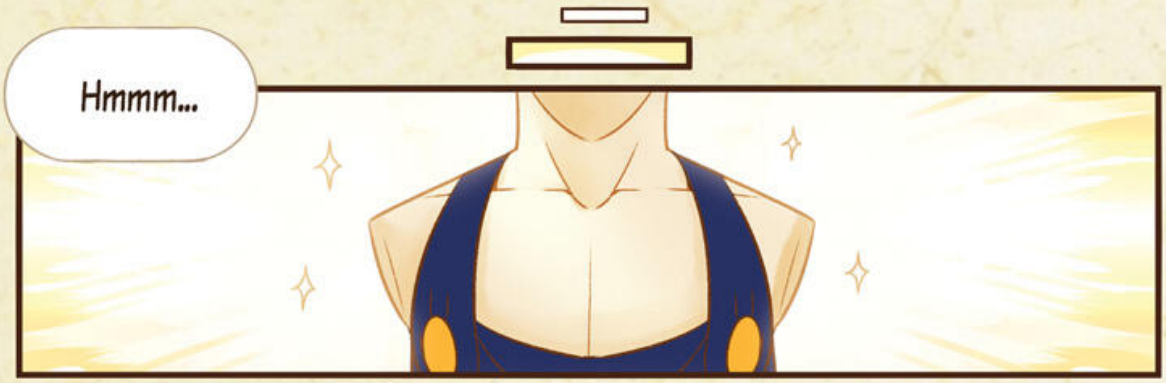
EVERYONE! LET'S BUY WUFFLE NEW OVERALLS AS A SURPRISE GIFT! IF YOU'RE WITH ME, SAY YAY!

THANK YOU!
YAY!

You can put your hands down now.
What happened?
Absolutely nothing! Wait here, okay? We'll be right back!

Thank you for your contribution, Aunty Pinky!
Anything for that sweet Wuffle, dear.
WUFFLE'S OVERALLS
He could definitely use a new one.
He sure could, ma'am. Thank you!
Hahaha! I was looking forward to seeing what they'd become if he kept fixing them!
I'm sure they'd be anything but overalls!

State your business, please.
Well, we were wondering if you'd like to cont
Goodbye.
WAIT!


Hmmm...

These are old models. Are you sure these are what he wants?
Of course! Dude, you know how Wuffle is.

C'mon, Foxxo. He's our friend, right?
WUFFLE'S OVERALLS
Very well, perhaps I could spare some money.
In fact, since they're so cheap, why don't you let me pay all--
I think it's important that everyone gets to participate, young master.
I-I know that!
What was that?
NOTHING! Here's my share.
WUFFLE'S OVERALLS
Thank you.

There he is!
WUFFLE!
Oh, hi everyone! Looking for me?
SURPRISE!
The overalls?! I-I don't understand!
We all chipped in and bought them for you!
You've helped us a lot, Wuffle.
Thank you, everyone!

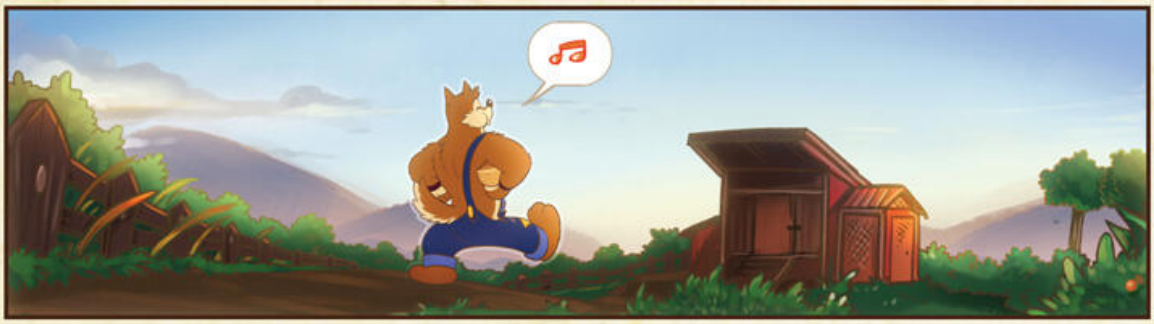
Giggle I can't wait to see you in your new clothes tomorrow.
Tomorrow? No need to wait THAT long!
Huh?!
W-wait!
TA-DA!
These new overalls feel so great!
Thank you again, folks!

ONE WEEK LATER
Good morning, boys!
Hi.
Morning, Deb.
What's with the old overalls, Wuff?
These are the new ones! They're so comfy. Really makes work much easier!
WHAT?!
HAHAHA! Oh, man. Only one week and they're old already! That's Wuffle for ya!
?

THE END

Mr. Nathaniel! Let's play chess!
Umm, boss, I don't think this is a good idea...
Come on, chess is fun! There! Your turn.
Umm... If I move this, you could do that...
Hehe, take your time!
1 HOUR LATER
But if I move this, I could lose on the 52nd turn!

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
WUFFLE'S
WAFFLES



GOOD MORNING, LADIES!

Wow! Look at this big, round, beautiful egg! Great job!

GOOD MORNING!
Yawn Morning.
Today's breakfast will be special waffles!
Sounds good to me...
Hurry up, so you'll be ready for breakfast!
BATHROOM

Howdy, folks! Welcome to "Feed Me, If You Dare." Today, we will show you how to make some super special waffles.
AND TODAY, WE'LL -- SHOW YOU-ZZZ-H-OW...
TO BU---UILD---
STUPID RADIO!

Crack three eggs, and -- prepare --
- SANDPAPER, AND A SAW.
Huh?
Wash the bowl -- AND NAILS.
This radio stinks!
Whisk all dry ingredients together and –
SCALE THE CHOPPED WOOD --
AND CUT OUT THE PATTERN.
What kind of recipe is this?!
GLUE

Add milk and melted butter -
AND CUT TWO WINGS.
Fold stiff egg whites into --
THE WING AND DRILL OUT --
Ladle mixture into hot waffle iron and -
- STICK THEM TOGETHER WITH GLUE!

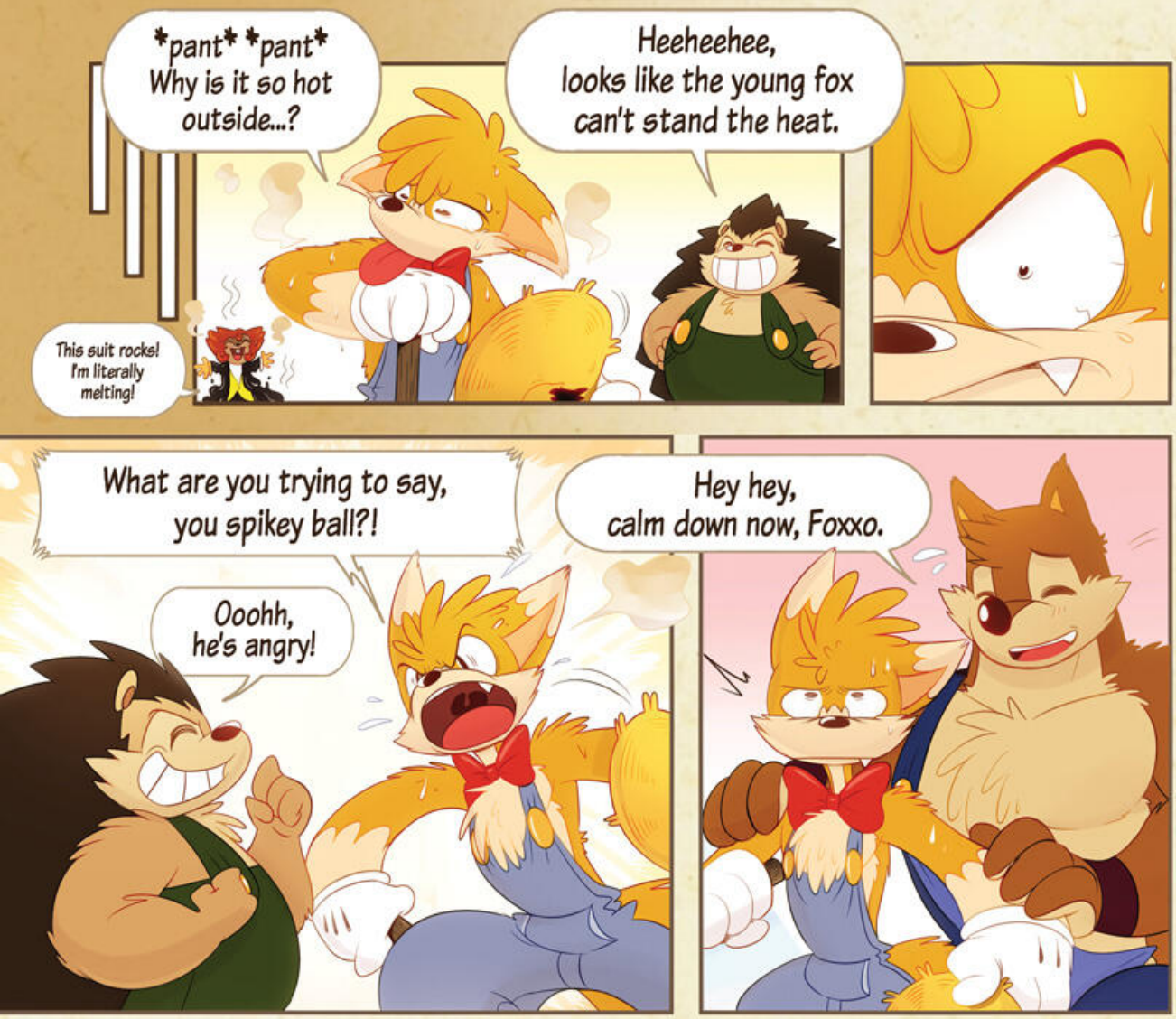
AND THAT'S IT FOR TODAY! SEE YOU AGAIN TOMORROW.
Great. Now it's over. What a delightful morning.
sigh I'm starving.
Hopefully Wuffle has already finished...
PUIPUI! BREAKFAST IS READY! HOP IN BEFORE IT GETS COLD!
!
THE END

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
FARMING
FOXXO

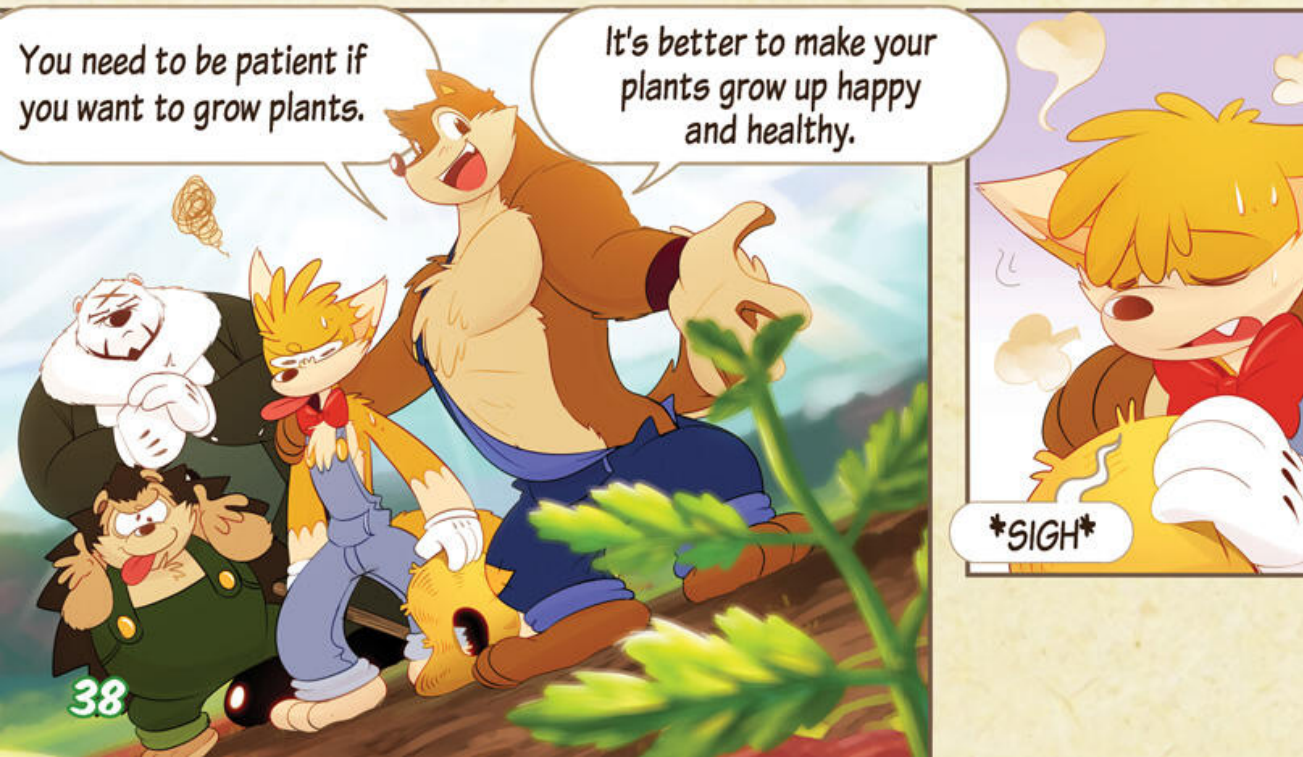
Ahhh...
Nothing beats working in the sunshine, working up a sweat...
GAHHH! WHY THE HECK AM I DOING THIS?!

Earlier that morning...
Thank you, Joe. What a delightful breakfast!
You should eat some vegetables too, young master.
Tomatoes?! Blagh! I hate tomatoes, they taste terrible!
THEN LET'S GROW SOME DELICIOUS TOMATOES TOGETHER!!!

Can you say "personal space?!" And what are you guys doing here?!
Oh, we're shipping vegetables to you, like we do every morning.
Morning, Foxxo.
Come on, growing tomatoes is fun!
Fun? Are you crazy?!
It's sweaty. It's tiring. Far from fun!
I will never, ever do farm-
Man, you look great in these overalls!
Joe! Guys! HELP!
Please handle him with care...


pant *pant*
Why is it so hot outside...?
Heeheehee, looks like the young fox can't stand the heat.
This suit rocks! I'm literally melting!

What are you trying to say, you spikey ball?!
Ooohh, he's angry!
Hey hey, calm down now, Foxxo.


You need to be patient if you want to grow plants.
It's better to make your plants grow up happy and healthy.
SIGH

So when will it be finished? When will the tomatoes grow? Tomorrow?
TWO MONTHS.
I'm out.
WAIT!
Aw, the fox wants to go home, boo hoo!
FINE!
GET OUT OF MY WAY, JOE!!!

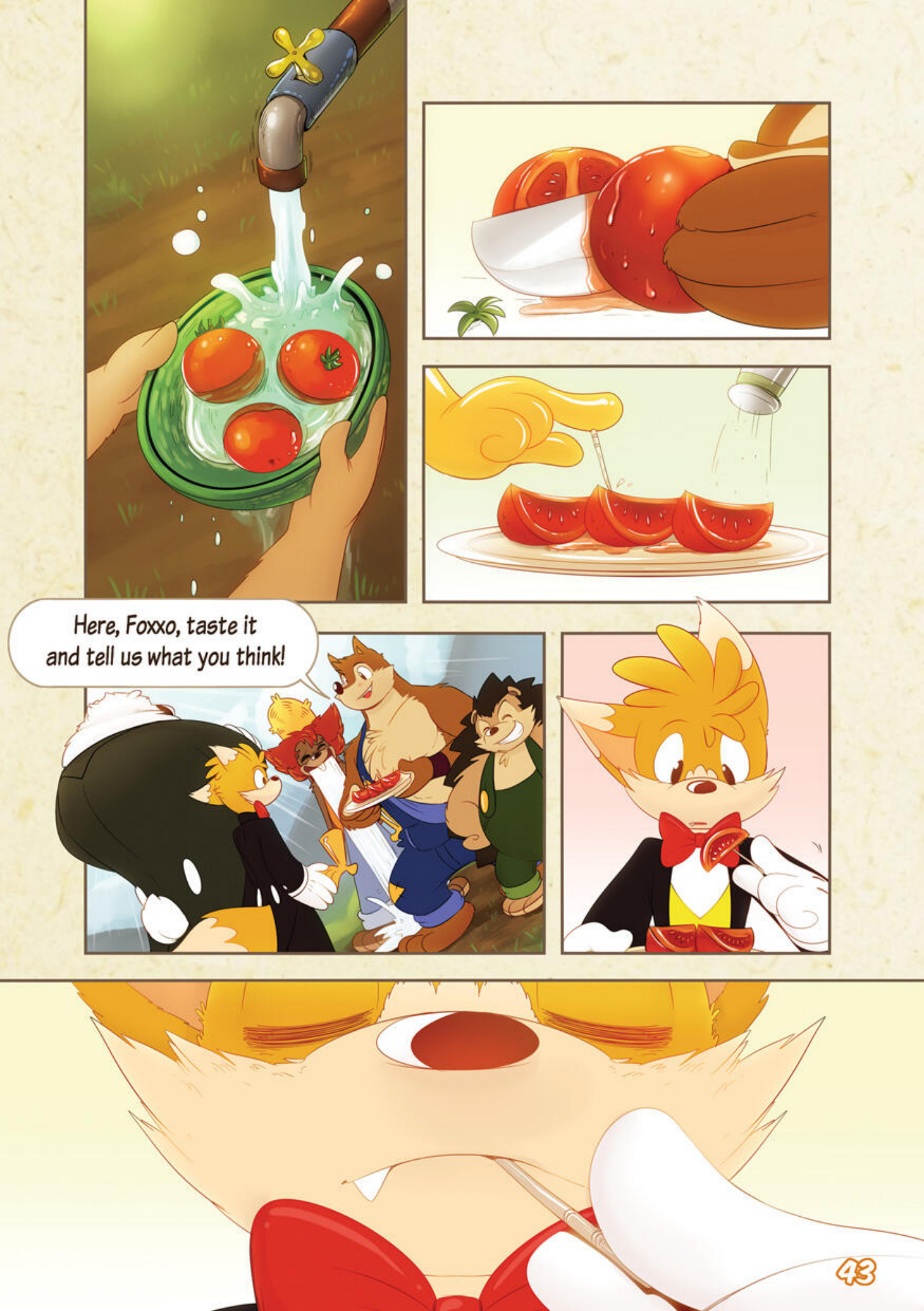
I'LL SHOW EVERYONE THAT I CAN GROW TASTY TOMATOES ALL BY MYSELF!
Help...
1
10
15

40
50
30
55
60

WOW!!!
What beautiful tomatoes!

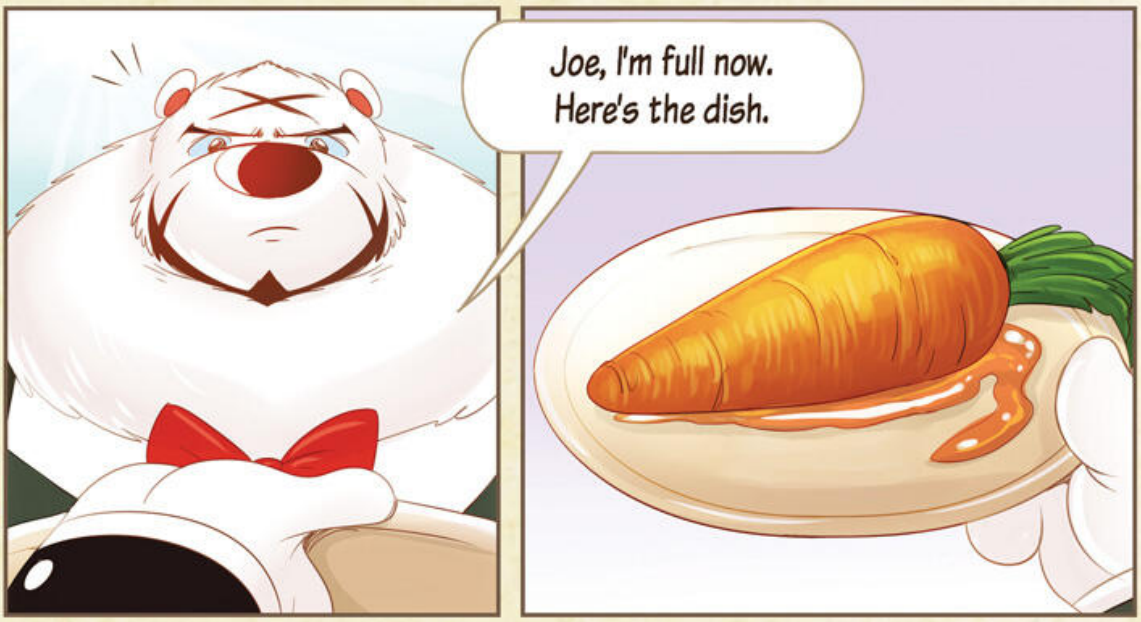
Yeah! Some of them are bad, but overall they're really nice!

Great job, young master.


Here, Foxxo, taste it and tell us what you think!

YUCK!
I still don't like it...
But...
I think it's edible...
HOORAY!
Here, try this fresh, crunchy cabbage!
How about this stinky onion?!
BRING IT ON!

Thank you...
You're welcome!


Joe, I'm full now.
Here's the dish.

HAHAHA! Oh well, you can't win 'em all, right?

THE END

Joe, why do you have that X-shaped scar on your forehead?
What?
AAAAH!!

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
WELCOME
PARTY

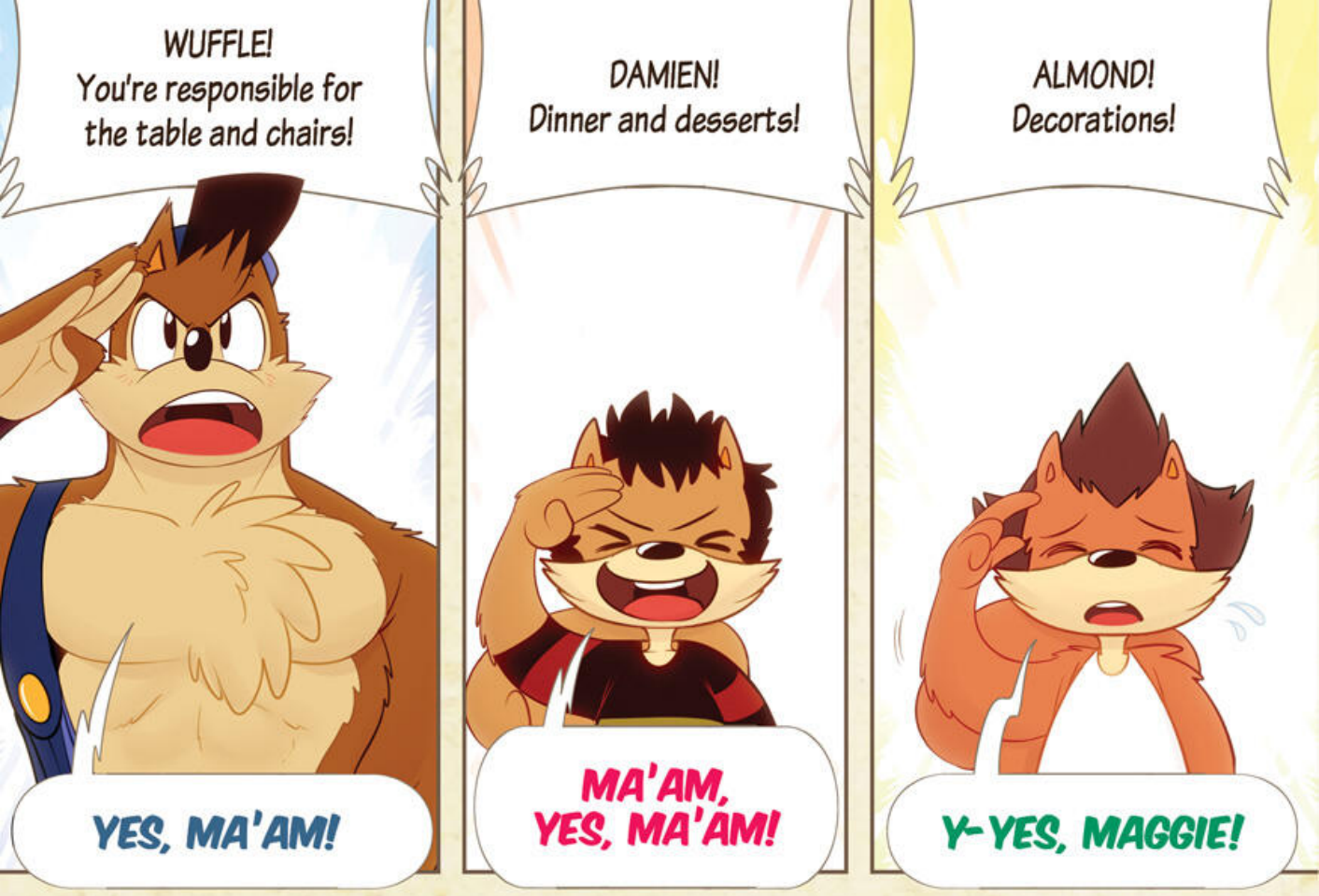
Wuffle, thank you for taking care of my children while I go into town to bring Mr. Peanut home.
You're very welcome, Mrs. Hazel.
TAXI
Maggie, Damien, and Almond, be nice, okay?
YESSS!!!

I'm so happy that your new father is moving in! Soon you'll have someone new to play with!
Okay, it's time now!
Eh? Time for what?
WELCOME TO OUR FAMILY!
TA-DA!

What is this, a party banner?
Yes! We're planning a surprise party for Mr. Peanut!

Put this on!
But Mrs. Hazel said -
Alright, alright. Everyone ready?

ATTENTION!


WUFFLE!
You're responsible for the table and chairs!
YES, MA'AM!
DAMIEN!
Dinner and desserts!
MA'AM, YES, MA'AM!
ALMOND!
Decorations!
Y-YES, MAGGIE!

Let's make the best surprise party EVER!

NOW, GO, GO, GO!

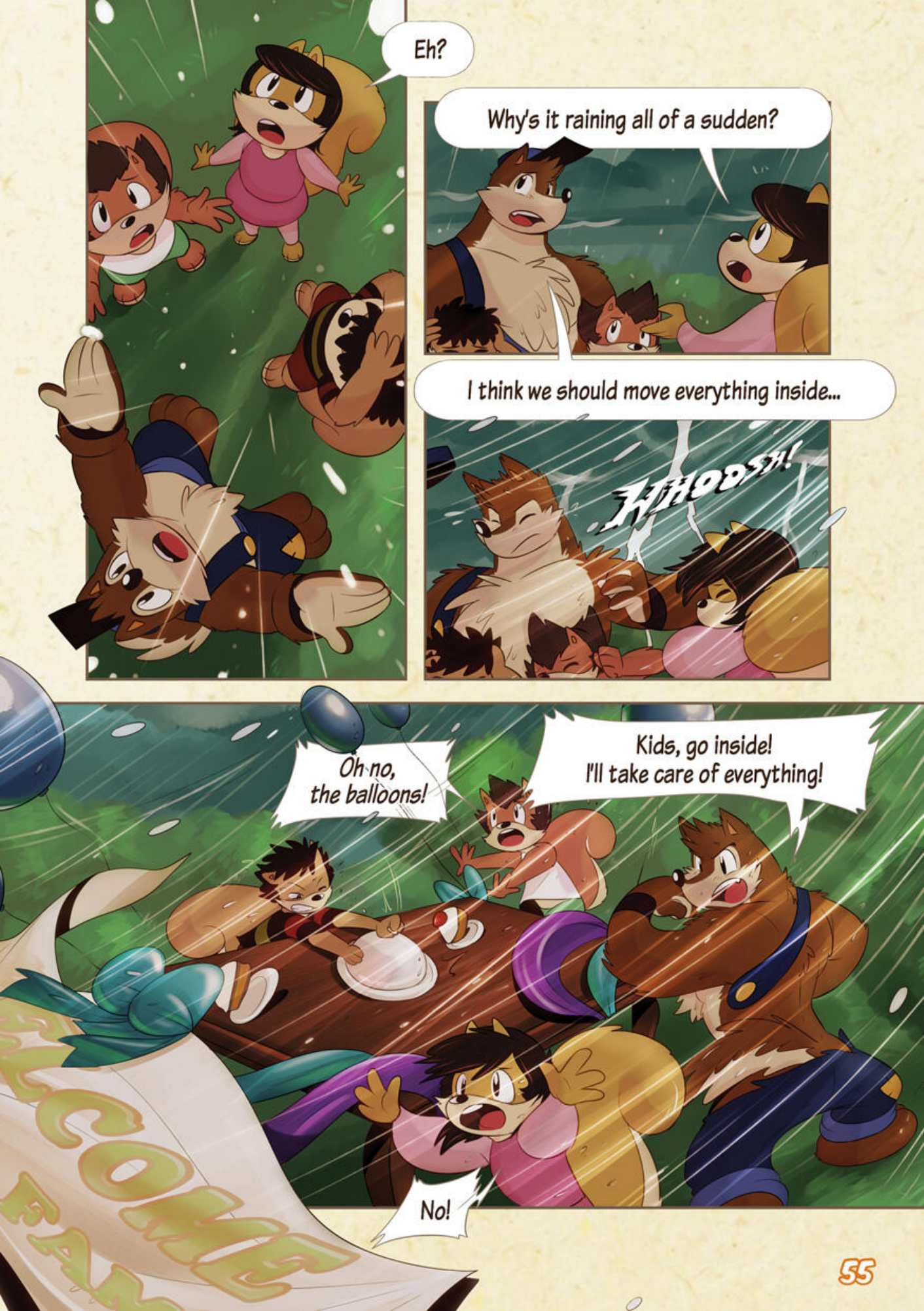
Would you taste-test my cookies, ma'am?
Mmm, I love the peanut flavor!
Blue is Mr. Peanut's favorite color, so I used blue balloons!
Great idea! Good job, Almond!
Ah, this table is stable enough. Thanks for helping me, Maggie.
You're welcome, Wuffle!

WELCOME
TO OUR FAMILY

Phew, this is more tiring than I thought!
Great job, everyone.

Okay, next step. We all need to get into our hiding places to surprise Mr. Peanut...

BOOM!


Eh?
Why's it raining all of a sudden?
I think we should move everything inside...
Kiiooosh!
Oh no, the balloons!
Kids, go inside! I'll take care of everything!
No!

I got the cloth!
UWAHHH!!!
Maggie!
!
WHOA!
This is not
gooooodddd!!!
We got you, Wuffle!
Hang in there!

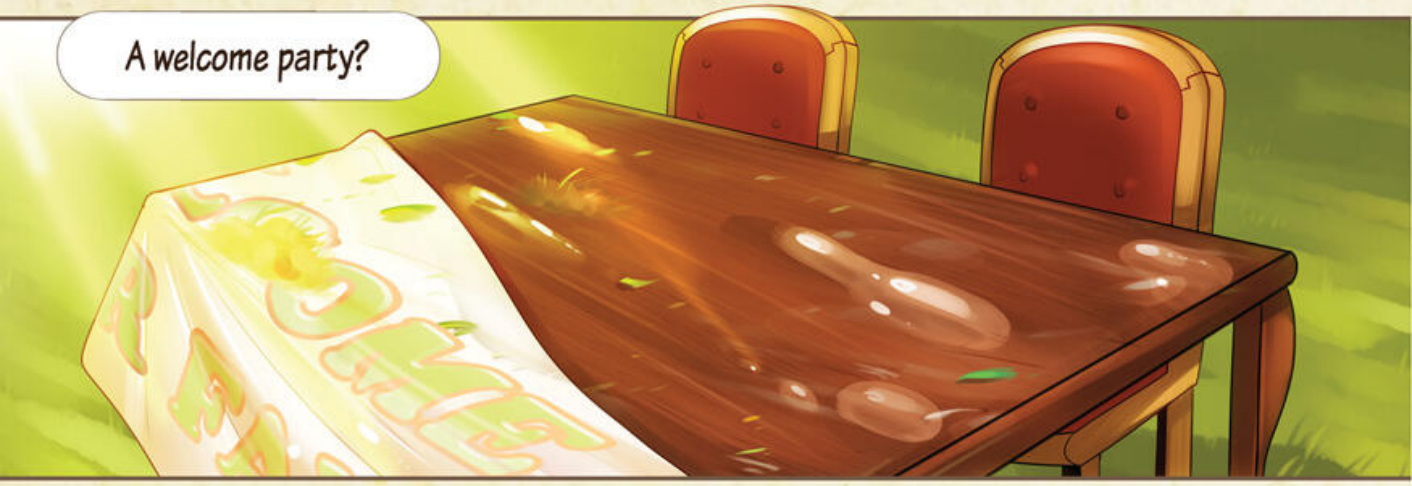
?!
Mams, mids. (Thanks, kids.)
Wahhh!!!
All right! Stay together!
I'll take you inside the house!!!
YAHHH!!!
FOLLOW ME, KIDS!

LCOME
OUR FAMILY

It's alright, everyone!
We still have time to clean this up before Mom comes back...
YES!
What happened?

What's going on?
TAXI

Hi, Mom.
Hi...Mr. Peanut...


A welcome party?

Yes, Mr. Peanut,
but there was a storm, so...
Oh!

We wanted to throw a surprise party, but we failed...
Anyway, we want to say...welcome to our home...

Chin up, Maggie. I AM very surprised! But the party's missing one thing...

It needs your smiles to make it perfect.

Welcome to our family, Mr. Peanut!

Thank you so much, Wuffle!

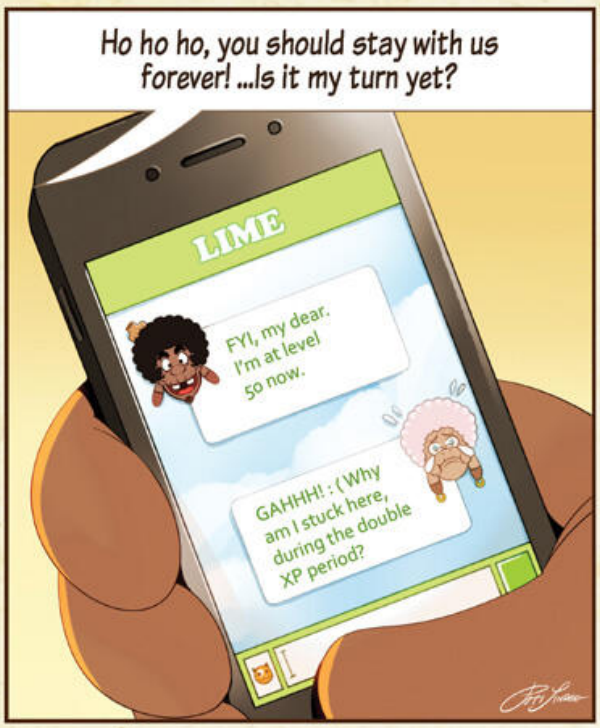
sniff sniff So touching... but would you please pay the cab fare?
TAXI

THE END

Old Folks' Home

Ho ho ho, there's nothing better than playing a game with the old gang!
It's your turn to move, Puggy.
!

And thanks for visiting us, Pinky. You're always so kind to us.
Of course, Brittany! I can't go out in a storm like this anyway, huhuhu!


Ho ho ho, you should stay with us forever! ...Is it my turn yet?
LIME
FYI, my dear. I'm at level 50 now.
GAHHH! :(Why am I stuck here, during the double XP period?

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
THE TORTOISE
AND THE HARE

Foxxo's Mall
FOXXO'S
HHDFOOFOO
SHELLOCK
MOUSES
4
WELCOME
Thanks for coming with me today, Deb!
And thanks to Chuck for letting you leave work early!
Yeah, Chuck is a great boss! He's very understanding, he knows how much today means to me.
Ahhh, donuts! I can smell the donuts!

I'm so excited, I'm really going to meet H.H.D. Foofoo! And Volume Four of "Shellock Houses" is finally being released today! She's my idol, my favorite detective novelist of all time!
DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS...
You're right, we shouldn't waste any more time! I've gotta go meet her now!
DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS...
But where is the line for H.H.D. Foofoo? I wonder...
DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS...

It's so crowded... it must be here.
!
Whoa, so many people in line...!
Of course, everybody wants to meet H.H.D. Foofoo and get the new Shellock Houses book! I'm gonna meet her in person, ask for her autograph, take a picture, shake her hand...AHHH!!!
SHELLOCK HOUSES AND THE FOOR NINJAS
FooFoo
CLICK
I can't wait, I can't wait, I CAN'T WAIT!!!
...Uh...hi...H.H.D. Foofoo...

N-nice to meet you...I'm a really big f-fan of your novel...
What kind of donut do you want, ma'am?
!
Uh... Miss Foofoo?
...
This is a donut shop, and I'm not Miss Foofoo, ma'am.
FOXXO'S
If you're looking for H.H.D. Foofoo and her new book...
They're on that floor.
FOXXO'S
SPECIAL

HHD FooFoo
IS
HERE
!!!

What on earth...?!
GEEZ!
Mr. Foxxo installed a special ladder to support all the people that want to meet H.H.D. Foofoo today, ma'am.

By the way, you're free to order some donuts to enjoy while you wait in line, ma'am, hohohoho.
Don't even think about it, you foxes! I don't need any donuts from you!
tsk tsk
What am I thinking, I should have got some donuts. Ugh.
GROWL-ING
Duh...
Come here anytime if you get hungry on the way, Miss Tortoise!

One Hour Later
Three Hours Later
Uwahhh! How long is it gonna take?!
Five Hours Later
Nice to meet you two. I'm working as a mail carrier in Gingerbread Village.
One Day Later
WAHHHHH!
This is taking forever!!!

... Finally...
Hi.
Hi.
Oh...OH!
Only one person left!
And there are still plenty of books left, too! I haven't run out of luck after all!
I'm a big fan of your novel.
So, can I have the rest of your books?
I'd like them all signed for my children and I.
!

The book is now sold out! Thank you for coming, everyone!
But...
Click!

Here are your donuts, ma'am.
FOXXO'S
DONUT

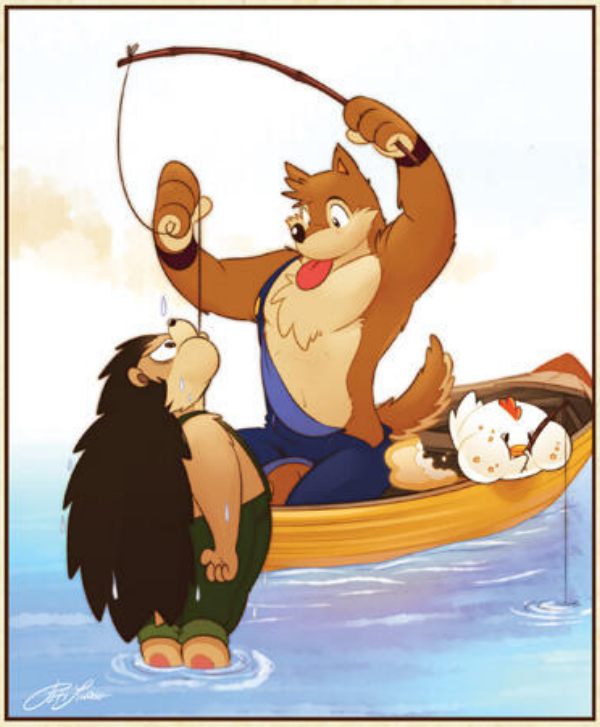
Thanks!!!

Thank you, and please come again, Miss Tortoise! Hohohoho!
Terrible...day...*om nom nom*...I...hate... *nom*...stupid long lines... *nom nom*...all I've got are... *om nom*...stupid donuts... *munch munch*...to make me feel better...*om nom nom*.

Hey...
!!!
THAT'S
THE BOOK!
DONUTS!!!
SWITCH!
H-how did you get it?!
DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS DONUTS
Ummm... Deb?

Oh, I saw a really long line, *om nom nom* so I figured it was for donuts. *munch munch* But it's just a book. No donuts. *om nom nom* But I know you love these mystery novels, so I bought it for you!
FOXXOS
And there's a signature inside the cover, too.
...
I asked the author to sign it "To Matilda."
To Matilda
OMG
SHE SIGNED MY NAME!
IS THIS THE REAL LIFE?!
BEST DAY EVER!
WOW!
THANKS, DEB!
GIMME ALL THE DONUTS YOU HAVE!!!

THE END



WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
MEET THE
PARENTS

pant pant
grumble grumble I hate fishing in the winter...
pant pant
I'm home! With a frozen fish!
Nice to talk to you too, ma'am, bye!
Who was that?
Your parents! They're coming here to visit!
WHAT?! WHEN?!!?
On Christmas Eve! Which is...today.
What's wrong? Don't you want to see your parents?
Come on!
You know my parents! They're always making fun of me for being lazy!

I need a favor! If they ask about me, tell them I'm diligent, hardworking, never lazy...
You want me to lie?
Please, Wuffle, I'm begging you!
Well, I'll try...
Thank you, Wuff! You're the best friend a hedgehog could have!
KNOCK
KNOCK

MY BABY!
HMP!
Look at you, so soft and round!
Hi mom, hi dad...
Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Hoggypie!
Wuffle, nice to see you!
Wow, you grew up so fast, and so big and strong! I bet you work hard all day, unlike my son, hahaha!
Heh heh, well, thank you.
Hmm...
Here's your coffee, ma'am.

Hmm, so strong...like you! Thanks, Wuffle.
SIP SIP
You're welcome.
So, how is Puipui doing now?
Oh, well, he's...um...very...alert. Always saving his energy...you know, in case he's needed...stuff.
Saving his energy, huh? I wonder what that means, heehee.
Thanks for the coffee, Wuffle.
You're leaving already?
No, silly! We're going to go out and visit the neighbors.
This is gonna be fun. Right, Puipui?

Oh, don't bother, ma'am! Tonight is Christmas Eve, our neighbors will all be here for dinner soon!

That's great!

(WUFFLE!)

I'll decorate the house and prepare the food!

You're not going to help?

Ah...

Of course, I'll help...

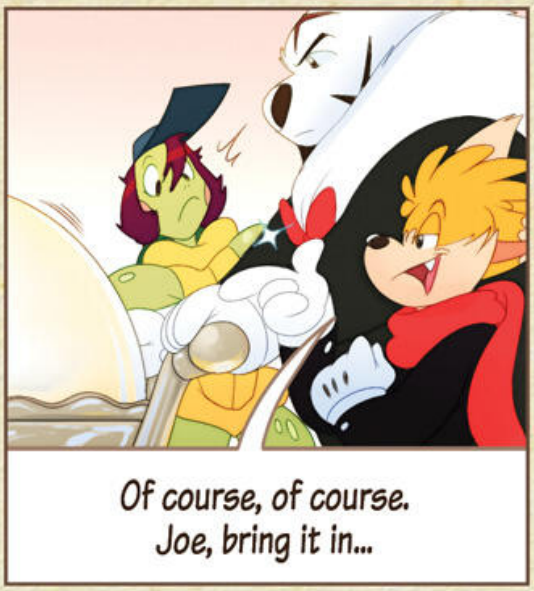
grumble My afternoon nap, my whole Christmas Eve, ruined...

Phew! This food sure is heavy!
Debbita, try the peanut butter cookies I baked!
We're here!
Oh gosh... they're so good!
Thanks for bringing me, dear.
The fish and salad are ready!
Puipui was cooking? It's a miracle!
I'm gonna wake up my parents.
Sure!
Foxxo isn't here, phew...

GREETINGS, GINGERBREAD PEOPLE!
(DANG!)

Hey, Foxxo! Don't you usually celebrate with your parents?
Blah! That's always so boring! I'm trying something new this year!

But this party looks pretty boring too. Luckily I brought something to spice it up.
Stop complaining, Foxxo! What'd you bring?


Of course, of course. Joe, bring it in...

Everyone, I present to you...

A marvelous grilled duck, slow cooked, marinated in freshly prepared honey sauce, seasoned with Joe's own special blend of herbs and spices, and garnished with vegetables from my own private garden!
WOW!!!

Well well well... looks like you want to try being "nice" this year, eh, "Young Master?"

What?! It was surplus at my store! I just d-didn't wanna w-waste it, that's all!
Yeah, yeah, whatever, heehee.

Thank you, everyone, for sharing your food and your company with us this Christmas.
I'd also like to welcome our special guests tonight, Mr. and Mrs. Hoggypie!
Nice to meet you all! I'm Puipui's mother, and sitting next to my lazy son is his father.
HMP!
Puipui, would you introduce everyone?
sigh Okay...

That's Mrs. Hazel, her husband, Mr. Peanut and their kids, Maggie, Damien, and Almond. At the end of the table is... well, it's just a spoiled fox and his butler, Joe.
Hi!
Nice to meet you!
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!

This sweet old lady is Aunty Pinky. That's Debbita, and the post office gang, Matilda, Nathaniel, Chuck, and...wait...
Hi, nice to meet you!

Who's that on your shoulder, Chuck?
Dr. Greyham, my boyfriend.
Hi...

What?! Since when do we have a doctor in our village?
Since always... but you'd never know.

Everyone in this village is always happy and healthy... so I never have anything to do...
Aw, don't be sad...

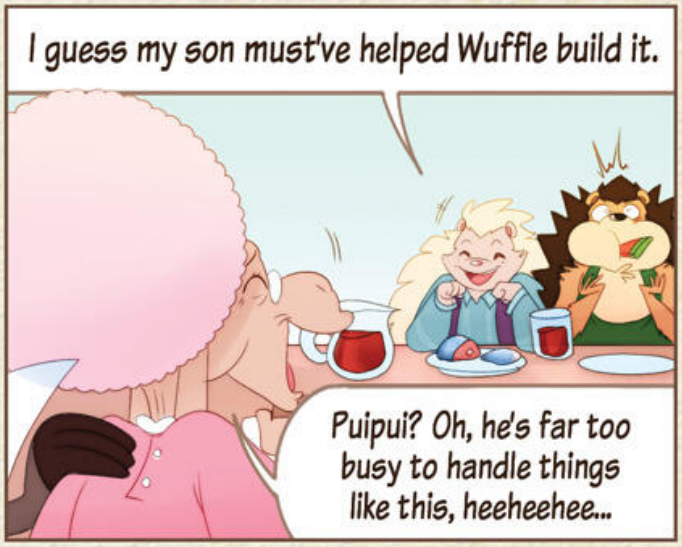
Oh well, good to know... Ummm, oh! And that's Uncle Broccoli on the PinePad. Sadly he can't be with us today. Sorry, Aunty Pinky...
I'm okay, dear. Thanks.
With this marvelous tablet, we can still see each other in three dimensions.
Why not in four dimensions?!
I'M HERE, BABY!
!

Y-you said you couldn't make it home in time...
YOU SHOULDN'T LIE! I...I missed you so much!
My lovely strawberry shampoo... If I hadn't fibbed, it wouldn't be such a groovy surprise, dig it?
I missed you too!
I'm so happy you're home again, Broccoli-chan!
Time for tickles!
S-stop it, silly!
SMOOCHES!
Alright, alright! Let the dinner party begin!
YEAH!

Mmmm...
This is delicious!

Aunty Pinky!
That tablet is unbelievable!

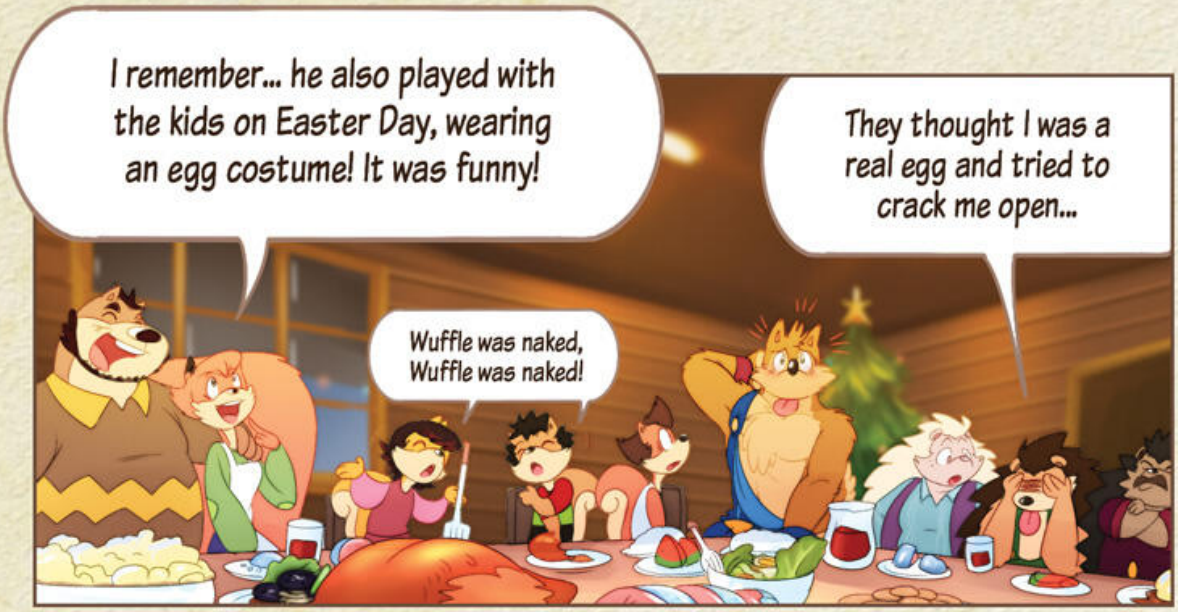
I know, dear! I have Wuffle to thank for it!


I guess my son must've helped Wuffle build it.
Puipui? Oh, he's far too busy to handle things like this, heeheehee...

Hey, Puipui, I tried to make that special delivery, but the company won't let you return a puzzle cube if you painted over all the squares.

Puipui is always having problems like that!
sigh No...

Remember when he tried to fix Aunty Pinky's fan, and ended up smashing it? Or the time he went fishing, and the fish caught him?!
Yeah!
Please stop...
Oh, oh! My turn! Remember when he blew up my house?!
Hahahaha!
SERIOUSLY?! HAHAHAHA!
DEBBITA!!!
But then he spent all night rebuilding it...
With Wuffle's help, I'm sure!
Nope, all by himself in one night!


I remember... he also played with the kids on Easter Day, wearing an egg costume! It was funny!
They thought I was a real egg and tried to crack me open...
Wuffle was naked, Wuffle was naked!

Puipui and I work together a lot, too. He also gave me the idea to write my mom a letter for Mother's Day.

Yeah, and you wrote her about a million letters!
Hahaha!

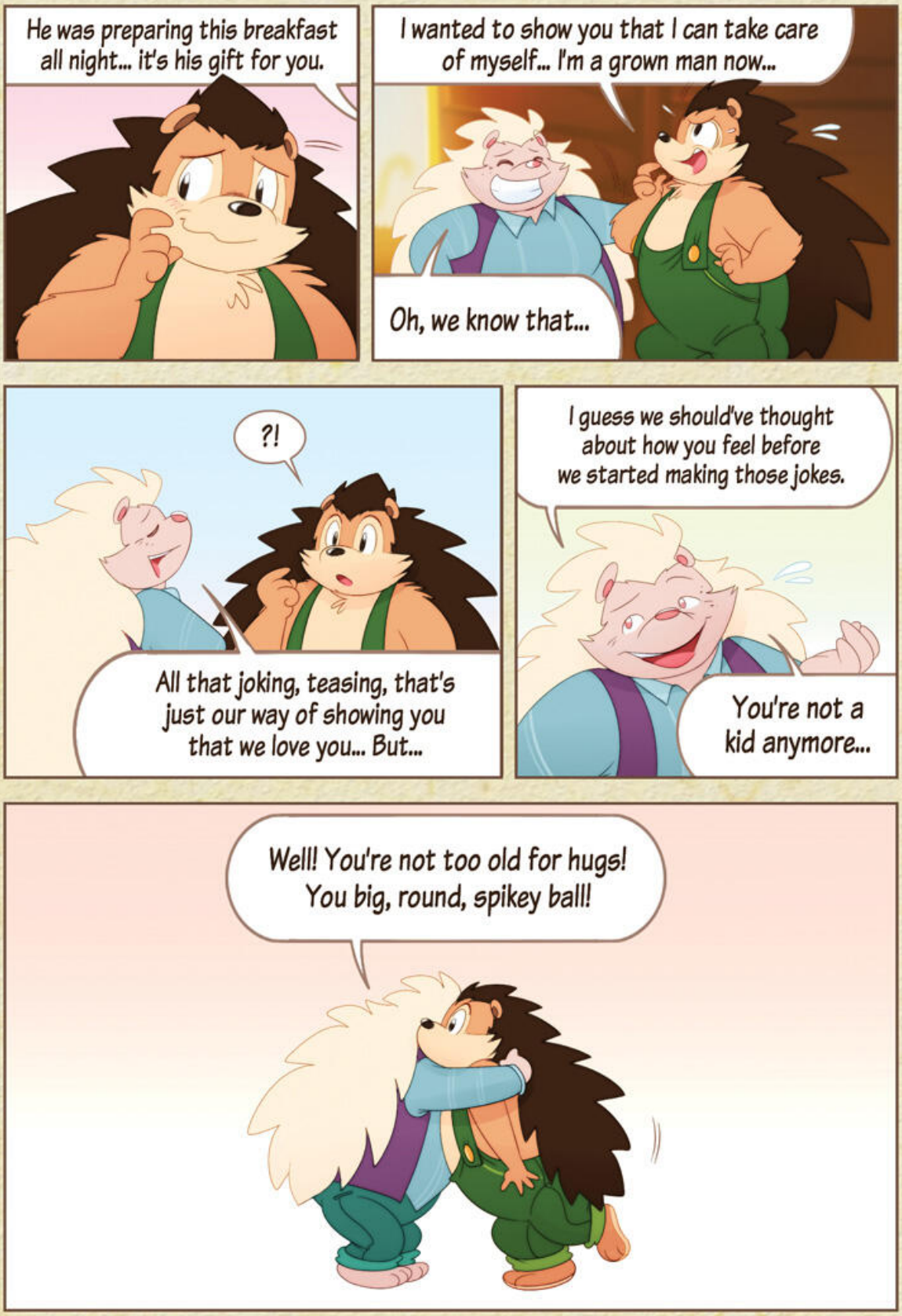
Even I have to admit... Puipui is very good at fishing. This fish is so delicious...

I can't believe it...

Puipui might be lazy, sleeping all day and eating all night...
But that's Puipui, and we love him just the way he is.
To you, Spikey Ball...
Our friend, the laziest hedgehog in the world!
Puipui!
CHEERS!

Thank you everyone, and Foxxo...
No need to say anything.
... But that's carrot juice.
WHO PUT CARROT JUICE IN MY GLASS?!

Thanks for getting up so early to see us off, son!
HMP!
Breakfast is ready!
Wow, thanks, Wuffle!
What is this?
It's an iceberg fish. Puipui caught it yesterday, ma'am.


He was preparing this breakfast all night... it's his gift for you.
I wanted to show you that I can take care of myself... I'm a grown man now...
Oh, we know that...
?!
All that joking, teasing, that's just our way of showing you that we love you... But...
I guess we should've thought about how you feel before we started making those jokes.
You're not a kid anymore...
Well! You're not too old for hugs! You big, round, spikey ball!

I love you!
I love you too, mom...
Hmm!
Love you too, dad!
Shall we have breakfast now?
Alright, alright!
FINALLY!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Is everybody ready?
YEAH!!!

HAPPY
NEW YEAR 2014!

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
SISTER ACT

Sssssssss!

Slurrrp!
Hmm... yum!

This soup should be finished by evening...

Sigh
...
What a quiet day...
Knock Knock Knock
Puipui!
Home early?!

E-ECLAIRE?!
H-hi, Wuf-
Eclaire! Long time no see!
You must be cold! I'll give you a big warm hug!
Hey, that's enough hugging!
POP!!!
!
Must be static electricity...

So what brings you here, Sis?
Thanks.
I'm still on winter break for a few more days. Mom wants me to check up on you from time to time.
...She misses you... But you know how work is...
What about Dad?
He's traveling, like always. I'm not sure where he is right now.
I wish we could all get together again.
Well, it can't be helped, right? Mom and I like the city, but you and Dad prefer to be close to nature.
Still wearing the old overalls Mom bought for you?
These?
Oh, they're new, everyone bought them for me last year.
CLICK
I'm gonna share this photo with Mom!
Share? How?

There's no Wi-Fi here? Not even 3G?
W-what?
The internet? You know, the world wide web?
Uh, I don't know...
Can you ask Puipui about this?
He went back home with his parents for a few days.
Hey, wear your scarf!
Pretty much the whole town is gone, they all visit their families after New Year's Day.
Come on, you might catch a cold!
Yay! I found the Wi-Fi!

...here?
It must be coming from the chicken coop.
They've all gone to a concert, I think...

Okaayy...so... what's the password?
I...don't know. I don't speak chicken language.
I can't believe it...you're always so low tech, even worse than the chickens!
SLAM!
What do you even do around here without the internet?!
Well, I help repair stuff that gets broken...
Do farm work... deliver vegetables to Foxxo... share food with my friends...
COLD COLD COLD!
Here, I'll warm you up!
I said that's enough hugging!
POP!!!
Wanna help me shovel the snow?
NEVER!

Why has it come to this... why must I do this...
'Cause shoveling snow is fun!
And you're not cold?!
I'm fine!
Working all day makes me strong!
Seriously, why didn't you just go with Puipui? No need to stay here all by yourself.
I wouldn't feel comfortable. It's his family.
We all want to go home again, right?
Sometimes you just want to be with your family.

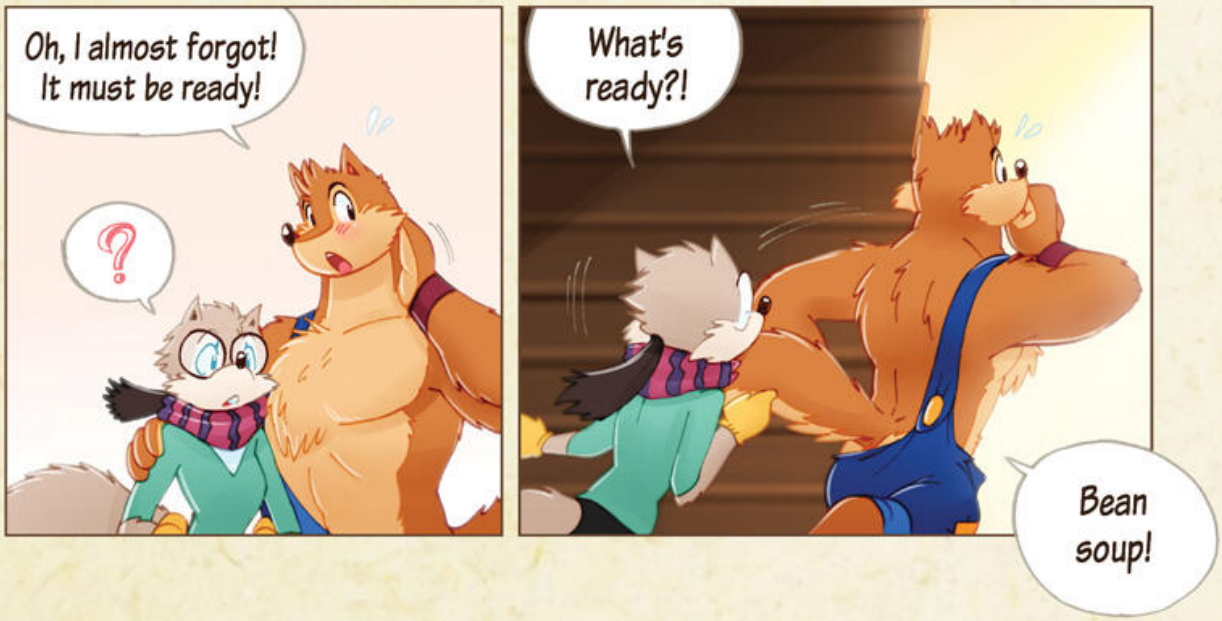
So, I'll stay here and take care of things...
Until everyone comes back...
Hey!
CLICK
You haven't changed at all...
Always worrying about other people...
I'm gonna tell Mom that you're soooo looooonely!
Boohoo!
H-hey! It's not like that!

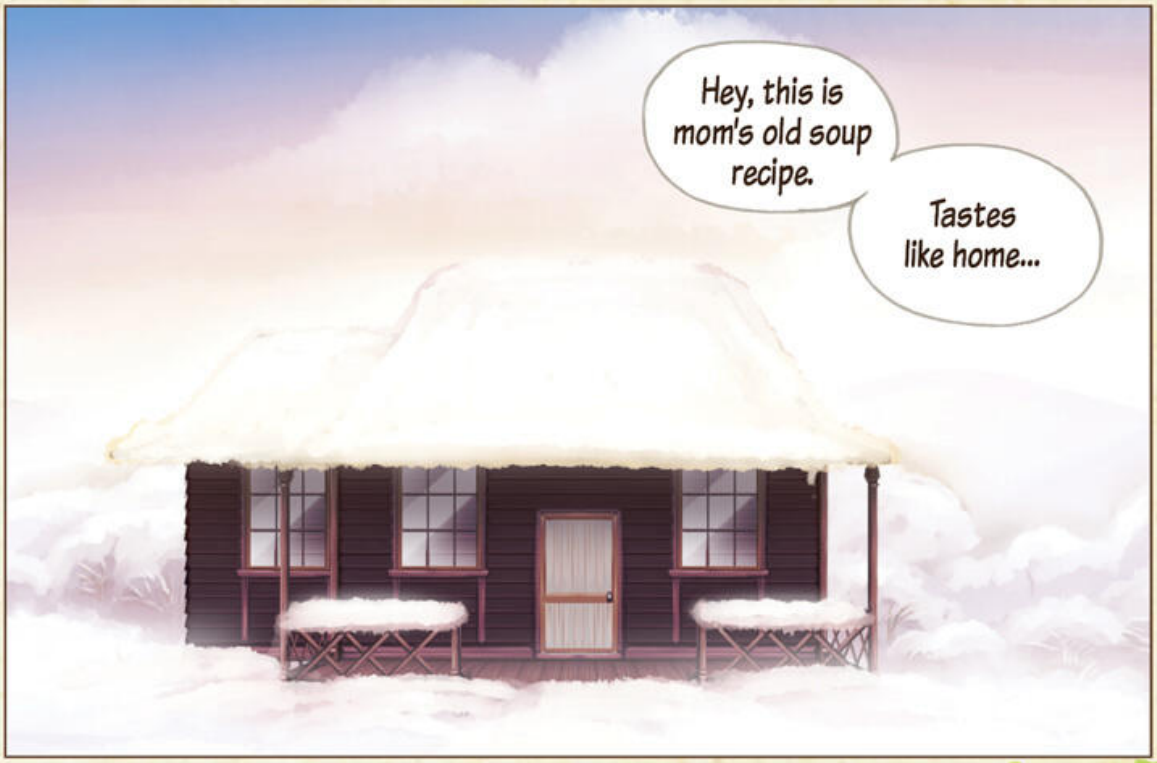
Hahaha!
Don't send that photo to Mom!
pant *pant*
Just try and stop me!
OUCH!
Hahaha... uh-oh...
PLOMP

Hahaha!
That was fun!
Cold
cold
cold...
Hugging your big bro
is a great way
to warm up!
But getting a
static shock isn't!
No more hugging!
RING
RING
RING
Whooo!
I'll get it...
Hmmkay.

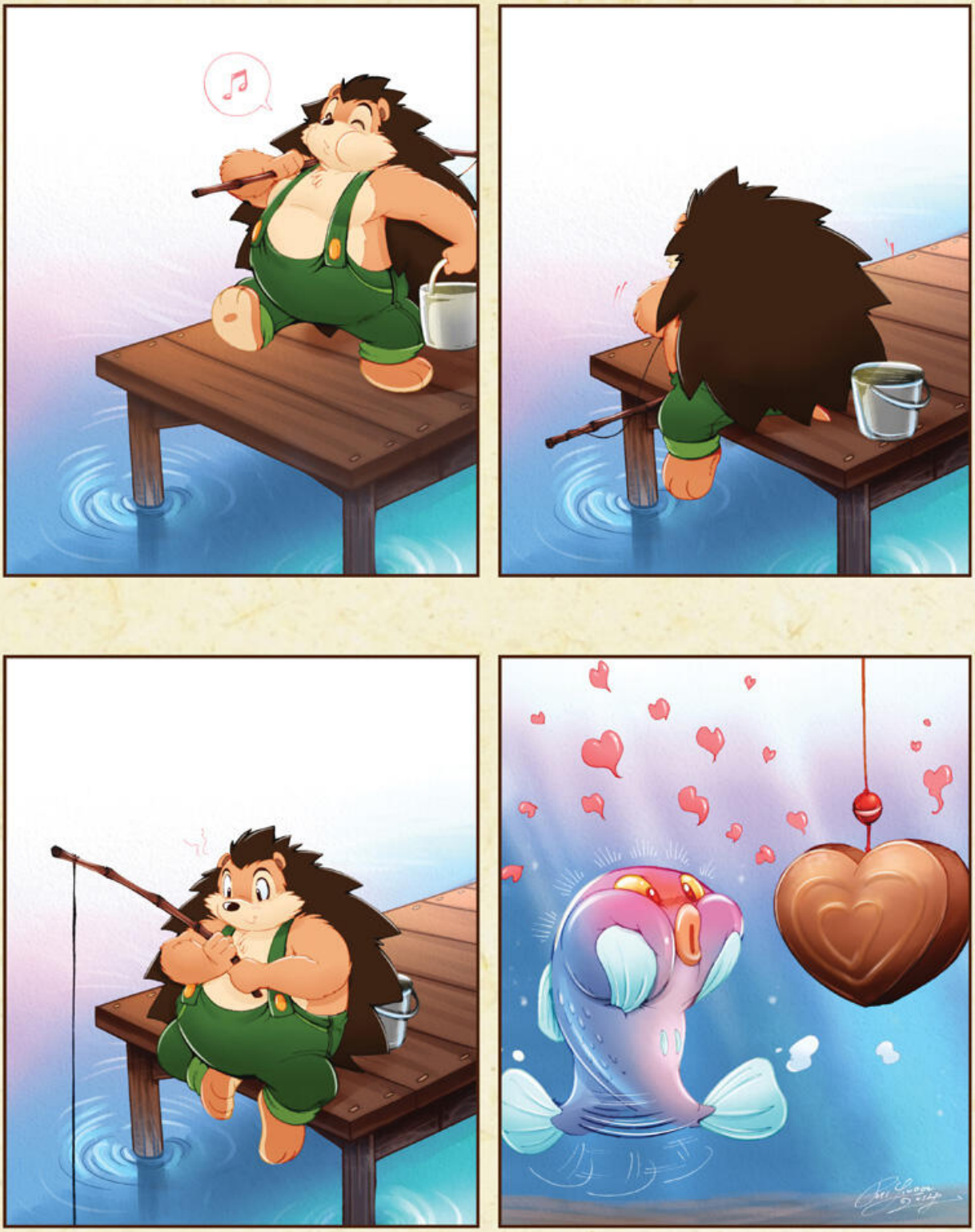
Hello, Wuffle Welwuff speaking...
Puipui! How are you?! Having fun at your parents' house?
Oh? You're staying a bit longer? Sure, spending time with family is the best...
CLICK
Oh come on, I'm the one who takes care of you!
Say hello to Mr. and Mrs. Hoggypie for me too! Bye!
Puipui?
Yeah, he's not going to be back for a while...
Nobody's coming back until the weekend.
I guess I'll be alone for a few more days...

!
I'll stay with you until everyone comes home, then...
But what about winter break?
I wanna spend it with you...
I don't want my big brother to feel lonely.
Thanks...
Warm warm warm warm...


Oh, I almost forgot! It must be ready!
?
What's ready?!
Bean soup!

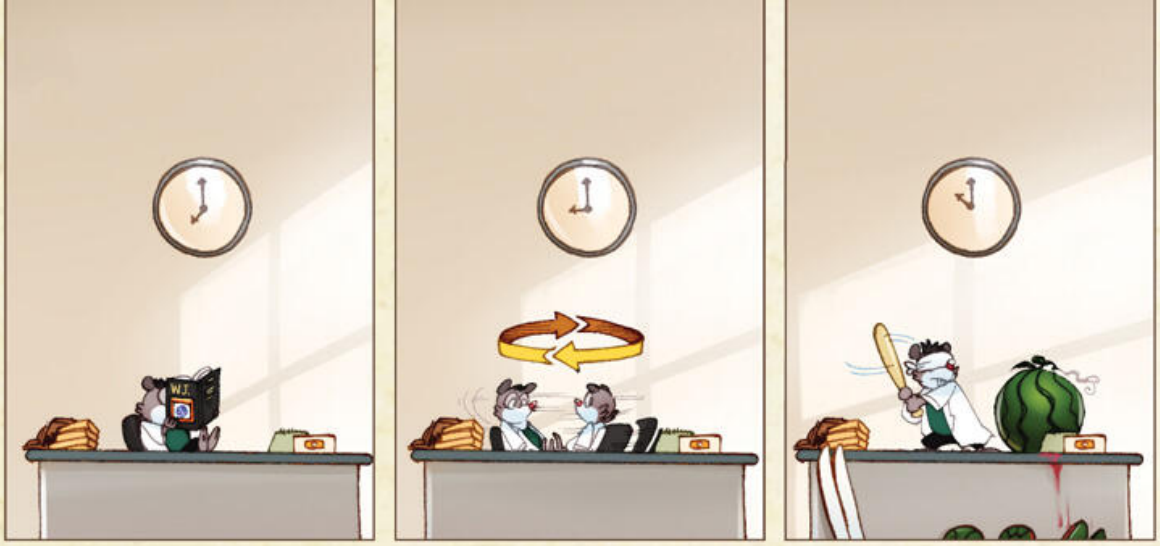


THE END

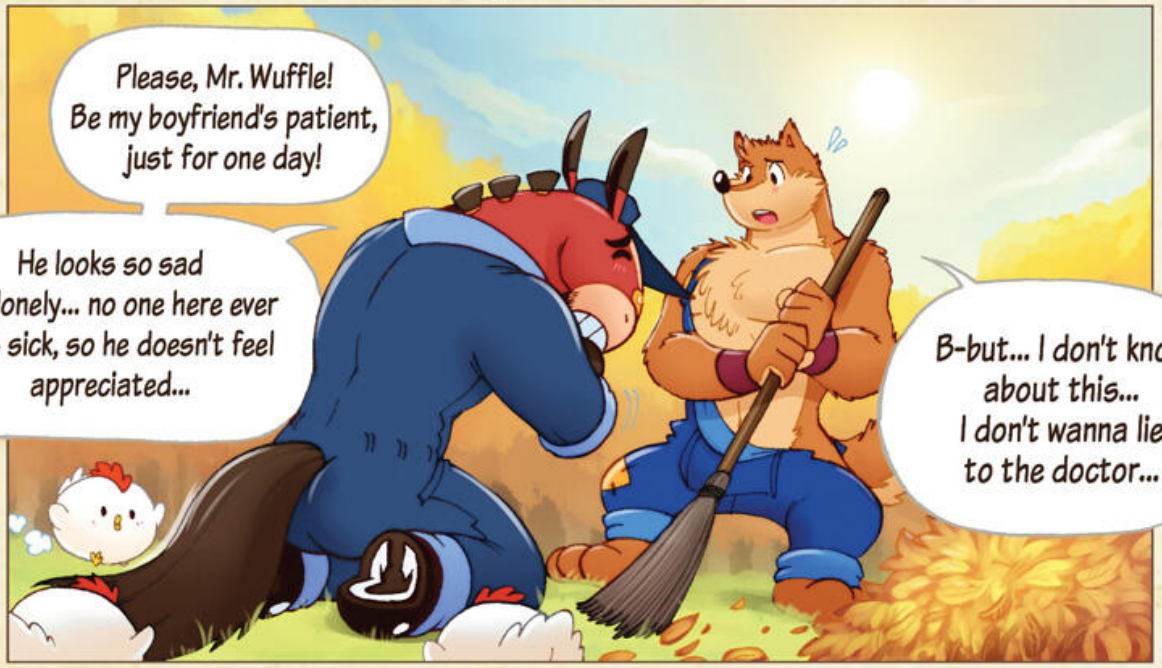


WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
ONE FLU OVER THE
HAMSTER'S NEST

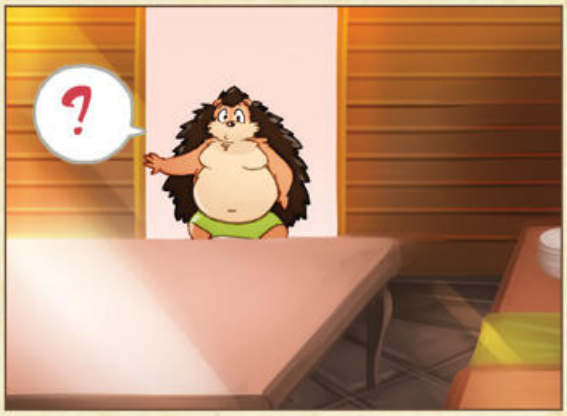
There...your lucky bandage.
Thank you...
What's wrong? You look sad...
You're always saying I look sad, silly.
Okay, then...I'm off... have a good day, dear...



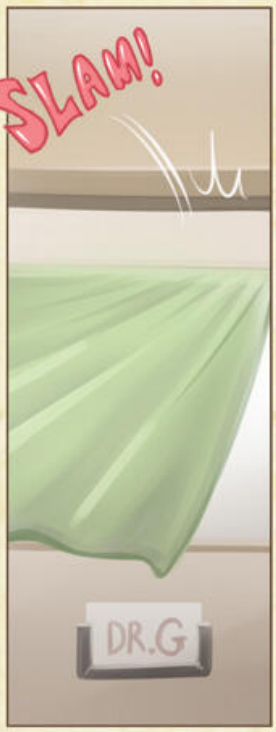
You want me to do WHAT?!

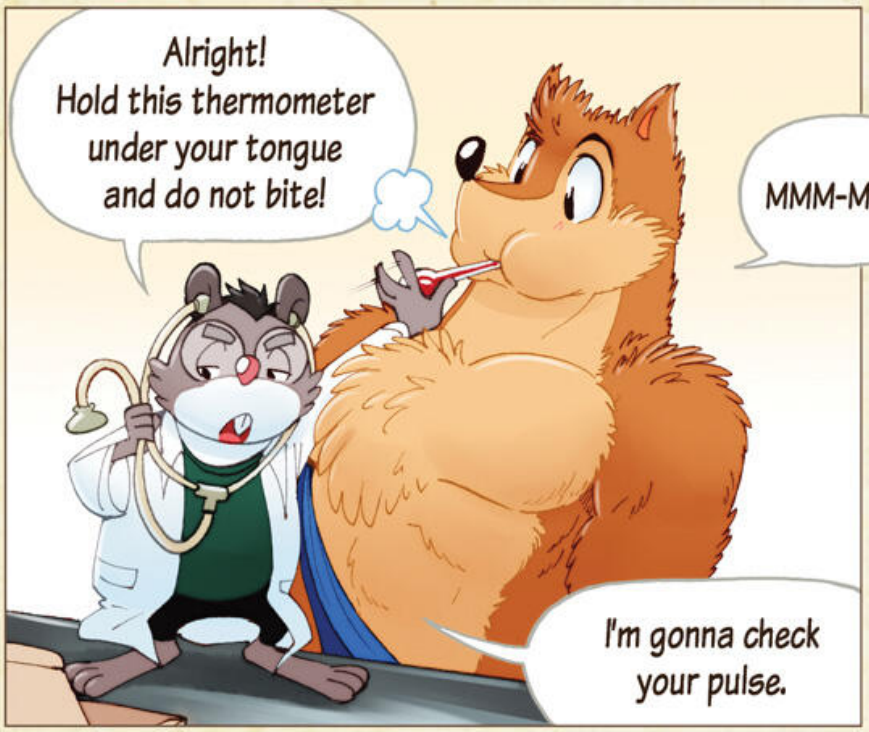


I'm sorry, but you're the only one he'd believe... everyone trusts you.
Well...maybe just for one day... if it'll make him happy.
REALLY?! Thank you Mr. Wuffle, thank you so much!
BOING!
BOING!
BOING!
All right! Let's go!
WAIT!!!
ZZOOM
Yawnnn... Hungry...
Wuffle! Where's my breakfast?!


?

Wuffle...?

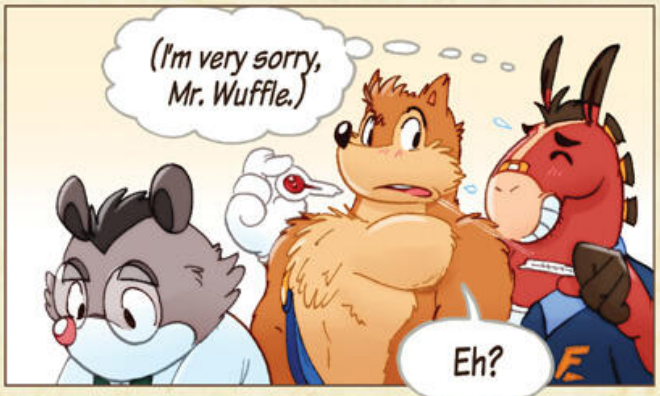

SLAM!
DR.G


Alright!
Hold this thermometer
under your tongue
and do not bite!
MMM-MMM!
I'm gonna check
your pulse.

!
*DA-DUM-
DA-DUM-
DA-DUM!
DA-DA-
DA-DA
-DUM!*

Your heart rate is much too fast!
!
DA-DUM-DA-DUM-DA-DUM! DA-DA-DA-DA-DUM!
It sounds like a drum solo!

Let's check your temperature now, shall we?


(I'm very sorry, Mr. Wuffle.)
Eh?

*Don't try this at home, or anywhere!

Ouch! Ouch! Hot! Hot! Hot!
You've got a terrible fever! You're very sick!
I'll need to keep you here overnight. NURSE!
AT'S O'AY, AH'M FNE! (That's okay, I'm fine!)

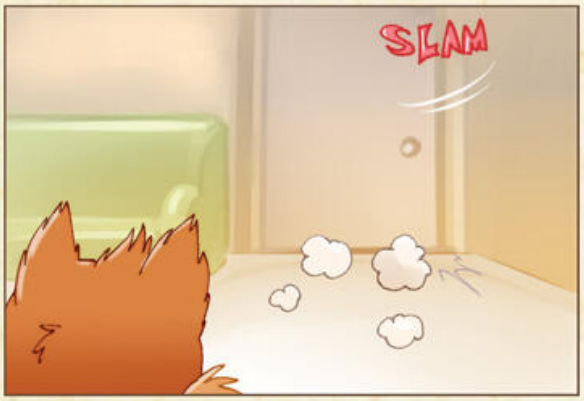
PATTER PATTER
PATTER PATTER !!!!
Give him a wash, a change of clothes, and then put him in Room 237!
YES, SIR!
PATTER PATTER PATTER
My first patient... I'll take good care of you, Wuffle.
Oh, you're still here?
Heh heh...well, I, uh... just wanted to make sure that Mr. Wuffle's okay.

SLAM!
BRUSH
BRUSH
BRUSH
SCRUB
SCRUB
VRRRRRRP
FWUMP!
SCRITCH

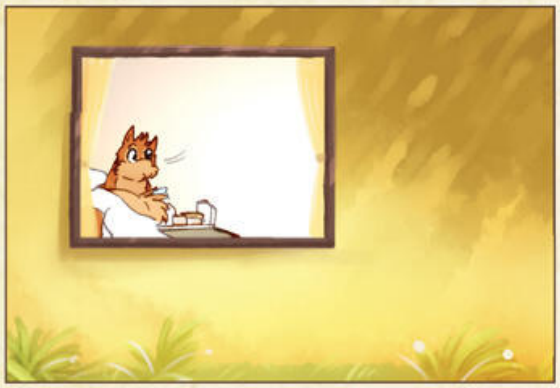
SNUZZ!

Eat all the food and we'll come back and check on you again in an hour.
Y-yes, ma'am!

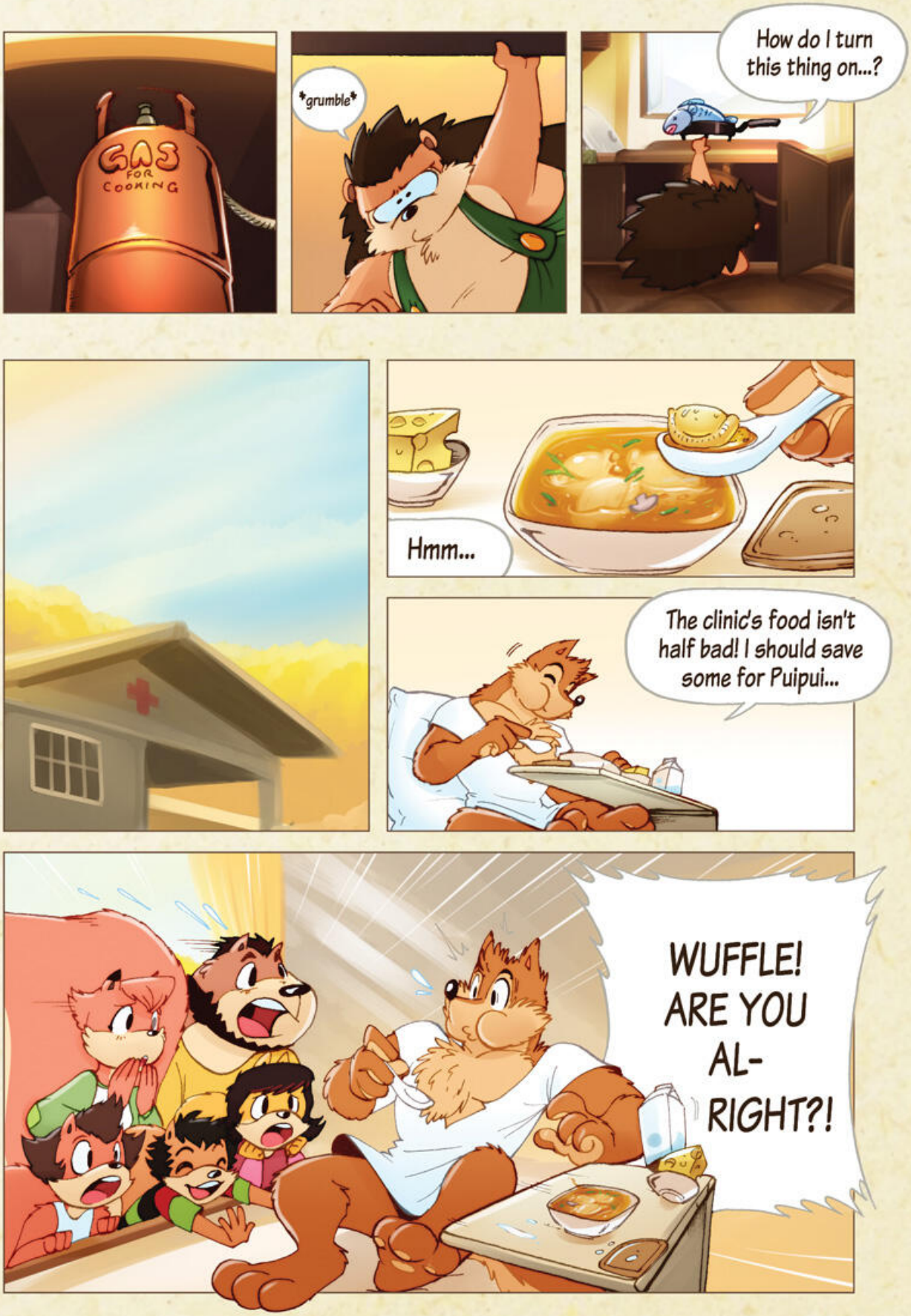
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE


SLAM

...

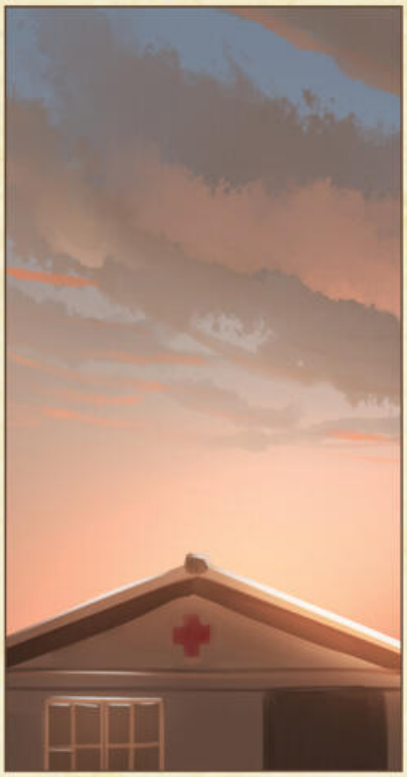


Gee, I hope Puipui can handle today's work all by himself...

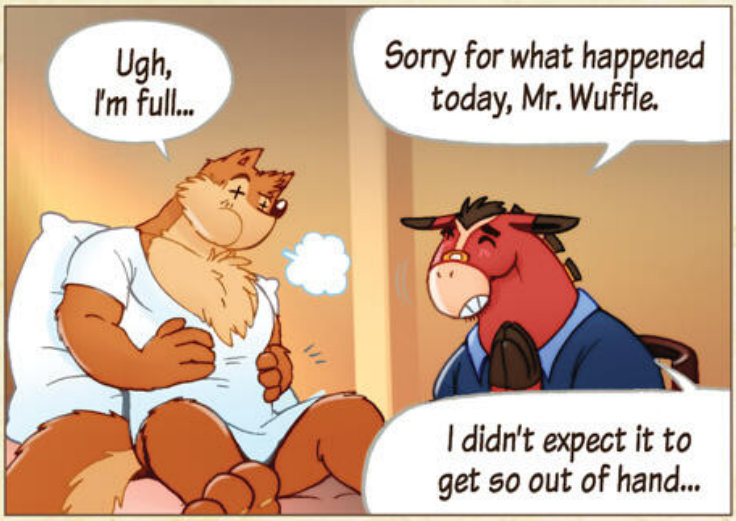

GAS FOR COOKING
grumble
How do I turn this thing on...?
Hmm...
The clinic's food isn't half bad! I should save some for Puipui...
WUFFLE! ARE YOU AL- RIGHT?!

WUFFLE! I heard you're sick!
Get well soon!
I hope it's not serious!
Feel better, dear!
My son made a cookie for you!
Eat some healthy carrots!
T-thanks, guys... Ugh!
KA-THOOOM!
Here, take it, and get well soon.
Thank you, everyone.
For bringing all this food, and for visiting me...
However...

That food's not free, you know!
You can make up for it by working at my bakery for a few days.
How rude!
Don't listen to him, Wuffle!
We'll take care of it!
Debbita!!!!
Mrs. Hazel, Aunty Pinky..... ANYBODY!!!
Someone cook this fish for me, I'm hungryyy!!!!



Hiccup!


Ugh, I'm full...
Sorry for what happened today, Mr. Wuffle.
I didn't expect it to get so out of hand...

It's alright, but I feel really bad for lying to everyone...
Just hang in there, it'll be over soon...

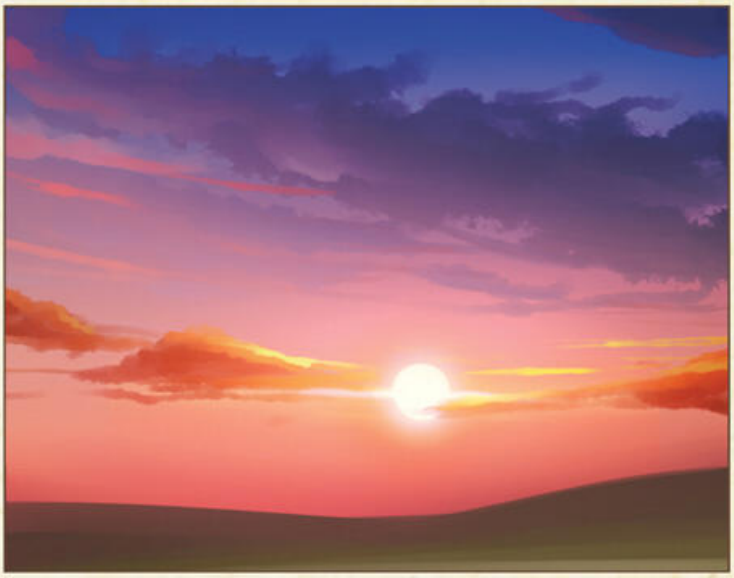
Good evening, guys.
Hey!
Doctor!

So, how are you feeling, Wuffle?
Oh, uh, I think I'm better now. Thanks to you.

There's just one thing left before I discharge you...
Your injection!
Hahaha, I...think I can take care of myself from now on.
N-no need for any injection, hahaha!
Are you sure?
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOCTOR!
!
VROOOM!
Well...
Looks like he's completely fine now...
Heh heh heh, yep, he looks great...

SPLASH
HEY!
Don't worry, it's just a toy water gun, not a real needle.
Let that be a lesson to you. Never lie to me again...
Y-you knew?
I'm a doctor, of course I knew!
I-I'm sorry...I-I just wanted to make you happy...
And you did...
But you should have asked Puipui. Wuffle is a very bad liar.
Hahaha...

Today
was fun...
Thank you.



pant pant

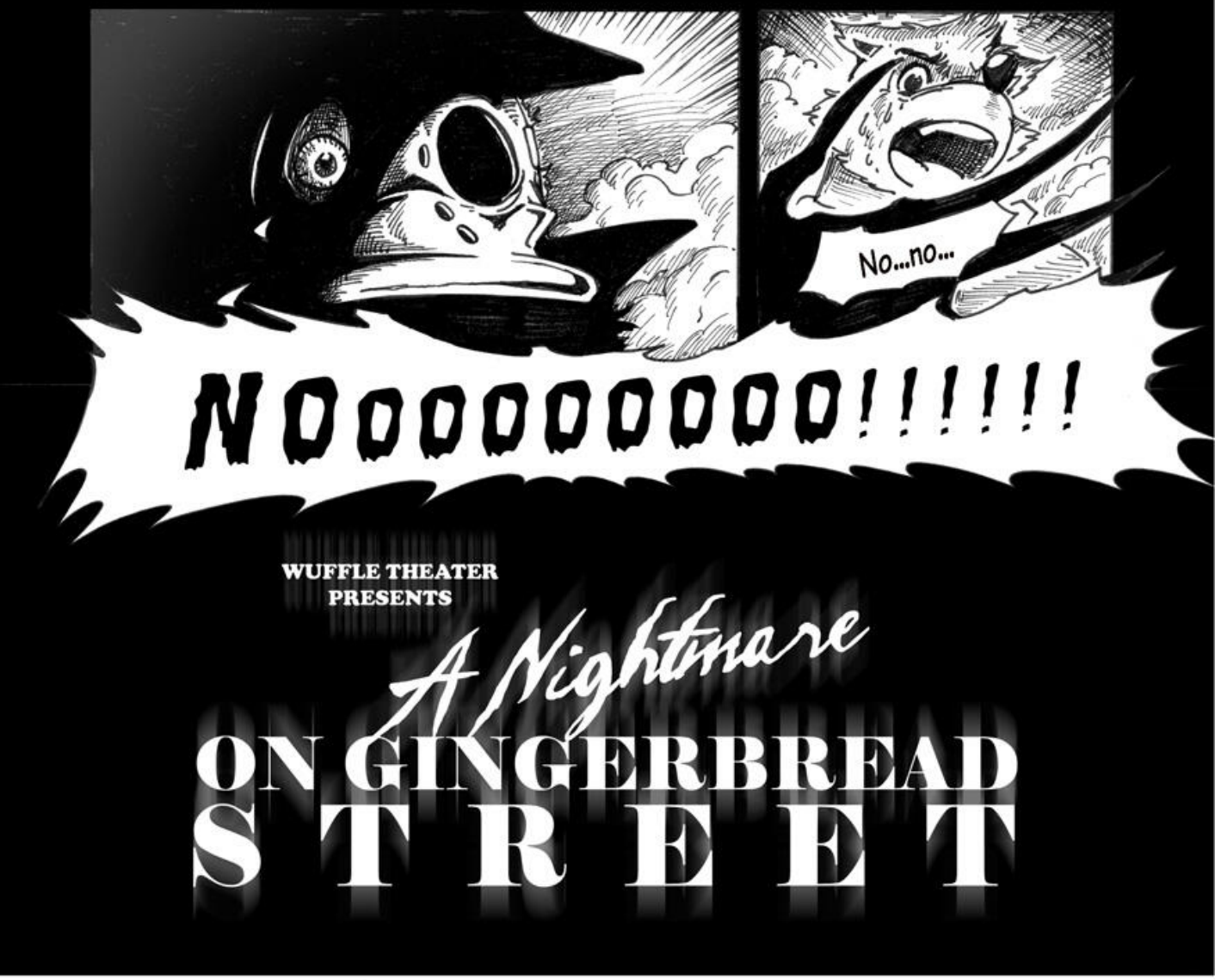
pant pant
Woohoo!
...Puipui...
huff...puff...
I'm...home!
Oh, hi,
Wuffle.
!
How was
your day?

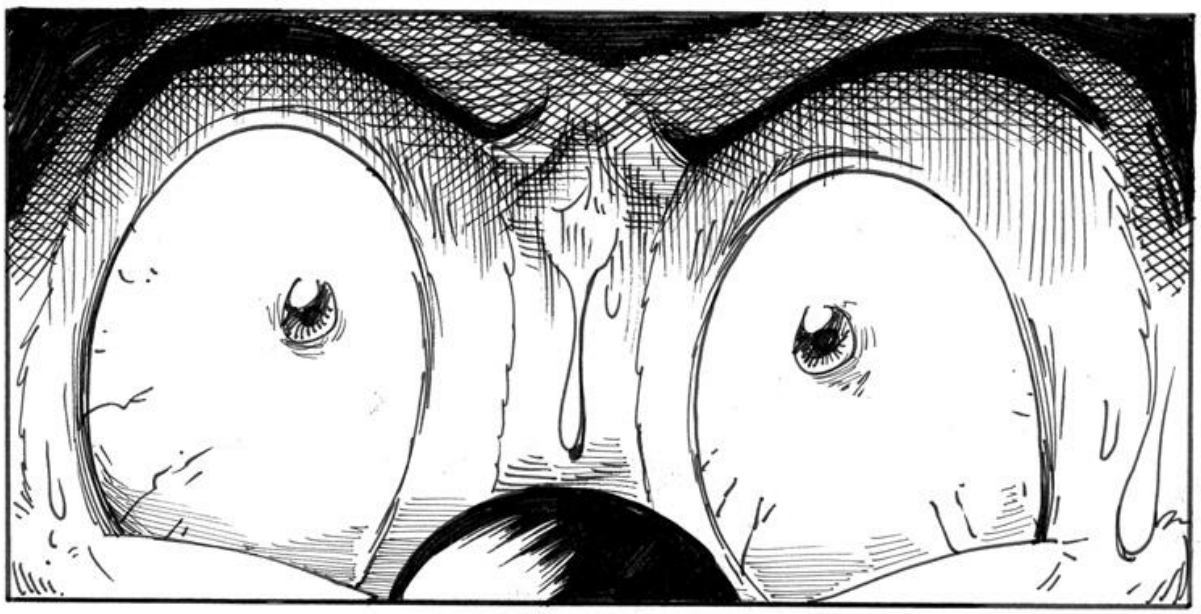
THE END

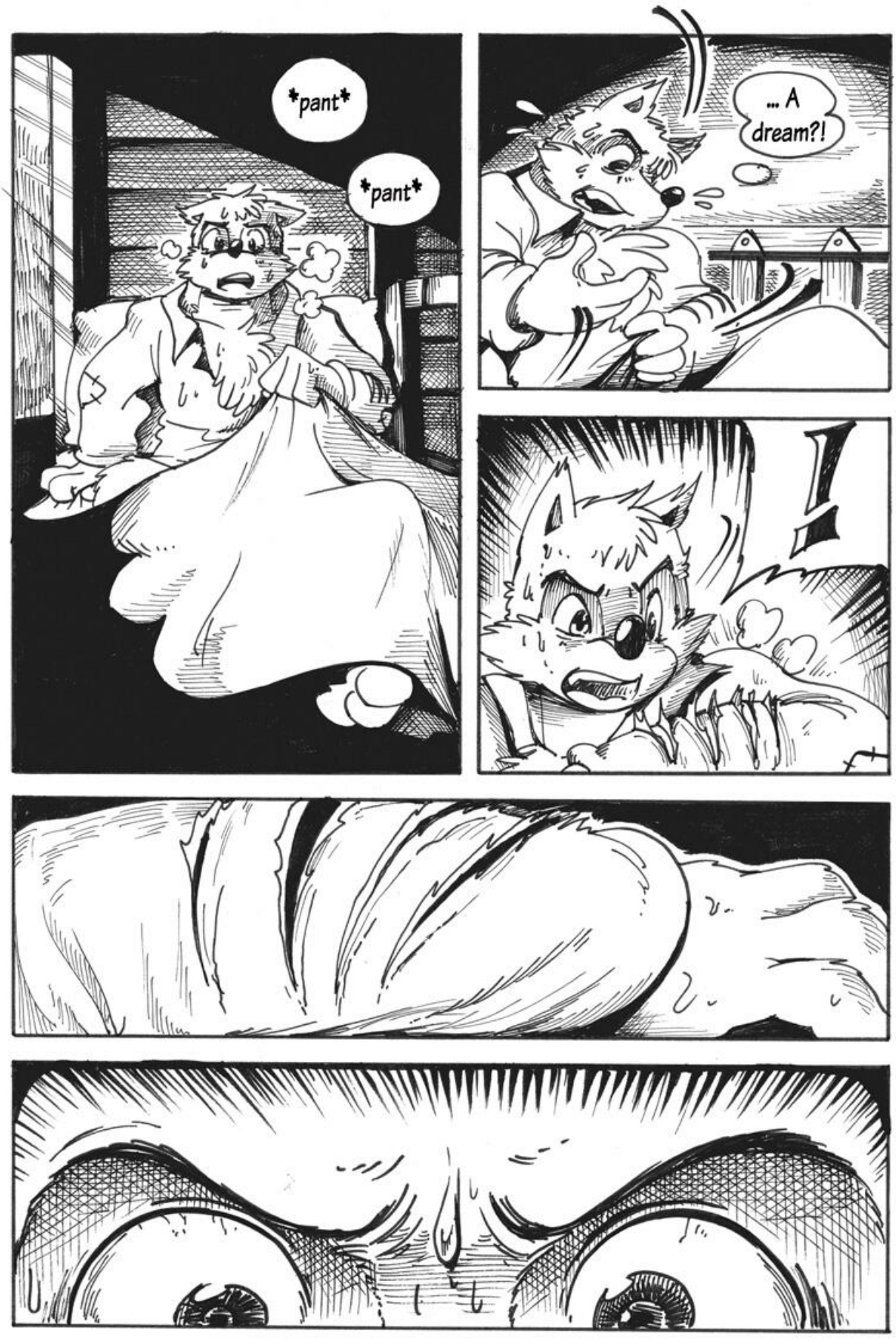
SPECIAL
COMICS

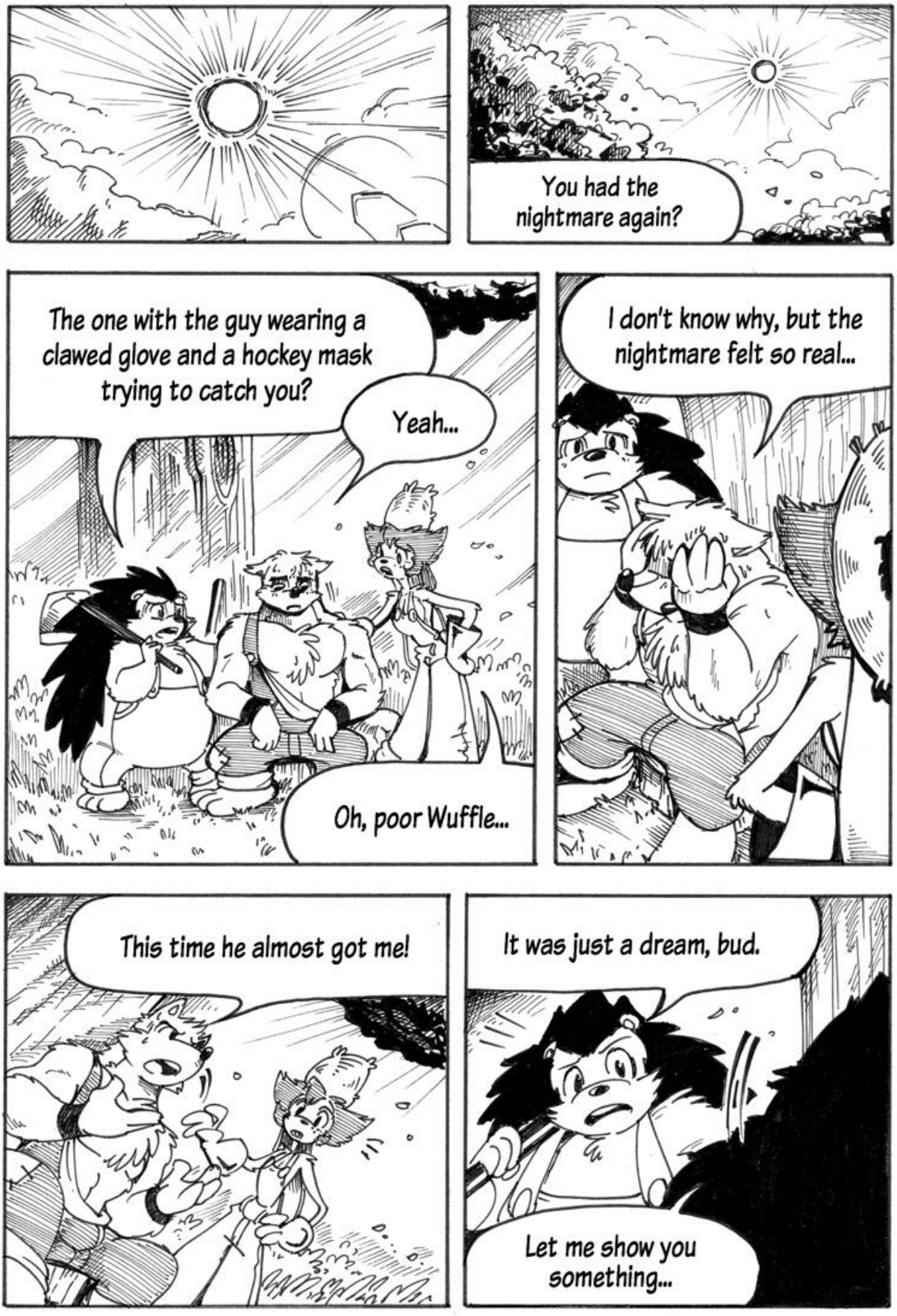
IF WUFFLE DOESN'T WAKE UP TONIGHT
HE WILL WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING
WUFFLE THEATER
PRESENTS
A Nightmare
ON GINGERBREAD
STREET

Kissss.
THUMP
pant pant
pant pant
*huff...
puff...*
!
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
SCREEEE


No...no...
NOoooooooooo!!!!!!
WUFFLE THEATER
PRESENTS
A Nightmare
ON GINGERBREAD
STREET




pant
pant
... A dream?!
!


You had the nightmare again?
I don't know why, but the nightmare felt so real...
The one with the guy wearing a clawed glove and a hockey mask trying to catch you?
Yeah...
Oh, poor Wuffle...
It was just a dream, bud.
Let me show you something...
This time he almost got me!

Look at my pajamas! See? He tried to cut my arm!
Whoa! A new stitch!
No, it's not!
Wuffle, your clothes are tearing apart like this all the time...
But...
Heehee, you're a big guy! Don't be scared by some silly dream!
Alright! Let's get to work and forget the bad dreams!
Come on, bud.

HMP!
Working is really making me feel better.
Told ya, man. Are you gonna take a bath?
Yeah, I'm sweating like a pig!
Watch out for the killer from your dream! Heeheehee!
Oh, come on! That's not funny! I'm going now!
Ahhhhh...

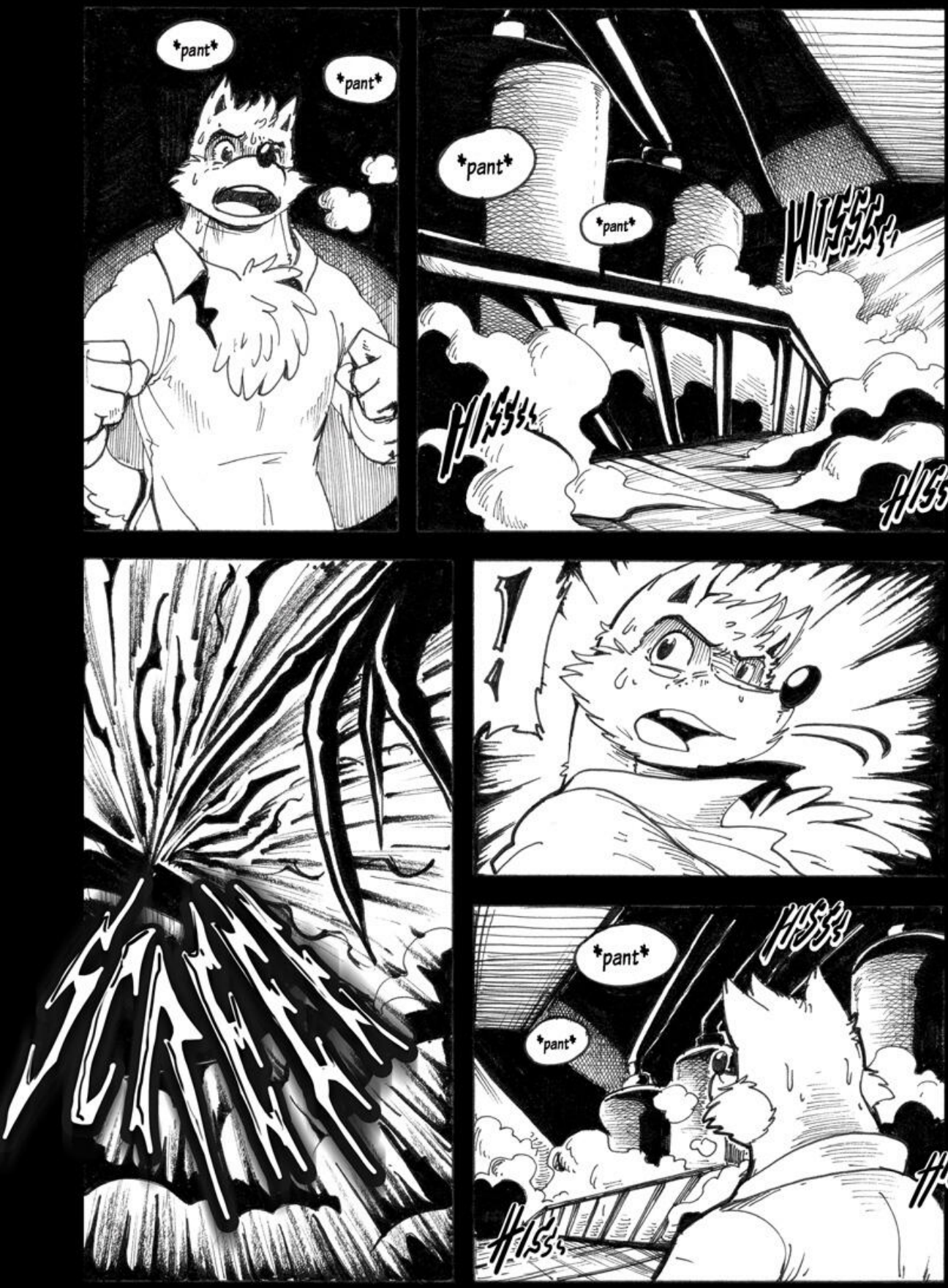
It feels so good...
Ahhh...
?
AAAAA
SPLASH

Wuffle!!!
What's taking so long?! I can't hold it anymore!
WUFFLE!!!
GASP!!!
Wuff- Ahhhhh
Ahhh... Too late...
pant
pant
pant

So you brought this hat out of the dream, eh?
Yeah, there's a name inside the hat, too.
DEB
Fred Quacker...
... Since when do you have a computer, Deb?
The author gave it to me just for this episode, heehee.
Found him!
Yes! That's him!
"Fred Quacker is a special character who appears in Wuffle's Halloween episode..."
"And his target is Wuffle."
What? Why me?!
I don't know, maybe because you're the main character. But it says that the only way to stop him is to defeat him in the dream!
I don't understand!
No, just no!
THIS IS CRAZY!

Wuffle, pull yourself together!
B-be careful, Wuff!
NO! I WON'T LISTEN!
THUNK
Poor Wuffle, I was gonna warn him about that rake.
THUD!!
Oh well, at least he's sleeping. Let's take care of him until he wakes up, shall we?
Alright.

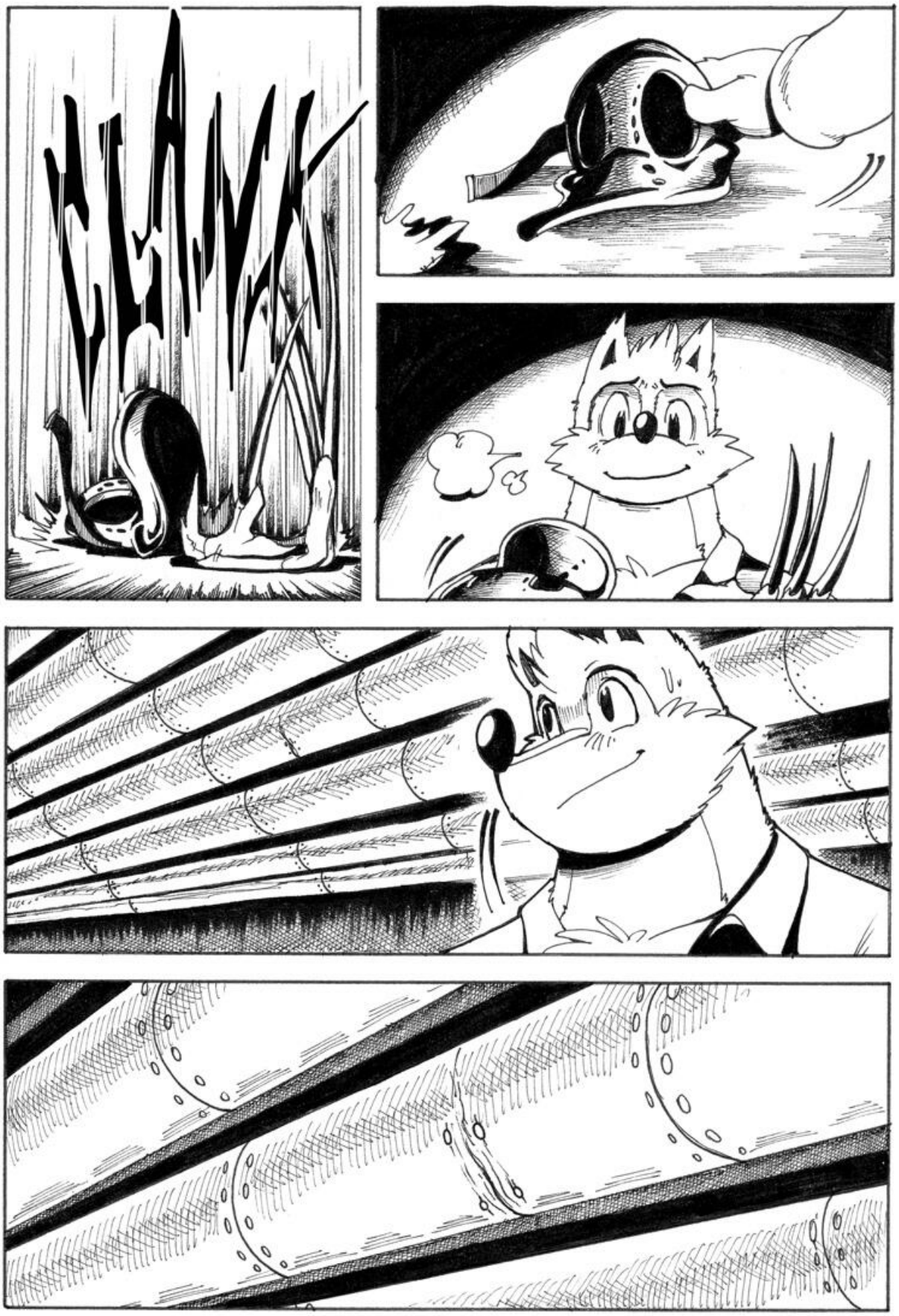
huff
puff
huff
puff
COME ON, QUACKER! I'M TIRED OF THIS! COME OUT AND LET'S END THIS NIGHTMARE!!!

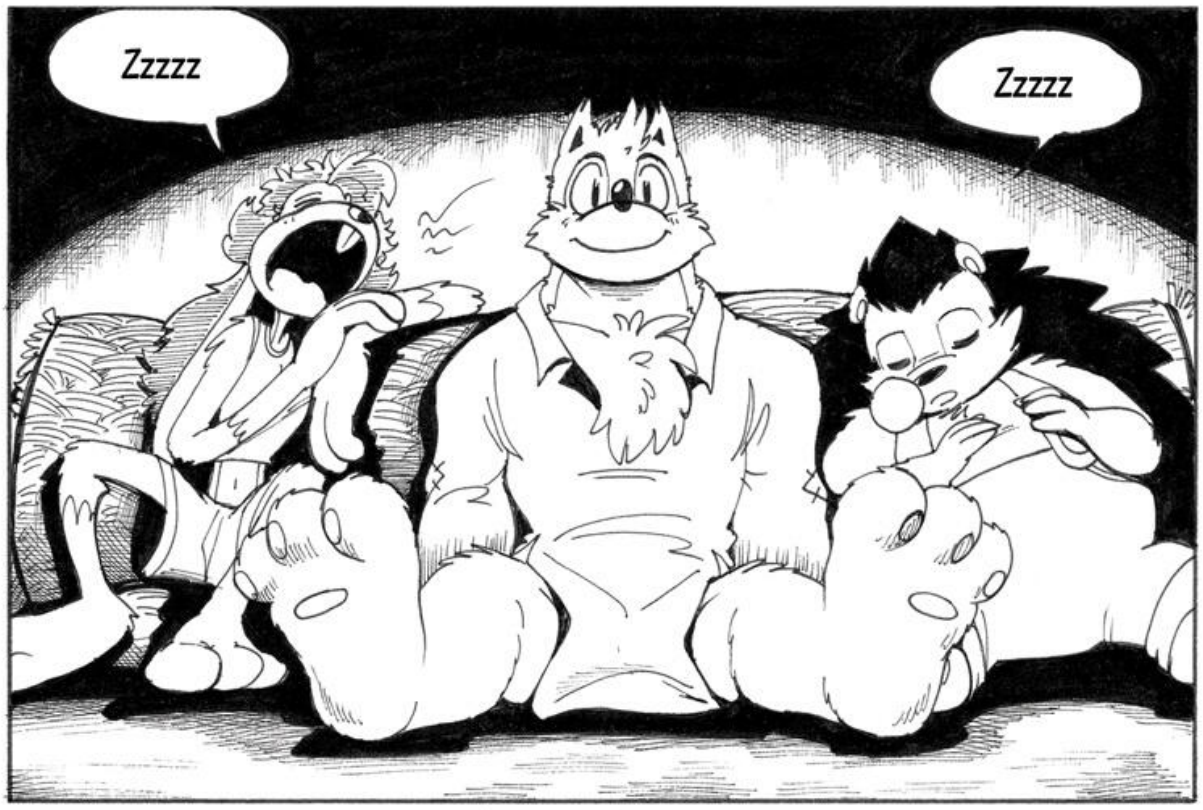

pant
pant
pant
pant
HISSSS
HISSSS
HISSSS
!!!
pant
pant
HISSS
HISSS
HISSS

GASP!!
YOU!!!
AAA!!!

Want me to... fix it?
... Y- you ...

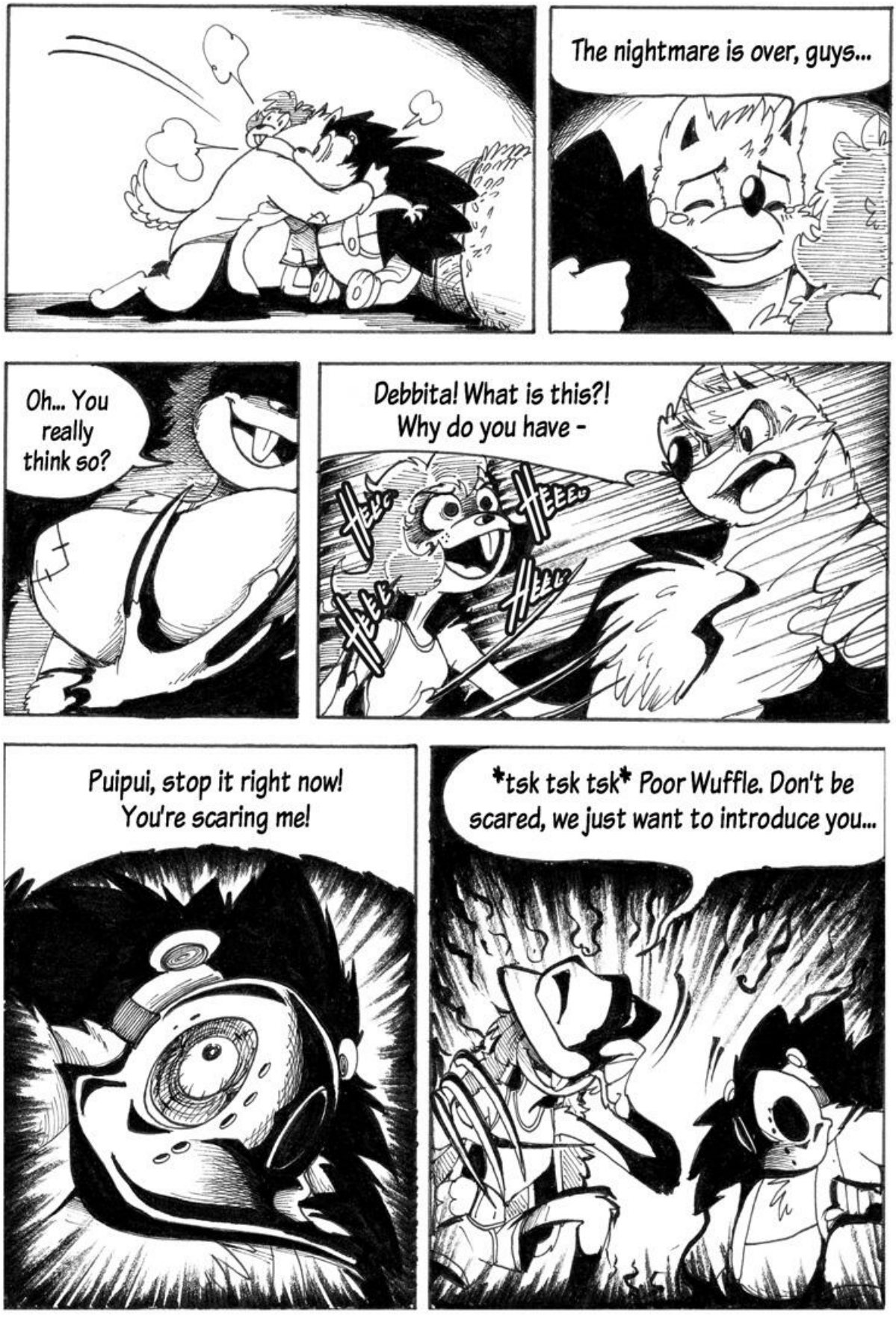
Uhhh
...
Ahhh...
There! It's done. No more leaking steam, Mr. Quack-
!
Thank...
You...
...


CLANK


Zzzzz
Zzzzz

Wuh...W...Wuffle?

Wuffle?! Are you alright?! Did you have the nightmare?! Are you hurt?! Did you defeat him?!


The nightmare is over, guys...
Oh... You really think so?
Debbita! What is this?! Why do you have -
Puipui, stop it right now! You're scaring me!
tsk tsk tsk Poor Wuffle. Don't be scared, we just want to introduce you...

... TO THE NEW NIGHTMARE ...
NO
...
NO
!!!
!!!
!!!
NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!
THE END

Happy Halloween...

WUFFLE
THE
BIG NICE WOLF
ROBIN WUFF
In
The Archery Contest
www.WUFFLECOMICS.com

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, there was a kingdom called Gingerbread.
In the Gingerbread Kingdom, King Broccoli and the fair Maid Pinky ruled in peace.
I'm gonna bust a move at the Royal Dance Competition!
While I'm away, use this money to set up the annual archery contest.
Yes, your majesty! I will use this money to create the most successful archery contest ever!

Groovy! Until I get back, you can take the throne, Prince Foxxo.
Wear this crown, and with it, spread the good vibes to everybody! Dig it?
SCRUNCH!
Oh dear...
SCRUNCHHH!
There! That should do it!
Th-thank you, your highness!
SLAM

Why should I use all this money on the archery contest?! I'm the prince! I can use it however I want!
They should pay for their own archery contest!
Hmm... that gives me an idea...
Gingerbread Forest

Got'cha! The last one!
Your aim is still perfect...Robin Wuff.
!
Nice catch, Little Deb.
I'm just doing my job, Friar Pui! How's the soup coming along?
It's great, if you like boiled apple soup. Because apples are all we got.
At least the people in the village won't be hungry today.

People come to receive food from Friar Pui...
Thank you so much for making this soup for us.

The new taxes make it impossible to afford any food...
Mmm...
I know...

HARK, VILLAGERS!

THE SHERIFF!

It's Sheriff Joe!
HEY, MR. SHERIFF!
WHACK!
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?!
What do you want from us, Sheriff?
Another unnecessary tax?
No, I have a message from the prince.

Attention! Prince Foxxo has decreed that the yearly archery contest shall take place in three days! This year, participation is MANDATORY. Every home must send at least one person to compete. Anyone may compete on another's behalf. Also, each competitor must pay a registration fee up front. The winner shall receive a generous cash prize, as always.

Must be 18 or older to enter. Odds of winning depend on the number of entrants. Competitors agree that their image or likeness may be used in promotional material. Winnings subject to a 99% tax. By entering, contestants agree to hold the Gingerbread Kingdom, the Gingerbread Royal Family, especially Prince Foxxo, and their affiliates, licensees, heirs and acquaintances legally irresponsible for the outcome of this contest. Acceptance of these terms constitutes a legal affirmation that you didn't actually read them, because nobody has the time to read these things. Side effects may include headache, nausea, dizziness, an arrow to the knee, and Disco Fever. Must bring your own arrows, safety not guaranteed; we've only done this once before. Contest void in Quebec.

What should we do now?!
Don't worry. I won't let them get away with this.
Ow, ow, ow! That soup was hot!
This is so unfair!
The Day of the Tournament
Welcome to the mandatory, over-priced archery tournament!
Hey!
Pay upfront to register! One shot per entry fee!
The winner gets these money bags!

Okay, archers, step up!
Matilda the turtle, Chuck the stallion, and Mrs. Hazel the squirrel!
Stay calm, you can do it!
Thanks.
And the last archer is... surprise! It's Prince Foxxo!
WHAT?!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
That's right! The winner is here!

We have guards everywhere! So there's no way Robin Wuff can hide from us!
Quiet! Or else you'll be charged the Complaining Tax!
BOO!!!
ALRIGHT, LET THE GAME BEGIN!
Don't be nervous, Matti!
Float like a dragonfly, sting like a flea!
Or... something like that!
!

Plop!
FIRST ROUND, MATILDA LOSES! NEXT IS CHUCK THE STALLION!
Keep your eye on the arrow, stay focused...
Okay...
On the count of three... one...two...

THREE!!!
WAHHH!!!
WHOOOOOOSH!
YOU CAN'T USE A HAMSTER INSTEAD OF AN ARROW! YOU LOSE!
Oh no, I'm so sorry! Someone call the doctor!
I-I am the doctor...
HMP!
WHOOOOOOSH!
NEXT, MRS. HAZEL!

CHOO CHOO CHOO!
WE DID IT, YAY!
YOU ARE CHEATING! YOU ALL LOSE!!!
Next up is... Prince Foxxo!
Let me show you all how it's done!
What a brilliant plan! I'll keep the king's money, the registration fees, AND the prize money!

WHHOOOOOSSSHHH
ZOOOOM
This is so exhausting...
And the winner isss...
CLONK!!!
STOP!!!

FRIAR PUI?!
Don't even think about it! Robin Wuff is not allowed! Amateurs only!
I didn't bring Robin Wuff here...
I brought Debbita!
Howdy, folks!
Oh well, that's fine, I guess...
So where's Robin Wuff?
Don't worry. He's over there.
Oh, woe is me! My archery talents are being wasted!
I shall win the money for ya, Deb- I mean, Robin Wuff!

I'm tired of this.
Since you're late, you must hit EVERY target to win!
Oh, no!
How shall I ever hit so many targets?
You can do it, Deb!
(You're such a terrible liar!)
Hmm...
HOORAY DEBBITA!
WE'RE COUNTING ON YA!
TWANG!
THWACK!

She is really good, young prince.
Bullseye!
Bah, just a lucky shot!
THWACK!
Hmm...
Another shot!
THWACK!
THIS IS NOT GOOD!
Joe! Do something!
Only one left, Debbita! Go! Go!

Just one hit!
ZOOOOM!!!
ZOOOOM!!!
ZOOOOM!!!
ZOOOOM!!!
ZOOOOM!!!
BOOO!!!
Prince Foxxo is cheating!
DANG!

Hey, watch it!
ZING!
!
WHOOSH!
ZWACK!
!!!!
THWACK!
SPANG

HOORAYYY!!! SHE DID IT!!!

CLONK!

I finally did it!
Hooray!
H-how?!
We are the champions!
...
Hip, hip... hoo...ray...
RRRRRIIIIIIP!
Er... whoops.

Robin Wuff!
I should have known!
GUARDS!!!
But I won for Debbita!
You said anyone could compete on another's behalf!
It's true...
JOE!
How was my performance as Robin Wuff?
Terrible.
Zzz...
So, how about that prize money?!
Prince Foxxo,
you must keep your promises.
It is time to walk the righteous path, my son.
I...I'm not your son!
A-and..th-this money bag---

Is for us!
Arble...ara... thwulf!
What?
ARREST HIM, ARREST THAT WOLF!
Yes, young prince.
SHRING!
Stay back! I don't want to fight!

If you want to arrest him, arrest us first!
THWACK!
Yeah! You spoiled fox!
W-what?! Stop it! That's an order!
Help! Somebody, help!
FIGHT ME!
NO!

STOP!!!

Y-y-your majesty! Help me!
The peasants have revolted!

Prince Foxxo, you've put together a really groovy tournament. But you shouldn't be taxing the people this much!
Zzz
They don't even have enough bread to buy bread!
Y-Yes, your majesty...
And you, Mr. Robin Wuff!
Yes, your highness...

THWUMP!
This is the money the king won at the dance competition.
It rightfully belongs to the villagers!
Thank you, your majesties. But we just need enough to keep food on the table and roofs over our heads.
Please keep the rest of it safe, until it's really needed!

Yes! Exactly right! Allow me... I'll take good care of it!
Alright, whatever ya want, Mr. Robin Wuff.
Let's go home, Prince!

HOORAY FOR ROBIN WUFF! OUR HERO!
Help, it's so heavy!
THE END

SPECIAL
SHORT
STORY

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT FOXXO

Leonard Kirke

Based on the comic series
Wuffle, the Big Nice Wolf by Piti Yindee

Written by Leonard Kirke
Editing and Proofreading by K.C.

Illustrations by Wing Yudha

A Note from Leo:

I want to thank Piti for giving me the opportunity to write this story, and I hope the Wuffle fans enjoy seeing the big nice wolf in a new medium. I can't thank Piti enough for all the support he's given me.

I want to thank my friend K.C. for doing an excellent job editing and proofreading.

Lastly, thanks to Wing Yudha for creating such beautiful illustrations for the story.

- Leo Kirke

"Five more minutes..." the young fox whined, pulling the covers over his head. The sunlight had burst through his window, yanking him away from sleep, as the shades were drawn with that familiar and unwelcome swishing noise.

"There's no time to delay, young master," replied the enormous polar bear, "you have an appointment within the hour. You set aside the entire day for it. Besides, you've already slept in quite late. It's past noon."

"Can't it wait...?" Foxxo mumbled, now burying his head underneath a pillow to block out the voice of his butler. Before Joe had drawn the shades, Foxxo had been having a really fun dream that he'd already forgotten. He did his best to try to remember it. It seemed like it might have involved a pool filled with gold coins...

"I do believe this is a particularly important meeting. You wrote down in the schedule that it involves negotiations for the watermill."

"That's nice...let me just...let me just rest a bit, so I'm prepared for...I need to make sure I have lots of energy...before I have to deal with..."

Suddenly, Foxxo jumped out of bed.

"THE MILL?!" he cried. "That's today?!"

"According to your schedule..."

"AHHH! Where's my suit?! Everything has to be perfect!" Foxxo, draped in pajamas, rushed to his closet and began hastily examining different outfits, looking for just the right one.

Joe, behind him, picked up a suit he'd selected the night before and cleared his throat.

"That's it, just the right one! Thank you, Joe!" A hint of a smile crept across Joe's face for a moment.

"Very good, young master. I'll go downstairs and prepare your breakfast while you dress."

As his butler closed the door behind him, Foxxo began grooming like his life depended on it. While he finished up his morning routine, he made sure not to wrinkle his suit, and that every hair on his head was combed perfectly in its place. When he was satisfied, he headed downstairs to a late breakfast, though he was more nervous than hungry.

"How much time is left?" Foxxo asked nervously, sitting at the kitchen table, staring down at a half-eaten pancake.

"According to your schedule, young master," Joe replied while flipping a pancake for himself, "your appointment isn't due for another fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes...only fifteen minutes...hey, Joe, is my hair okay?"

Setting the skillet back down onto the stove, Joe reached into his pocket for a magnifying glass and examined the top of Foxxo's head.

"It looks perfect," Joe said after a thorough scalp examination, "I do not see a single stray hair."

"And my suit? Is it clean? I didn't get any orange juice or syrup on it, did I? And I don't want to repeat my mistake from a few weeks ago, leaving a leaky fountain pen in my shirt pocket..."

Foxxo nervously nibbled on a piece of toast.

"Your suit is fine, young master," Joe said reassuringly.

"Thank you, Joe," Foxxo smiled. His friends were supportive, but nobody could give him confidence like Joe.

"It's all in the line of duty, sir," Joe replied casually, as he picked up the now-empty dish covered in toast crumbs and brought it to the sink.

"I mean it! I don't know what I'd do without you..."

"I'm certain you would do quite well, master Foxxo."

"I wouldn't have woken up in time for my appointment, that's for sure."

Foxxo stared out the kitchen window, trying to calm his nerves. Joe sighed.

"You underestimate yourself. True, there's still much to be learned. But you don't give yourself enough credit. You are capable of much more than you know."

"I hope you're right. Especially today..."

"Might I inquire as to exactly why you're so anxious?" Joe had found that nudging Foxxo to talk about his problems often helped to relax him a bit.

"This is a really big deal," Foxxo replied. "No, this is THE big deal. Remember that town meeting last month?"

"Ah, yes, I do seem to recall...you sent me to prepare pastries for all the villagers while you spoke with them about your watermill idea."

"That's the one! I stumbled onto a really unique business opportunity. At one of the holiday parties I attended with my parents last winter, I heard about the owner of a brick factory who was interested in investing in Gingerbread Village. It gave me an idea...I thought that maybe he could provide bricks, maybe even other building materials, in return for owning a share in the business. It would save the village, and me, a lot of money, and the watermill will be great for everyone."

"Did the villagers agree?"

"Not at first," Foxxo lazily examined a huge chunk of pancake dripping with syrup, "that's what the town meeting was for."

"I take it you did a good job of convincing them, then?"

"Oh, yes yes yes!" Foxxo beamed. "It was one of my finest hours as a salesman! Everyone was concerned that the mill would cause Gingerbread Village to turn into Gingerbread City over night. Nobody wants to lose our sense of community here."

"Of course not, young master," Joe, dousing his plate of pancakes in syrup, raised a suspicious eyebrow at his young friend.

"I explained to them that, according to the plans I'd drawn up, the watermill would be built on the river in the forest. The forest wouldn't be harmed, of course!" Foxxo added quickly, noticing the hint of disapproval in Joe's eyes. "The whole design is very nature-friendly. And being built just outside of the village limits will keep everything just the same. Nobody will have to change anything, or have their current businesses disrupted. I don't want a repeat of the mall incident..."

Foxxo shuddered.

"That's quite reassuring."

"The villagers thought so too! By the end of my presentation, they all voted unanimously to approve the construction of the mill. As long as the village maintains an equal, majority share in the business, they're all for it!"

"A majority share in the business?" Joe sounded surprised.

"Well...after me, of course. But after all...I'm part of the village too," Foxxo grinned slyly.

"Certainly, young master..."

"My friends even gave me some good luck charms, for my meeting with the owner of the brick company today! Take a look in that basket over on the counter."

Joe approached the basket Foxxo had pointed to and opened it. Inside, he found a plate with a waffle on it, and the smiling face of Wuffle was drawn in maple syrup. Next to it was a fresh fish wrapped up in paper, with a note in Puipui's handwriting that just said "Don't mess it up, you spoiled fox!" Next to that was a huge carrot, Debbita's favorite good luck charm. There were cookies from

Mrs. Hazel's family, a piece of chocolate from Matilda, a loaf of bread from Dr. Greyham and Chuck, and a candy statue of some kind of video game character from Aunty Pinky.

"They certainly do support your efforts, young master."

"Of course! After all, the watermill will double production of some of the village's most important resources. The bakery will be able to make twice as much bread with the extra flour, and that means twice as many donuts, which made Debbita especially happy," Foxxo eagerly explained. "But I'm still nervous...from what I've heard, the owner of this brick company is a tough negotiator. His whole family is supposed to be tough. All three siblings run competing businesses! You'd have to be tough to compete with your own family like that."

"It would make family dinners rather awkward, I imagine," Joe mused.

"I met one of the two sisters, and, well...to be honest, she kinda...scared me." His ears drooped with embarrassment. "I'm glad I'm not negotiating with her, at least, other than to arrange a shipment of wood for the water wheel."

"The sister's business produces timber, and her brother's company produces bricks?"

"Yeah...like I said, they're very competitive."

"Curious."

"Even though I don't have to deal with her, I'm still a nervous wreck..." Foxxo sighed. "This is my first real solo business negotiation. There's so much at stake today!"

"I'm certain that you'll do just fine, sir. No one in Gingerbread Village is half the businessman you are, and your parents will be very proud, too."

"Th-thank you again, Joe." If it was anybody else, Foxxo would have taken the compliment in stride. But somehow, hearing it from Joe made him feel almost embarrassed as flattered. "I'm really glad you'll be here with me..."

Joe's confidence meant more to him than he would like to admit.

"Hey, it's been almost fifteen minutes, hasn't it? Why isn't he here yet?"

"You still have five minutes to wait, sir."

Foxxo's nervous frown returned.

"Well, that...that's...that is SO unprofessional!" Foxxo's usual blustery personality had returned. Joe was all too familiar with this; it was Foxxo's way of getting psyched up for a big task. "You should ALWAYS arrive early for an important mee-"

Before he could continue his rant about business etiquette, Foxxo's ears perked up at the sound of an approaching car. He stuck his head out the window, and his face went pale. Down the street, a large limousine was heading towards his mansion.

"HE'S HERE!" he shouted, and rushed to the mirror to make sure that his hair was still neatly combed, and that his bow-tie was still perfectly straight. "Do I look okay, Joe?"

"You look fine, young master," Joe said with a sigh, "just as you did ten minutes ago."

"Everything has to be perfect! This will be the most important business deal I've made since I opened the bakery... maybe the most important one I've ever made!"

Joe suppressed another smile. He could remember a time when all Foxxo worried about was sharing his toys. Now he was carrying the weight of the whole village on his shoulders.

In many ways, though, Joe knew that Foxxo was still a child.

Outside, they could hear the door of the limousine slam. Foxxo rushed downstairs, waiting at the door, and Joe followed at his usual, steady pace. Flinging open the door, Foxxo stepped out onto the front steps and raised his hand in greeting. He was having a hard time maintaining his professional, business-like composure while his stomach felt like it was full of butterflies. Joe appeared behind him and placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

The limousine's driver, a stone-faced chameleon in a black business suit, had already run to the back of the car to open the door for her employer. Shielding his eyes from the midday sunlight, Foxxo tried to see the figure sitting inside the car, but found the interior shrouded in darkness. The driver, standing next to the open door, saluted and began to speak in a loud, royal tone of voice which startled some neighbors walking by.

"Presenting...the honorable General K. Bacon!"

Usually the calmest person in the village, Joe suddenly flinched, his eyes becoming wide. It wasn't his custom to bother with the details of Foxxo's meetings; his job was simply to give reminders of appointments and schedule changes. This time, however, he wished he'd asked more about the details of this particular meeting, and who exactly Foxxo was going to meet.

"It can't be..." he whispered to himself as he slowly backed up towards the door. "Young master, I'm afraid I must..." Foxxo, however, was too awestruck to hear him.

Foxxo's eyes grew wide, too, at the imposing figure that slowly emerged from the car. General Bacon was nearly as big as Joe! Dressed in a perfectly pressed uniform that could barely contain his muscles, and revealing a slight, reserved smile, the gigantic boar leaned down to shake Foxxo's hand. Foxxo felt very small standing next to him, even more than he usually did standing next to Joe.

"P-p-pleased to meet you, G-General..."

"Pleased to meet you as well, Mr. Foxxo."

"And this is my butler, Jo...oh?" Foxxo was startled to realize that Joe was no longer standing behind him. He looked all around and saw no trace of his loyal butler.

"*WHAT?! Where's Joe?! He knows I can't face a negotiation all alone!*" The thoughts came rushing through Foxxo's mind as panic quickly set in.

"Is there a problem, Mr. Foxxo?" asked General Bacon.

"I...no, not exactly, it's just...I seem to have misplaced my butler..."

"Perhaps that note on the door will offer some explanation."

Foxxo turned around and saw exactly what the General was talking about. It was a small note, written in Joe's handwriting and with his usual stationary, pinned to the front door of the house. Foxxo grabbed the paper and read it as quickly as he could, hoping for something reassuring.

"Dear Young Master,

I've decided to take a day off. I'm certain that you'll handle this situation with good judgment. I trust that you've learned to do the right thing. I have full confidence in you.

Sincerely,
Joe"

Foxxo stared at the note, his face frozen in shock.

"*A DAY OFF?! He couldn't believe it. Joe hasn't taken a day off in...in...forever! Can he even do that?*"

He turned the note over and found something written on the back.

"Dear Young Master,

Please be aware that I'm allotted ten days of vacation per year, and fifteen days off in case of sickness, as specified in my contract. So yes, I can do this. Please write down in my official record that I have used one of thirty vacation days accumulated over the last three years.

Sincerely,
Joe"

Foxxo slapped himself in the face. Sometimes, he thought, Joe was too organized for his own good.

"So, Mr. Foxxo, may we go inside and discuss the terms of our deal? Or is there a problem?" The words of General Bacon snapped Foxxo back to the present.

"Oh, no problem, it's just...my butler had to...take care of something. Nothing to worry about! Right this way, sir..." Foxxo motioned towards his mansion. The General raised a skeptical eyebrow towards Foxxo, who looked nervously up at him, and then followed his gaze back to the closed door. The driver, standing behind the General, made a quiet, disapproving "tsk tsk" sound as her eyes roved around the mansion, inspecting everything.

"Oh, sorry, let me get that for you..." the young fox added apologetically. He was so used to Joe getting the door for him that he didn't even think about opening it himself.

Once inside, the General surveyed the perfectly maintained sitting room.

"I must say, you do an excellent job keeping house, young fellow," the boar mused.

"Thank you! I do try to keep things looking clean and neat." As he spoke, Foxxo couldn't help but recall more times than he could count when he'd made some huge mess that Joe had cleaned up. Not having Joe with him would totally throw off his concentration during the meeting, he realized. He had to be at his best if he was going to negotiate a deal that would benefit Gingerbread Village, not to mention his own bank account.

"*What a great time for Joe to take a vacation...*" Foxxo grumbled to himself.

"Wilhelmina," the General spoke to his assistant, the chameleon who had driven the limousine, "fetch the building plans."

"Roger, sir!" came the excited reply. Foxxo couldn't help but be reminded of the voice of a soldier being called to attention.

Just as quickly as she was called, Wilhelmina followed Foxxo and General Bacon inside, carrying a huge black briefcase. She sat it down upon Foxxo's coffee table and opened it. She picked up a folder filled with papers and handed them to the General.

"Shall we begin discussing the building plans, then?"

"Oh, sure thing! I mean...um, certainly."

"I say, Mr. Foxxo, would it be a great bother if I troubled you for some refreshments? A glass of chilled grape juice would be fine for me, and Wilhelmina here prefers cola, if you have any. Oh, and I would love to sample a pastry or two from that famous Gingerbread Bakery of yours."

"I...uh...yes, just a...just a moment..." Foxxo's face went pale. He had no idea where Joe stored any of the food. Feeling totally lost, he hurried into the kitchen and began searching. For once, he wished he didn't have so much stuff, and such a big house...it made finding anything nearly impossible. Joe, of course, had his own organizational system...which Foxxo had never bothered to learn.

He opened one cupboard and found nothing but different kinds of crackers. He tried another, only to see a huge selection of neatly labeled spices. In the refrigerator, there were so many fancy imported bottles, jugs, and cups full of different drinks that it made his head spin. Desperately, he searched the labels, only to realize that their names were written in other languages, and Joe had used only code words to mark each one.

It didn't take Foxxo long to realize that he had very little hope of figuring this out and conducting the negotiations at the same time. Without Joe, he was lost. At the very least, he thought, he needed some kind of back up, someone dependable, and that's when he had an idea...

Rushing to the huge, ornate telephone, Foxxo began looking through the address list Joe kept next to it. Lucky for him, the names on this list weren't written in any kind of code, and it was arranged alphabetically.

"Why couldn't he have organized everything like this...?" he muttered to himself as he found the correct number and began dialing. Soon, a familiar voice was speaking on the other end of the line.

"Hello?"

"Puipui! I need to talk to Wuffle!"

"Well, well, well! What have we done to earn a phone call from His Royal Majesty, eh?" asked the hedgehog.

"No time for jokes! I need to talk to Wuffle!"

"I don't think Wuffle would want to chat with someone who's so rude..." Puipui spoke with a yawn. "You didn't even use the Magic Word!"

Foxxo felt like steam was about to shoot from his ears.

"Fine...Puipui, may I PLEASE speak to Wuffle?!" he asked through gritted teeth.

"Well, since you asked so politely, why not?" Puipui chuckled, handing the phone to his friend.

Soon, the welcome voice of Wuffle was on the line.

"Hello? Foxxo? What's up? Is the big meeting going okay? Everyone in town is talking about it!"

"Wuffle, this is an emergency! I need your help!"

"Oh no!" Wuffle spoke with sudden concern. "What happened?!"

"I need you to be my butler today!"

There was a pause.

"You need me to do WHAT?!" Wuffle couldn't believe what he had heard.

"Joe took the day off without warning me first, and now the General is here, and he wants refreshments, and I can't negotiate and serve food all at once, and I don't know where Joe stores any of the food, and the General is going to be offended, and the deal's going to fall through, and everyone is going to -"

"Slow down, Foxxo! I don't know anything about being a butler, but I wouldn't leave you hanging!"

"So you'll do it?!"

"Sure! Just for today, though!" Wuffle didn't want this to become a regular arrangement.

"Thank you! Now get here as soon as you can!"

"You're wel-" but before Wuffle could finish, Foxxo had already hung up.

He ran to Joe's wardrobe closet and began eagerly searching for a particular outfit. Of course, nearly all of Joe's clothes were identical, but Foxxo knew that there was at least one particular outfit that would be of use today.

"Aha! Here it is! It's perfect! I knew saving this would come in handy..."

"EXCUSE ME!" boomed the voice of General Bacon. Foxxo rushed back to the sitting room to find the General looking a bit less calm than before, and Wilhelmina appeared even more disapproving.

"Yes, sir?"

"I don't mean to trouble you, young man," the General's voice was restrained, yet there was a hint of irritation in it that wasn't well-hidden, "but exactly how long does it take to prepare a few snacks?"

"Oh, I'm...terribly sorry, sir. My usual butler had to leave unexpectedly for...personal reasons. My other servant should be here in just a moment."

"One would hope so," said the General, "as it doesn't inspire much confidence in a business leader who can't even manage his own household."

"I can assure you, General, that this is just a minor setback, we can get back to discussing your proposal over refreshments in just a few minutes. Any moment now..."

Suddenly, there was a rapid knocking at the door.

"There he is! Just a moment, sir!"

Foxxo rushed back down the hall, to the front door. Flinging it open, his hopeful smile quickly turned into a frown of disappointment.

"Wuffle, what were you thinking?!" he wailed.

"What?" Wuffle asked, confused.

"Just look at you!"

Wuffle looked down. There were patches of dirt all over his body, bits of grass were lodged in his fur, and briars stuck to his worn-out overalls.

"I can't have a butler that looks like this! It looks like you just got finished working on a farm!"

"Um...I did just finish working on a farm."

Foxxo slapped himself in the face again.

"Why didn't you clean off first?"

"You told me to come over here as soon as I could..."

Foxxo sighed.

"Fine, fine, just hurry upstairs and clean yourself up a bit in one of the guest rooms. I'll bring you a suit."

"Oh, sure, Foxxo..."

Wuffle stood there a moment, looking confused.

"Um, which way? I can never figure out where anything is in your house, it's so big..."

"Great...a butler that doesn't know his way around the house. What could possibly go wrong?"

Foxxo led Wuffle to one of the guest rooms upstairs. While Wuffle was busy cleaning up in the washroom, Foxxo remembered the suit, and rushed back downstairs to bring it to his new, temporary butler. As he approached the wardrobe closet, he could hear a loud "HARUMPH!" as the General was clearing his throat. Briefly he popped back into the sitting room.

"Just a moment more, General!" The General stared at him, saying nothing, but looking decidedly less patient than before. Wilhelmina mirrored her employer's mood, and was surveying the room with a shifty, suspicious look in her eyes.

Foxxo grabbed the suit and brought it back upstairs, only to find Wuffle, wearing a towel and grinning sheepishly, his fur puffed out, looking like a giant ball of fluff.

"What...?"

"I think I...over-did it a little, using your electric hair dryer. I'm not used to all these high-tech gadgets..."

Foxxo slapped himself in the face again.

"Never mind. Just get the suit on, the General is waiting."

Foxxo went back out into the hall and shut the door. After a moment, he heard Wuffle's voice calling out to him, but it sounded as if his friend was having some trouble breathing.

"Foxxo...I've got a little...problem..."

He opened the door and looked inside, and there was Wuffle, wearing the suit. The problem, Foxxo could see at once, was that the outfit was about two sizes too small for the big wolf. It seemed like it might rip apart at any moment. In the back, his fluffy tail was poking out through the top of the trousers, and he struggled to curl it back down into place like a tightly wound spring.

"Don't you...have anything...bigger?" Wuffle asked, in between gasps for air.

"I'm sorry, Wuffle, but that's the only suit I have close to your size. Joe's suits are way too big for you. That one was shrunk in the wash. Joe was...trying to teach me to do laundry one day..." Foxxo's cheeks reddened with embarrassment. "Anyway, I didn't want it to go to waste so I kept it around just in case someone needed it. And that someone is you!"

"Okay...I'll...try to wear it...just for today."

"Excellent. Now, your first job is to bring refreshments. I need to go begin the negotiations with the General, so head to the kitchen and prepare the food. The General wants chilled grape juice, Wilhelmina, his assistant, wants soda. Oh, and bring the General two pastries from the bakery."

Wuffle began counting out the items on his fingers, trying to keep it all straight.

"Don't tell me you can't manage just a few simple snacks!"

"I'm sorry, Foxxo! I'm just not used to all this butler stuff. I'm not Joe."

"No," Foxxo said with a sigh, "you're not Joe. But you are here, so let's make this work." He clapped his hands together. "Chop chop!"

Jumping to attention, Wuffle ran downstairs to the kitchen, and Foxxo, running after him, headed for the sitting room. Eager not to waste another moment, Foxxo all but dived back onto his chair, and faced the irritated General with what he hoped was a calm, nonchalant smile. He didn't want to show any weakness during a negotiation, and he'd already lost too much of his composure.

"My apologies, once again, General. My butler will be here with the snacks in no time."

"I certainly hope so. Now, let's get down to business."

"Yes, please, I'd like to look over the updated plans you've prepared, based on my proposal."

The General arranged the various documents Wilhelmina had retrieved from the briefcase so that all of them were visible at once. There were building permits, estimated costs of building materials, and contracts to sign. Foxxo, using all of his business training to the best of his ability, studied each document carefully. Though he wasn't an expert when it came to things like doing laundry, fishing, and growing tomatoes, Foxxo could certainly hold his own when it came to business deals. He took his time, scrutinizing every detail.

"This all looks to be in good order. I would like to discuss the major points of our deal, if you don't mind."

"By all means."

"The mill will be built outside of the village, in the forest, to avoid disrupting the normal activities of the villagers, correct? The villagers at the town meeting were very adamant about this."

"You're correct, Mr. Foxxo."

"Good. Now, the townspeople have asked, in exchange for granting permission to have the mill built, for a 25 percent stake in the business. You agree to this?"

"It seems quite fair to me."

"In turn, for providing your building services and bricks, you'll be getting another 25 percent stake. Is this acceptable?"

"Actually, Mr. Foxxo, it appears that our initial estimates were a bit low..."

"Oh?" Foxxo raised an eyebrow.

"Yes. You see, considering the costs of transportation, coupled with the expenses of producing the bricks, in order to make this arrangement profitable for my company, I believe a 40 percent stake would be required..." The General's voice was cool, steady, and very self-assured. But Foxxo had prepared for this. He couldn't let himself be intimidated.

"General, as you know, I have great respect for you, and for your company..."

"Most reassuring..."

"However, surely you must be aware that giving up a 40 percent stake would be impossible. The villagers would not be happy with anyone who doesn't actually live here having a greater stake in the business."

"This doesn't apply to you, then, Mr. Foxxo?" The General didn't look happy, though this, too, came as no surprise.

"Sir, I may be a private business owner, but I'm also a citizen of Gingerbread Village."

"I see."

The General glared at Foxxo, and Foxxo glared back. Neither of them wanted to back down.

"It would seem we've come to an impasse, then."

"The best I could do," Foxxo spoke cautiously, "is to offer you 30 percent."

"That would be acceptable," Foxxo began to breathe a sigh of relief before the General continued, "if you fund the building yourself. I can still offer you the bricks, but I'm afraid a 30 percent cut wouldn't cover the costs of construction."

Foxxo winced. The whole deal was supposed to save the town the expenses of having the mill built...not to mention save himself from funding it. If he had to use his own money, he'd look like a weak negotiator...and he couldn't allow the General to own a greater stake in the new business than the townspeople, either. That would mean paying more out of his own pocket and giving up at least another 5 percent of his own share, to make up the difference to the village. He needed time to think. Normally, Joe would provide him with some sort of distraction and time to gather his thoughts. But Joe wasn't here this time...

Just then, the meeting was interrupted by an odd, steady shuffling sound. All three of them looked towards the kitchen. The sound got closer, and closer, until finally the kitchen door opened and Wuffle wobbled into the room. The tight suit was causing him to walk like a robot, and the fabric was rubbing together each time he took an awkward step, producing that shuffling noise. Wuffle was carefully balancing a couple of Gingerbread Bakery donuts on a plate on one hand, and two glasses in the other.

"Here's your snacks!" the big wolf announced cheerfully. He sat the plate down in front of the General, right on top of one of the pages of the building contract, and as he bent over the table the collar of his shirt popped out and smacked Wilhelmina in the face with a loud WHACK!

"I'm sorry, let me get that!" he apologized and reached for the collar stuck on Wilhelmina's nose, but she grabbed his wrist as it got near her face.

"NO," she commanded, suddenly, giving Wuffle a stare that made his skin crawl. Her grip was like a vice. "I will get it," she added, and then calmly removed the collar and placed it in Wuffle's hand.

"Um...um, thank you," he stammered, not sure of what else to say.

"Be more careful next time." She continued to glare, as if looking right through him. Wuffle tried to shake off his terror and get back to work. He plopped down the two drinks, and nearly spilled them.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" he exclaimed as he reached into his jacket pocket. "Here's a cookie for you, Foxxo. I didn't want you to go hungry! Sorry there isn't a plate, I couldn't carry it all."

Wuffle smiled sheepishly as Foxxo gave him an angry stare.

"Your butler addresses you by your first name?" the General mused. "How very...informal."

"He's, uh...new."

Foxxo felt like he was losing even more ground in this negotiation.

"General, Miss Wilhelmina, enjoy your refreshments, and please excuse me. Wuffle, may I speak with you for a moment?"

"Sure!"

"I mean ALONE!" Foxxo spoke as he dragged Wuffle back to the kitchen.

"Please return soon," the General called after them, "I really MUST insist that we finish our discussion presently."

"Certainly, General!" Foxxo called back. Once inside the kitchen, he slammed the door behind him.

"Okay, first of all, why the heck did you call me Foxxo out there?!"

"Um...because that's your name. I always call you Foxxo..." Wuffle replied, confused.

"A butler doesn't refer to his employer by his first name! Call me "master" or "sir," not just plain old Foxxo!"

"But I'm not really your butler..." Wuffle spoke apologetically, "that feels too weird. Can't I just call you Foxxo?"

"Ugh, fine...can you call me Mister Foxxo, at least?"

"Okay, Foxxo. Uh, I mean...Mister Foxxo. Do I have to call you that the whole time the General's here? Maybe I could just try to avoid calling you anything; I could try to be silent like Joe. How about I..."

"Great, now YOU'RE trying to out-negotiate me too!" Foxxo pressed his face against the wall.

"Negotiate...? I wasn't trying to...I just meant that..."

Foxxo began quietly slamming his head against the wall.

"What's wrong? Isn't the meeting going well?" Wuffle was quick to be concerned for his friend.

"He wants a 40 percent stake in the business."

Wuffle's eyes bugged out.

"40 PERCENT? But that's almost double the town's stake! That's almost as much as your stake!"

"I KNOW! Of course I know...but he's the only one that can offer us a deal like this. He owns one of the highest quality brick manufacturers around, and by giving him a stake, we'd be getting the mill built for practically nothing. But I already promised the villagers that the mill would always be as much theirs as anyone else's. Well, except for me, of course..."

"Didn't you try to, you know, convince him? Isn't that what you're supposed to do in business?"

"I offered him 30 percent, but he said that would only cover the bricks, not the construction costs...so I'd have to pay for those myself. And I'd have to give up 5 percent of my share to the village, to make it all even."

"That's not too bad..."

"Maybe not, but I can't give up even one of my shares!"

Wuffle frowned.

"But Foxxo, you'll still be the majority owner! You're already in charge of the major businesses in Gingerbread Village, giving up 5 percent of this watermill business isn't going to do you any harm. Besides, you promised the villagers they'd be equal shareholders after you. I know you, Foxxo, and you're not nearly as greedy as Puipui says. You care about your friends."

"But I am greedy! I have to be! If I give up even a little, it'll make me look weak...in front of my family, in front of my friends...in front of..." Foxxo stuck out his tongue in disgust, "...in front of Puipui."

"Gee, Foxxo, I don't think anyone will think you're weak... they'll just think you're doing what's best for Gingerbread Village. I know it's a tough decision, but everyone is counting on you to make tough decisions like this, to do the right thing for everybody."

Foxxo sighed, feeling hopeless. He wasn't sure that he was the right person for the job anymore. How, he wondered, could he be any good in business if he froze up in an important meeting like this? Try as he might to improvise, he was out of ideas.

"I don't know, Wuffle. Maybe I'm not cut out for this kind of work after all. Maybe I should try to be a farmer like you and the Spikey Ball..."

"Er, I don't know about that."

Wuffle tried to be delicate. Foxxo wasn't exactly a natural when it came to farming.

"You did a good job with the tomatoes and everything, but business seems more your style. Let me think..." He rubbed his chin, lost in thought. "My sister takes some business classes. Maybe I can remember something she told me that could help you."

Suddenly, Foxxo's ears perked up.

"Did you say your...sister?"

"Yeah, my sister Eclaire. Why, WHA?!" Suddenly Foxxo was shaking Wuffle's hand so hard it was making the big wolf dizzy. A new determination was shining in Foxxo's face.

"Wuffle, you're a genius!"

"I am?"

"You've just given me a brilliant idea. Really, I should've thought of it earlier...it's so obvious. Negotiations 101! Leverage!"

"Huh? What leverage?"

"Never you mind, Wuffle! Just stay in here until I call for you! And...can you call me "Sir," at least, when the General's around?"

Wuffle crossed his arms awkwardly and mumbled.

"I guess so...if it helps."

"Thanks!"

Wuffle watched him go out the door, and then rubbed his neck.

"I wonder what I said that made him so happy all of a sudden...?"

"General," Foxxo called out, "how are you enjoying the pastries?"

"They are quite delicious, I'll admit. You may not run a very tight ship around the house, but it would seem that you do a good enough job managing the bakery."

Foxxo smiled.

"Glad to hear it."

The General gently wiped a few crumbs from his lips using a small handkerchief and looked at Foxxo. The young fox simply smiled at him and said nothing. General Bacon's gaze shifted to Wilhelmina, who was nervously sipping her soda, and darting her eyes between Foxxo and her employer. The sudden cheery silence unsettled the General somehow.

"Well then, shall we, er...get back to business?"

"Actually, General, I was wondering if we might discuss family."

"Family?!" The General was taken off-guard. "That's hardly appropriate for-"

"I believe you know my family."

"Oh, yes, I know your parents, they're very-"

"And I know your family, General!"

"Wha...my family?!" Wilhelmina's eyes followed each of them as they spoke. Something about this change in tone was very interesting to her. After all, it wasn't often she saw anyone get the best of the General, even by a little.

"Some time ago I attended a holiday party, and I met a fascinating person. Your sister."

Wilhelmina spat out her soda, and the General's eyes nearly popped out of his head. He gestured to Wilhelmina to clean up the briefcase, which had absorbed the soda. Then, distracted by the commotion, she spilled the rest of her drink into the case as well.

Foxxo motioned for them to stop, however, and called Wuffle, who was instructed to take it into the kitchen for a quick cleaning. As he left the sitting room, Wuffle noted with a smile that Foxxo seemed to have taken control of the situation. Whatever he had suggested to his friend, he thought, it must've worked... even though he still had no idea what it was.

"So, you...you've met my sister." The General tried to regain his composure. "I wasn't aware that you...that you were aware of her."

"Oh, yes. She and I got along rather well."

Foxxo smiled even wider.

"You...don't say."

"I do! And I seem to recall hearing that she has her own construction business, am I correct?"

The General gritted his teeth.

"Yes...yes, that's correct. And I know what you're driving at. And yes, she COULD have the mill built cheaper. But Mr. Foxxo, you would be making quite a big mistake. Her timber company

could never provide you with materials possessing the strength and durability of my bricks. A watermill built by her company wouldn't last you nearly as long as a sturdy, brick building, and to maintain it, you'd pay more in the long run..."

"That may be true," Foxxo replied calmly, "but I believe the additional income the mill will generate should more than cover the maintenance and repair costs. It should pay for itself."

"I...I..."

"Besides, her company is ideal for providing the wood for the wheel. So we'll already be doing business with her anyway. I'm sure she'd jump at the chance for a lucrative contract, expanding her operation from building the watermill wheel, to constructing the entire building, and sharing a stake in the profits..."

"Fine!" The General bellowed. "Very well! I'll take the 30 percent!"

"General, pardon me," Foxxo spoke with a little too much innocence, "but given the potential deal I could make with your sister, I don't think it would be in my, or the village's best interest to offer 30 percent. It would have to be the original 25."

"You can't seriously expect me..."

"Of course I'll pay for the construction costs out of my own pocket, as we discussed."

"To provide this many bricks for 25 percent...I simply can't..."

"Oh, of course I won't offer you only 25 percent of the business!" Foxxo reassured the General.

"You won't?!" the boar asked with some hope in his voice.

"Certainly not. You, and all of your employees, will be receiving coupons for one free donut a day from Gingerbread Bakery, good for the duration of the project."

The General's face froze. Wilhelmina's eyes continued to dart between the two negotiators, noting the look of triumph on Foxxo's face. Finally, the General returned to his earlier, stone-faced demeanor.

"Very well, Mr. Foxxo. Very well. I can see that despite your age, you certainly know a thing or two about business."

"I appreciate the compliment, sir."

"I suppose you'll want to sign the contracts now."

The General spat the words out, as if they tasted sour.

"Certainly, though I would like to check over the blueprints and building information first. I owe it to the village to be thorough."

"Wilhelmina, give him the building plans," the General gestured to his assistant. The chameleon gathered up the appropriate papers and handed them to Foxxo. He studied them closely, making sure not to overlook a single detail. At last, he began checking the final pages, the maps and photos of the construction site.

"These are the exact locations where the mill will be built?" he asked.

"Of course, of course..." replied the irritated General.

"This all looks good, then....wait..." Foxxo suddenly noticed something in the pictures that he hadn't seen before. In one of the photos, there was a massive tree. The General noted with some confusion that Foxxo appeared to be hypnotized by it.

"Is there a problem, Mr. Foxxo?" the boar asked.

"This...this is where you're building? Next to this oak tree?"

"Oh, yes. I'm afraid that will have to be torn down. Actually, perhaps the wood could be used for construction purposes."

"Isn't there another spot you could build the mill?"

"Our surveyors have determined that the ideal spot for the mill is the one we've chosen. Anywhere else, and we won't be able to maximize the mill's efficiency. It could potentially ruin the whole venture. As a stakeholder, of course, I must insist that we build in the most effective spot."

"Certainly there must be some other place we can find, which would allow for the same level of productivity..."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Foxxo, but you can't expect us to change all of our plans at this stage. The location has been decided, and the villagers approved of it. There was no objection."

"But I really must insist, there has to be-"

"Mr. Foxxo! You've already had all of your demands met, and I've come away from this deal with substantially less than I had intended...there is absolutely no way that this can be changed."

Foxxo looked at the General, and it was clear that the boar wasn't going to budge. He looked once again at the picture, and a rush of memories went through his mind. It had been a long time since he'd seen that oak tree, he recalled. Once upon a time, though, he'd seen it every afternoon. It always filled him with a sense of safety, knowing it would be there, day after day. He couldn't let that area be torn down. Just like the General, he wasn't going to budge, either.

"Then I...I'm afraid we don't have a deal. I'll require a greater share. An additional 10 percent."

"WHAT?!" The General boomed. "Of all the impudent, insolent...!"

"Excuse me!" Wuffle's voice suddenly cut in. "I tried my best to get all the soda out of this briefcase, but there might still be some stuck in the..."

"HOW CAN YOU ASK ME TO GIVE UP ANOTHER **10** PERCENT?!"

"Wha...another 10 percent?" Wuffle, shocked by the outburst, slipped on some of the cola that had dripped onto the floor. He landed on Wilhelmina's lap. Despite being much smaller than Wuffle, she somehow managed to carry him in her arms as she stood up, walked a short distance away from her chair, and dropped him with a loud thud on the floor. Without a word, she returned to her seat.

As he began to stand up, there was a loud *rrrrrrrrip!* His pants had split. Wuffle's face went red with embarrassment.

"Oh, dear..."

While he spoke, his tail finally poked out of the tear in his pants with a *sproing!*

"I guess I...need a tailor..." he grinned, embarrassed. He was doing his best to cover up the tear with the briefcase.

Foxxo and the General were too focused on their negotiation to notice any of this, however.

"I'm sorry, General, but those are my terms. Take it or leave it."

The General's eyes were wide and red, and he was huffing and puffing, as if he were about to charge right at Foxxo. But then his breathing slowed down, even though the look in his eyes didn't change.

"Mr. Foxxo, I had come to believe that you were a better negotiator than I'd first assumed, that you were more mature than your age would indicate. However, I now see that I was wrong. You're nothing more than a spoiled brat. My offer was most generous, and this...this is an insult. You may negotiate with my sister, if that is what you want. Not that even she is foolish enough to make a deal with someone like you. Our business here is finished. Best of luck to you. You'll need it, when you have to explain to all of Gingerbread Village how you cost them one of the most lucrative development offers they've ever seen. Now, I must be going. Thank you for the pastries. Good day."

Foxxo flinched a little at the General's harsh words, but he kept his cool.

"Very well, General. I'm sorry that things didn't work out. Good day."

"Wilhelmina!" At his call, the chameleon snapped to attention, gathered up the papers, and then grabbed the briefcase from Wuffle. His big fluffy tail popped back into view once again. She gazed into his eyes with an icy stare.

"You..."

Wuffle gulped.

"You require more training."

She continued her work without another word, leaving Wuffle frozen in place. After neatly organizing all of the papers inside the briefcase, she snapped the case shut and began carrying it to the door. As she walked, cola began leaking from inside it. The General noticed, rolled his eyes, and walked outside. Wilhelmina slammed the door behind him.

"What happened?!" Wuffle asked, totally lost, as Foxxo went to the window to watch his guests drive away. "Weren't you able to make a deal?! Couldn't you convince him to take 30 percent?"

"I convinced him to take 25. It seemed like we might have a deal after all, for a while..." Foxxo sounded as if his thoughts were far away. "But we just couldn't work it out."

"I thought I heard you asking him for an extra 10 percent."

"That's right..." Foxxo's voice trailed off as he watched through the window as General Bacon's limousine disappeared down the street. Outside, the villagers, excited by the prospect of the new mill, were also watching the stranger drive away. Evening was approaching, and the sun shone orange over the horizon. The village looked calm in the light.

"But Foxxo, you couldn't really expect him to take only a 15 percent stake, when he's supplying all those bricks!"

"That's too bad..." suddenly, Foxxo began sounding like his old self again, as if he was waking from a trance, "that's just too bad!" He turned to face Wuffle. "I made him an offer and he refused it! If I can't get a 60 percent share, then I'm certainly not paying a dime to build a dumb old mill! Besides, I could get a better deal on bricks somewhere else. I don't want to work with that sour old boar anyway."

Wuffle crossed his arms, worried. Something didn't seem quite right to him.

"Foxxo...is there some other reason you didn't take the General's offer?"

"What other reason could there be?!" Foxxo asked. "I just wanted more money. That's all."

"It just...seems like you had something else on your mind."

Foxxo turned up his nose.

"Hmph! What else could possibly be on my mind? This was a business negotiation, after all. Getting the best deal was the whole point."

"I guess so, I just thought that maybe...never mind. Sorry, Foxxo. I guess I'll let myself out, as soon as I change clothes..." He headed up to the guest room, disappointed that the meeting had turned out so badly, both for the villagers and for Foxxo. He wished there was something he could do to make it better.

"Hey, Wuffle?" Foxxo's voice had changed again. He sounded more serious than before, almost nervous.

"Yes?" Wuffle turned back to his friend.

"Do you...do you own anything that you'd never sell, no matter what?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, do you own anything that's...so special to you, you wouldn't give it up for almost any price?"

"Sure. My sister drew a picture for me when we were kids. She's never been much of an artist, but she made it for me, so it means a lot. I've always kept it with me. I doubt anyone would

want to buy it anyway, though," Wuffle chuckled.

"Imagine someone did. And then...imagine that if you sold it, it would make a lot of people happy. Would you sell it?"

"No...I don't think so."

"You don't think that's...selfish?" Foxxo sounded almost guilty, Wuffle noticed, like something was weighing on his conscience.

"There are a lot of nice things you can do for people, to make them happy. But when you share something with someone you care about, or when someone shares something with you...you can't replace it. It's special. I don't think that's selfish at all. Like I said, you can find a million ways to make people happy. But some things are one-of-a-kind, and it's okay to hang onto them."

For the first time in a while, Foxxo really smiled.

"Thanks, Wuffle."

Wuffle smiled back. He was still curious about exactly what had caused the meeting to turn out so badly, but for now, it seemed like Foxxo wanted to be alone with his thoughts. He gave his friend a quick hug and headed back upstairs.

"It will be nice to get out of this tight suit...I can barely breathe in this thing. All day it's felt like it's going to explo-"

Rrrrrriiiiiip!

As he reached the first step of the staircase, the suit exploded. With only the tattered remains of his already ripped pants, Wuffle blushed and began creeping his way upstairs.

"Oh great," murmured Foxxo, once again his old self, "what a grand finale for this day..."

Moments later, Wuffle was back down the stairs in his overalls.

"Sorry again that things didn't turn out well...and sorry I wasn't a better butler."

"That reminds me!" Foxxo exclaimed. "You did serve as my butler for the day, so I owe you a day's wages! But I'm afraid I'll have to take the expenses for the suit out of your paycheck." He grinned. Wuffle smiled back.

"You're a tough negotiator, Foxxo!"

"Tough but fair! You still deserve something for helping me today..." He ran into the kitchen and handed Wuffle a cookie.

"Hmm, thanks! See ya later, Foxxo! Er...I mean... Mister Foxxo!"

As Wuffle walked down the street back to his house, he was still wondering about Foxxo's strange behavior. Sure, Foxxo could be greedy sometimes, Wuffle knew that. But he also knew that underneath the greedy, tough guy routine, Foxxo really cared about his friends and about Gingerbread Village. It must've been something really important for him to give up on his chance to make such a great deal, Wuffle thought.

As he pondered it while walking through the last rays of evening sunlight, he found his friends gathered around ahead of him.

"So?!" asked Puipui eagerly. "Did they make a deal?!"

"Is the bakery going to be able to double their donut production?!" asked Debbita, looking hungrier than ever.

"With all the money this will bring in," said Aunty Pinky, "why, who knows what else we could build here in Gingerbread Village!"

"So, tell us!" demanded Maggie.

"Yeah! Did Foxxo make a great deal for the village?" asked Almond.

"I'm...really sorry, everyone..." Wuffle's ears drooped. "But...things...didn't work out."

"WHAT?!" Puipui's voice rose louder than everyone else's, as all of the villagers expressed their disbelief and disappointment. Wuffle raised his hands to calm the crowd.

"I know it's not what we were hoping for, but...it's just... sometimes, negotiations are difficult..."

"So what was the problem?" asked Debbita. "Did the General ask for too much?"

"Wouldn't he agree to supply the bricks, like he said?" asked Aunty Pinky.

"That wasn't the problem...it's just...uh...Foxxo wanted an extra 10 percent, and General Bacon wouldn't accept only 15, and..."

"OF COURSE he wouldn't accept only 15! Is Foxxo CRAZY?!" Puipui demanded to know. "I mean, I know he's a spoiled fox, but even I didn't think he was THAT spoiled! This is a new low! He's costing the village a huge amount of money!"

"Just THINK of all the good that mill would've done for this village..." Mrs. Hazel whined.

"And...and...and just think of all the precious donuts we could've had!" Debbita wailed.

"That's it!" said Puipui. "I'm going to go in there and give that greedy fox a piece of my mind!"

Just as he began to storm towards Foxxo's yard, Wuffle put a hand on his shoulder.

"Puipui, everyone, listen...I know Foxxo seems greedy...and yeah, sometimes he can be really selfish, but...he's still our friend. And I don't really believe he'd do something like this without a good reason."

"A good reason?!" Matilda chimed in. "What reason could he possibly have to demand more money?! How can that be anything but selfish?"

"I know it looks bad. I was upset too, at first. But something tells me that this is one of those times when we just have to trust Foxxo. He might not always do the right thing, but I know he cares about us. I'm sure he'll find another way to help the village grow. Maybe this just wasn't the right project. And maybe General Bacon wasn't the right person to do business with."

Puipui crossed his arms and leaned against a fence post, frowning.

"Maybe, but I still don't like it. And I don't see HOW he could have a good reason to ask for more money."

"I don't think it was about the money."

Puipui stuck his tongue out.

"With Foxxo, it's ALWAYS about money!"

"That's what he likes us to think. But he's under a lot of pressure. His family has high expectations for him. He feels like he always has to be the best."

"It does seem like he's stressed out a lot..." Debbita mused.

"Of course. He doesn't want to feel like a failure. We need to be there for him, and show him that we care about him no matter what happens."

"Wuffle's right," said Aunty Pinky, "all of us have family and friends close by. Poor Foxxo is all alone in that big mansion of his, except for Joe keeping him company."

"We should all invite Foxxo to hang out with us!" Maggie suggested enthusiastically. Wuffle grinned.

"That's a great idea. But maybe we should wait a while. Foxxo's had a tough day, I'm sure he'll want to be alone this evening...how about we have a cookout tomorrow?"

"Yeah!" everyone cheered.

"For now, though, let's have some dinner at my place. Puipui caught some great fish today. I'll cook!"

Though Puipui wasn't the only one who was unsatisfied with the way things had turned out, everyone trusted Wuffle. If he said that they ought to give Foxxo the benefit of the doubt, they were willing to at least put aside their disappointment and wait to deal with the problem another day. And right now, the prospect of a nice dinner seemed like a more urgent concern anyway.

As they walked together down the road, each lost in their own thoughts, Debbita broke the silence.

"Hey!"

"What is it, Deb?" asked Wuffle.

"That guy's name was General K. Bacon, right?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well...I was just wondering. What's the K stand for? Does anyone know?"

Everyone looked around at one another, and at first it seemed as if nobody knew the answer.

"I bet it's Krusher," said Maggie. "It has to be a tough name like that."

"I think it's probably Krash," said Matilda. "He looks like a Krash to me."

"Maybe it's Kruel," said Chuck.

"Or maybe...Kalamity," said Almond.

Then Aunty Pinky spoke up.

"I know his first name."

"Oh? What is it, Aunty Pinky?" Wuffle asked her.

"Kevin."

Wuffle fell over, and everyone else tripped on him and tumbled like dominos.

Back in his room upstairs, Foxxo watched his friends make their way down the road. He didn't look forward to facing them, but from what he could see, it seemed like Wuffle had calmed everyone down. In time, he thought, everything would blow over. Of course, he'd have to think of a new plan to help Gingerbread Village, something that could replace the mill project to help the village grow. But for now, he thought, it would be best to relax and enjoy the quiet country evening.

As he turned around, about to take a much needed rest on his bed, he saw Joe standing in the hallway, knocking on the half-open door.

"Excuse me, young master, do you need anything?"

"Joe!" Foxxo couldn't contain his relief at seeing his butler again, before remembering how Joe had suddenly disappeared when he'd needed him most. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!"

"I took a vacation day. Did you get my note?"

"Yes, I read your note. Next time, give me some warning before you do that! Do you know what kind of a difficult situation you put me? I had to call Wuffle to fill in as my butler for the day! What a disaster!"

"I do apologize, young master. It won't happen again." Joe couldn't help but smile a bit at the thought of Wuffle trying to serve as a butler. He could only imagine how the wolf must have managed all day.

"See that it doesn't! What got into you, anyway?"

"I just felt that I...wouldn't be of much help to you today."

Foxxo sighed.

"Whatever."

"So, may I ask, how did your meeting go?"

"Awful. We couldn't come to an agreement."

"I'm sorry to hear that. May I ask why?"

"He...wasn't willing to pay what I asked. I demanded a 60 percent share, and he demanded at least 25, and the village asked 25 as well, so it didn't work."

"That is...unfortunate. By the way, I found some papers left on the floor by the sofa. Your guest must've dropped them."

Joe handed some papers to Foxxo. They contained the highlighted section of the map, where the mill was supposed to be built, and the pictures of the spot, showing the big oak tree by the river.

"Did you...did you look at these, Joe?"

"I did catch a glimpse of them."

Foxxo became very silent and stared at his feet.

"I'm honored that you still remember," Joe spoke with an unusual gentle tone in his rough voice, "and just as I knew you would...you did the right thing."

Foxxo smiled up at Joe.

"There was just no way I could've let them tear down that tree, or clear out that part of the forest. Even if the whole project was nature-friendly, some things just...can't be replaced."

"You did spend a great deal of your childhood there."

"It's not just because that place reminds me of being a kid. It's...it's just that, growing up, everything was always handed to me. Nobody ever thought I could do anything on my own. My parents meant well, but I never felt like they really believed in me. But then...in that forest, for the first time... I really felt like I could take care of myself. Even after all the trouble I got into, and needing so much help, I still felt so much better knowing that somebody believed in me for once. No matter how much I messed up."

"Mistakes are stepping stones to learning, young master..." Joe mused.

"I guess so. But I'd never have learned that if it wasn't for you. And I'd never have met you if it hadn't been for that tree, and that river..."

To everyone else, Joe might have seemed like a butler and nothing more, but Foxxo knew that beneath all the formal language and protocol, Joe was one of the best friends he could ask for.

"The forest is a great teacher. I know this as well as you."

"Could we...I mean, would you like to visit there again soon?"

"I'm surprised that you would want to go back there, sir. I thought that you would feel too grown up for such things."

Joe's voice sounded almost sad.

"Of course not! There's nothing wrong with revisiting the old days once in a while, is there? You should never get so grown up that you forget where you came from, right?"

Joe smiled.

"I suppose not, young master. We can make a little trip out to the river tomorrow, you'll have some free time in the afternoon. But it's getting rather late," Joe changed the subject, "we're behind schedule for dinner time."

"Yes! I'm so hungry!"

As Foxxo and Joe went downstairs to the kitchen, they heard the doorbell ring. Foxxo's heart sank...it was probably one of his friends, there to complain about losing out on the mill, he thought. Luckily, though, now that Joe was back, he wouldn't have to face them alone.

Joe was at the door in a flash. As he opened it, his usually impassive face was replaced by an expression of total shock. General Bacon was standing on the front step.

"Why, hello there, Joe," said the General.

"Hello...General," Joe replied uneasily.

"You...you two know each other?!" asked Foxxo, following Joe to the door.

"You might say that," the General replied with a smile. Joe appeared frozen in place.

"Pardon me, General, but why are you back? I thought we'd finished our business."

"I'm afraid I forgot some papers. And you seem to have them in your hands."

Foxxo stared at the papers, with the pictures of the oak tree and the building site, still in his grasp. He looked up at the General and grinned sheepishly. As he handed them back, the General spoke again, this time with an unexpectedly calm, reassuring tone.

"Mr. Foxxo, I fear perhaps I may have been a bit... short-tempered, earlier. You are young and ambitious, after all. I was that way myself once. I can't fault you for it, even if it does lead one to make the odd mistake now and then. One might even say that such over-eagerness and ambition are noble traits, in their way..."

"Forgive me, General, but what is it you're trying to say?"

"I'm willing to make a concession. I'll go as low as 20 percent. Do we have a deal?"

"I asked for 15 percent, General Bacon. Those are my terms."

General Bacon's face became strained again, like before. His eyes began to look red.

"You...you drive a VERY hard bargain, Mr. Foxxo. Fine. I'll take 15 percent."

Foxxo stared at the General, unable to believe his own ears.

"Did you...did you just say you'll take 15 percent?"

"Don't rub it in!" the General snapped back. "Do we have a deal?!"

"I...I..." Foxxo looked up, and saw Joe's eyes suddenly on him. "I'm sorry, General. I'm very sorry. But no."

"WHAT?! How can you possibly say no to that? After I've conceded nearly my entire stake in the venture? What else can you possibly ask for? 70 percent? 75? What more could you want? Free bricks? Free construction?! Mr. Foxxo, it would be a grave insult for you to turn down this deal after I've agreed to concede such a huge part of my -"

"General," Joe's steely voice suddenly cut in, "young master Foxxo said no. It's his dinner time, so I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

General Bacon stared at Joe. Their eyes locked, both were nearly the same height, and from Foxxo's perspective it was as if two giants were about to do battle. Finally, the General gave a quick, curt nod, turned around, and headed for his limousine.

"Goodnight, gentlemen," he said as he turned away. Within a moment he was in his car and Wilhelmina was driving him out of town once more.

"Wh...what was that all about? You know him?" asked Foxxo.

"It's very late. You need to eat your dinner soon, young master." And without another word, Joe was on his way to the kitchen.

Foxxo stood in the doorway, alone, and wondered. He was no stranger to keeping secrets. Being a bit sneaky was in his nature. There could always be something his friends, even Wuffle, didn't know about him. But it never occurred to him before how much he didn't know about his friends...even Joe.

As the dust on the road settled, and the limousine disappeared into the sunset, Foxxo snapped back to the present when he detected the scent of stew cooking. He joined Joe in the kitchen, where his loyal butler was busy preparing their evening meal. The scent was making his mouth water.

"Can I help?" he asked quietly. Joe turned to him, surprised.

"You...want to help me cook, young master?"

"Do you mind?"

"No, not at all..." Joe was obviously having a hard time believing what he was hearing.

"What's the matter?"

"It's quite unlike you, young master. You rarely show interest in domestic duties. Don't you feel that it is work best suited to servants?"

"Yeah...I guess I do feel that way...usually. But today, I feel like maybe I'd better learn some skills in other areas besides business. It's not like there's anything wrong with being a butler, anyway. It's honest work. One of my best friends in the world is a butler."

Foxxo smiled.

"I appreciate the sentiment, master Foxxo," Joe replied with a hint of satisfaction in his voice.

"And I appreciate all you do for me, too. I know I'm not always easy to work for, and I'm sorry if sometimes it seems like I'm not grateful for all that you..."

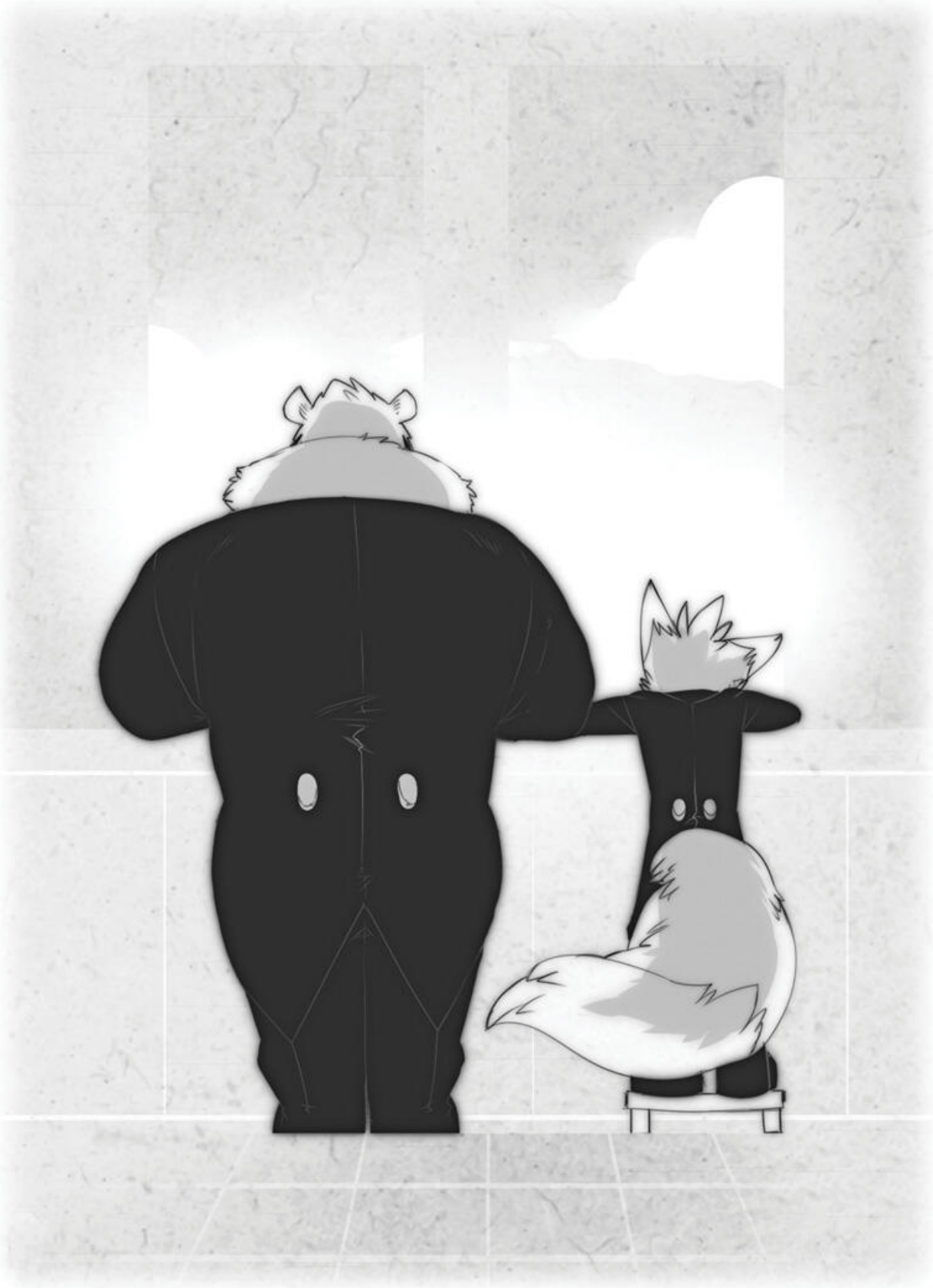
"No need to say any more." Joe put a hand on Foxxo's shoulder. "You can be...difficult, but there's much more to you than meets the eye. Today may not have gone as planned, but you acted with good judgment and principle. That's something to be proud of. I'm certainly proud of you."

Joe turned back to his stew, as Foxxo tried to hide a tear in his eye. He pretended it was from a chopped onion on the counter next to him.

"You will have other negotiations. You'll have more failures, and more successes. Don't let yourself be discouraged."

Moments passed in silence as he stirred the pot.

"Of course," he continued, "there are always more things to learn. You did an excellent job growing tomatoes some time ago. Now would be an excellent time to learn to cook them. There are a few in the bottom drawer of the refrigerator."



Putting away his handkerchief, his eyes now dry again, Foxxo found the tomatoes Joe was talking about. He handed them to his butler to cut.

"You wanted to learn to cook, so you must learn all the steps. Place them here, on this cutting board, and I'll show you how to prepare them for the stew..."

"I don't know about this...maybe I need to start with something simpler. I'll probably mess this up and the whole thing will taste terrible."

"Perhaps," Joe spoke slowly, "but this is only one meal. This one might taste terrible, and so may the one you prepare tomorrow night. But someday, young master, you'll learn how to make each one taste perfect. You just have to keep practicing. The rule is always the same. Never give up."

"I still don't know..."

"Keep trying, young master. I know you can do it."

Foxxo remembered the sound of a river, the warmth of an afternoon sun, and the strength of an old oak tree. Back then, he didn't believe himself capable of even the most basic things, and it took the confidence of a friend to make him realize just how much potential he really had. Standing there in the kitchen, gently being directed to dice and mince vegetables and measure spices, Foxxo felt like some things never change. He hoped that they never would.

THE END

GALLERY

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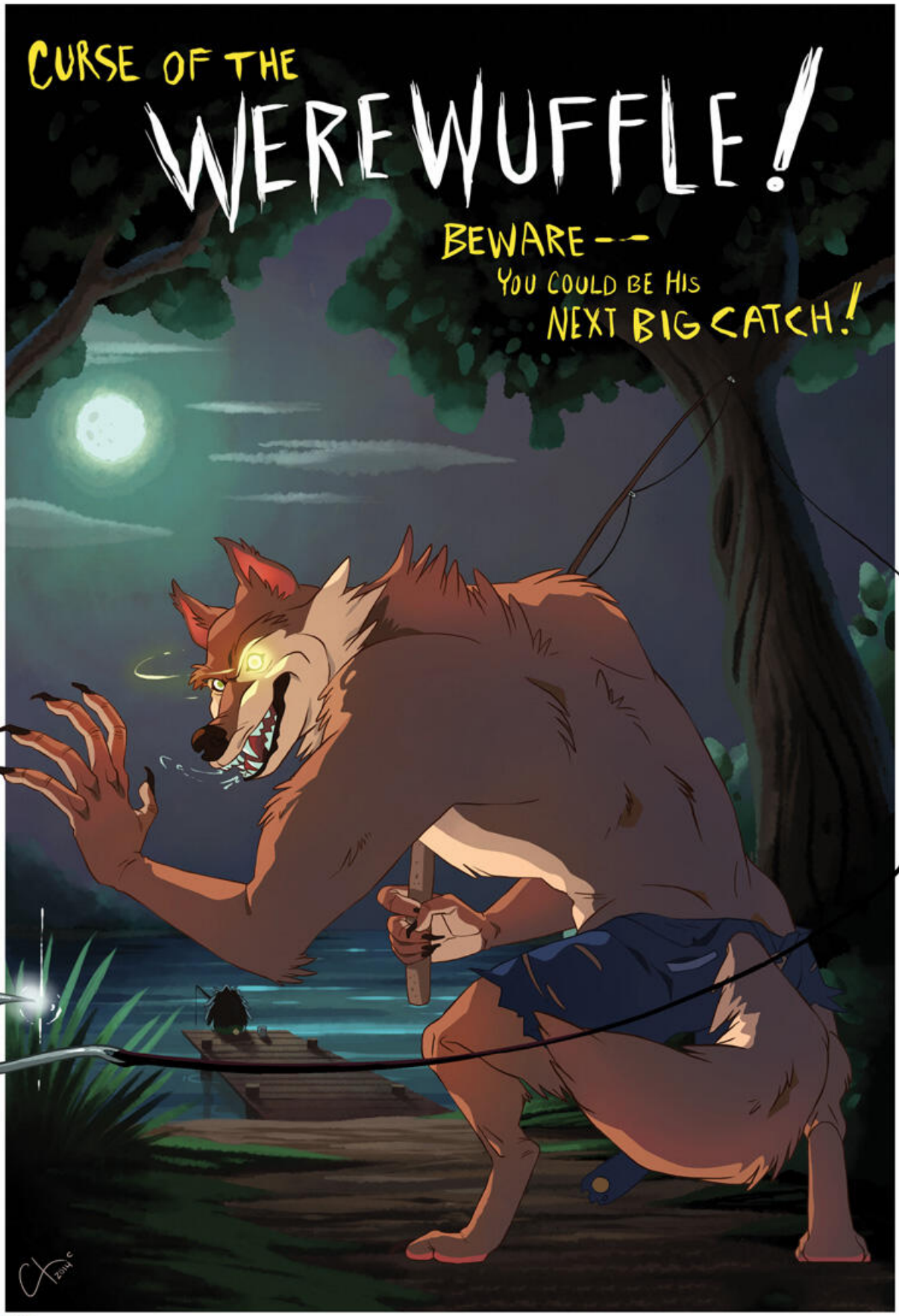

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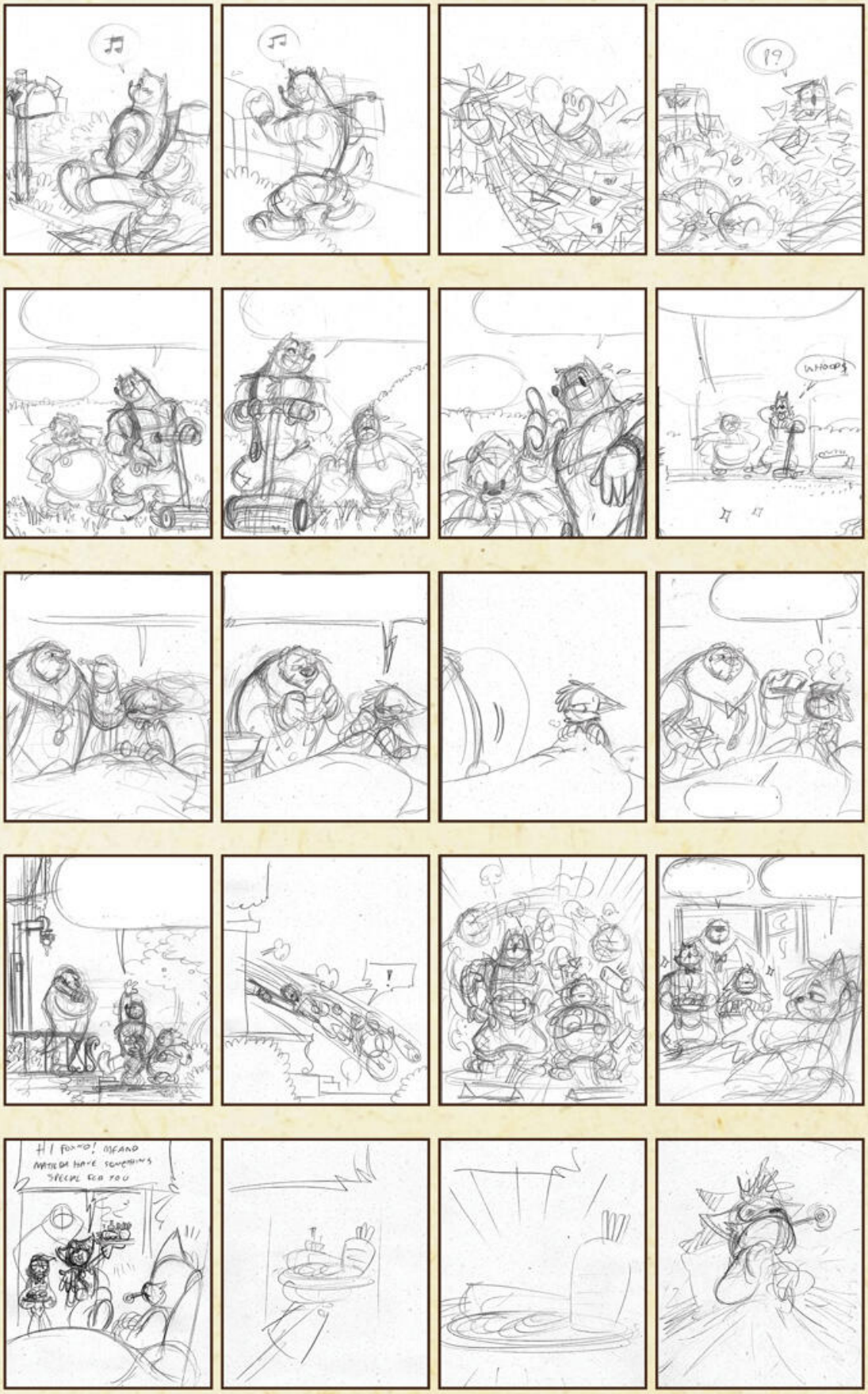
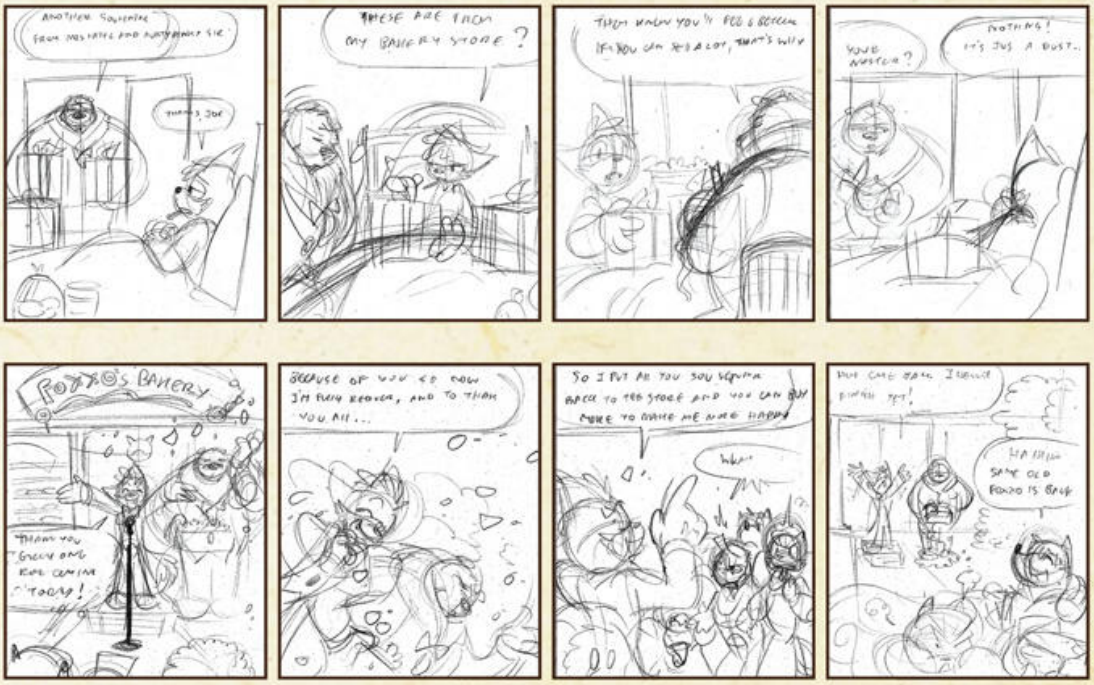
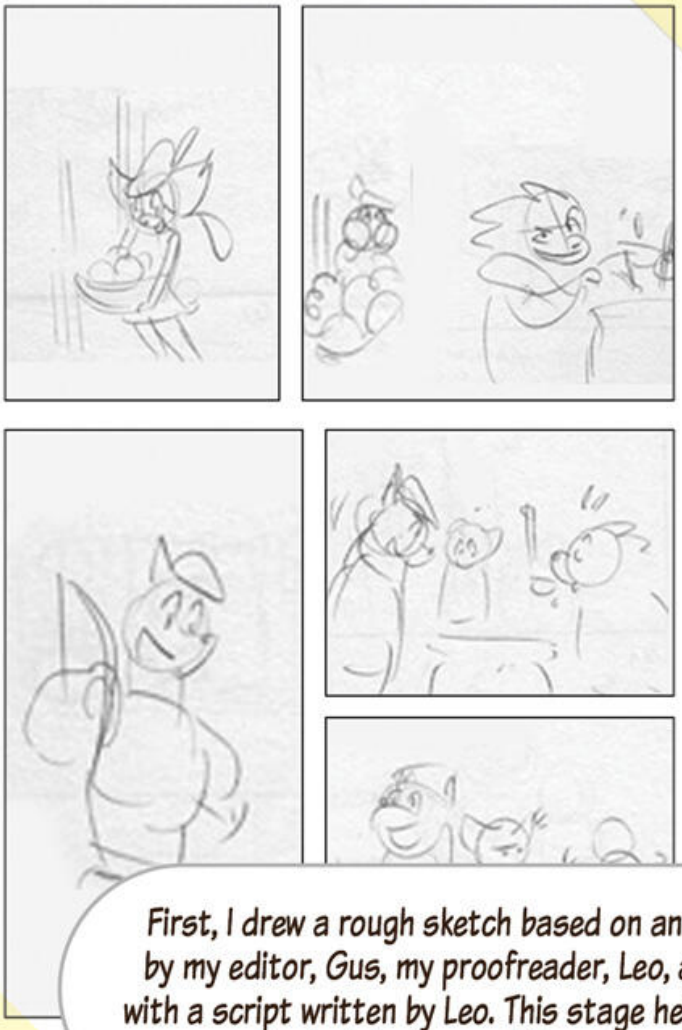
THE COMICS


!?
WHOOPS
!
HI FOXNO! MEANO
MATILDA HAVE SOMETHING
SPECIAL FOR YOU



After this episode, the comic's format changed. I'll show you how the comic is created in the current format!

ROUGH SKETCH



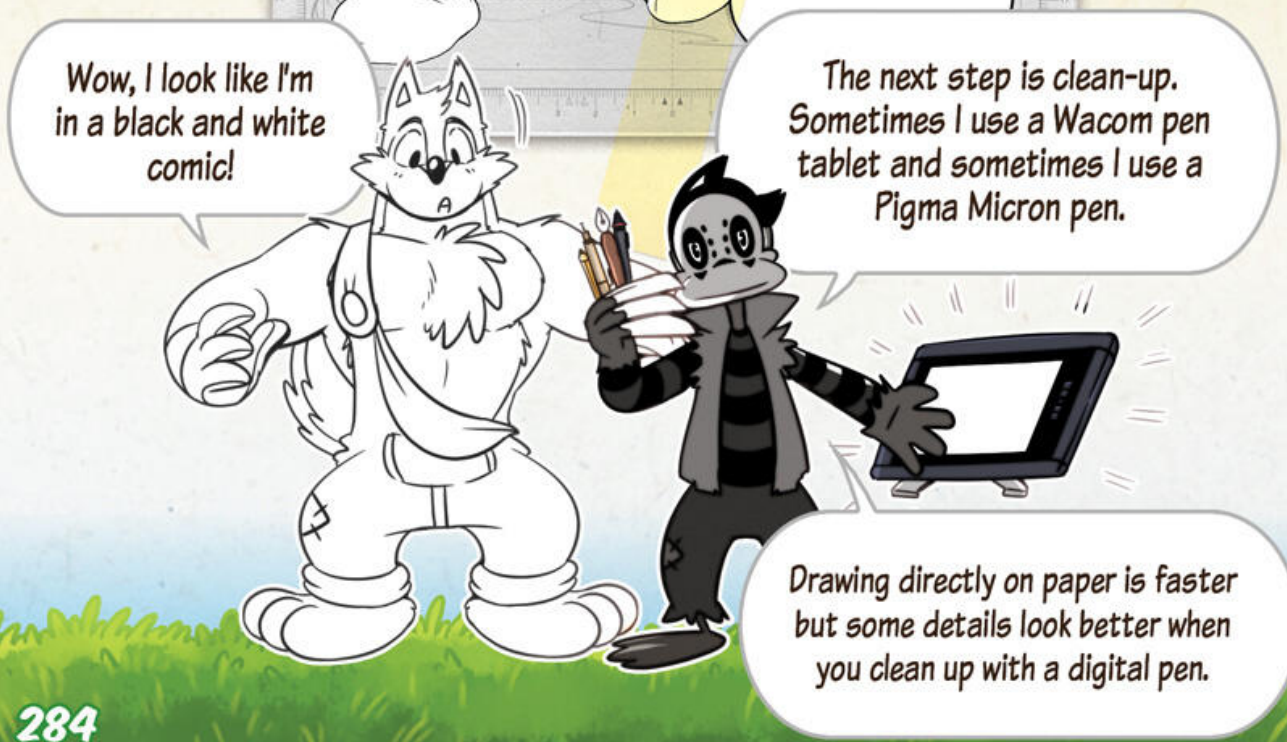
DETAILED SKETCH

Time to do the detailed sketch! I fixed one panel because it was too focused on the character instead of what he's doing.

W-where am I?

I mostly draw this part of the process on comic paper since it's faster and more fun.

CLEAN-UP


Wow, I look like I'm in a black and white comic!
The next step is clean-up. Sometimes I use a Wacom pen tablet and sometimes I use a Pigma Micron pen.
Drawing directly on paper is faster but some details look better when you clean up with a digital pen.

COLORING

BACKGROUNDS

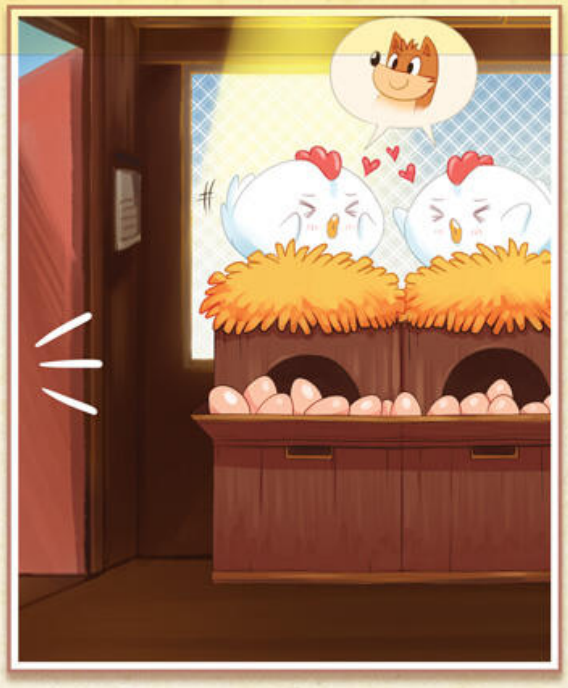
EFFECTS

!
And finally, once the extra backgrounds and effects like smoke and light are painted, we're done!
Let's move to the next chapter, everyone!
W-where are you going?!

DELETED
COMICS

This is the original comic for Valentine's Day 2013. Too many things are happening in each panel, so the reader doesn't know where to focus. So I changed everything, cut the worm part, and made the first three panels look the same. This makes it easier to read.

I actually like this one, but our team realized that there are too many things happening and the jokes are not clear. It became the comic about Wuffle's lawn mower instead.

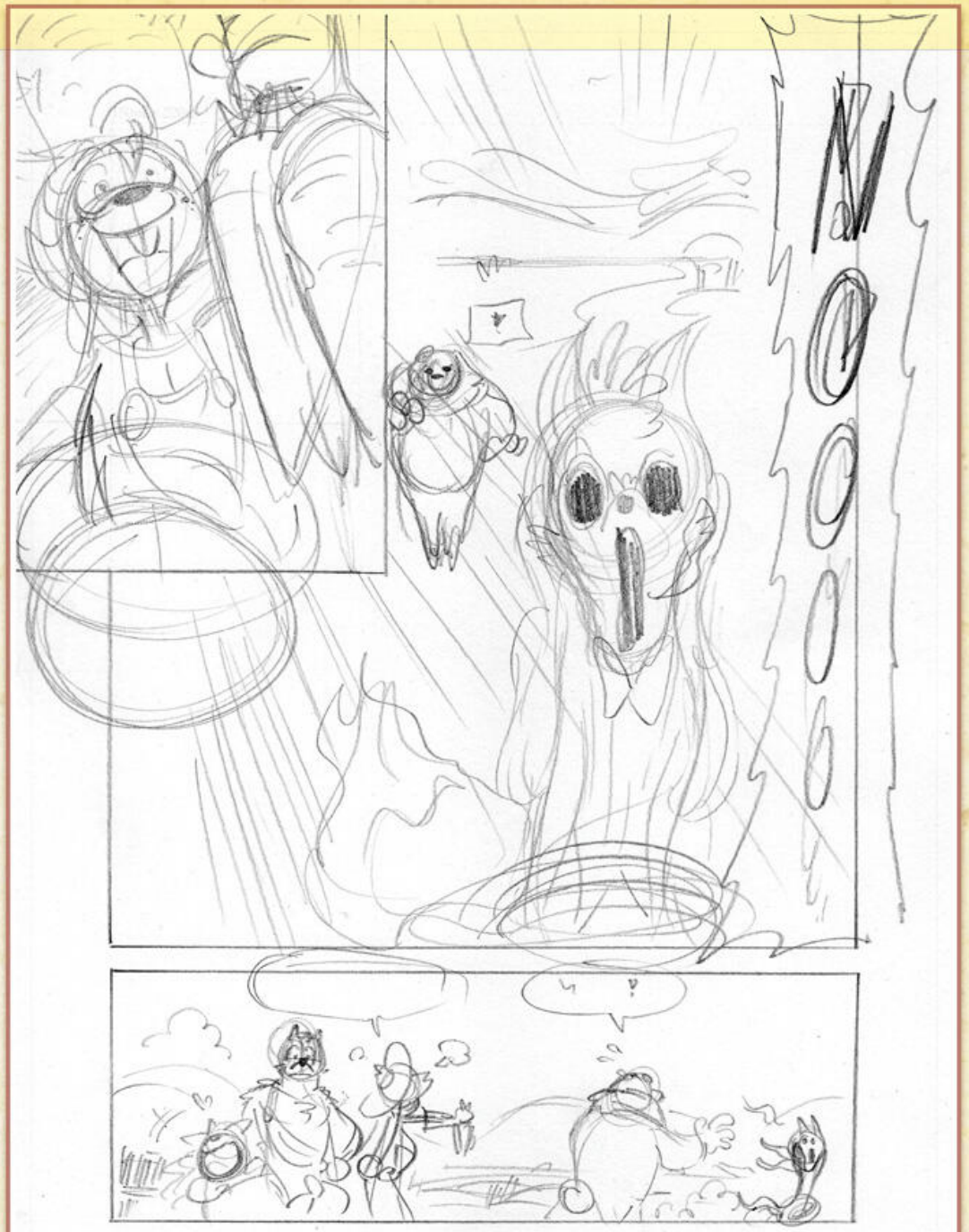


This comic is too mean-spirited. I didn't show my editor first but when I posted it he pointed out that it is too harsh on Puipui. The chickens throw their eggs at him just because he's not Wuffle. I took it off the website immediately after my editor pointed out the problem. I still feel bad for what I did without thinking clearly and making fun of my character in this way.

This comic was supposed to be the final comic of Year 2 on April Fools Day. But my editor and I agreed that Joe is acting out of character, and making fun of Foxxo like this is too harsh for him too.

So in the end I didn't post it anywhere.
Again, this is a mistake due to not thinking clearly enough.

The final scenes of Farming Foxxo. We made Foxxo feel happy after he tasted the tomatoes, then Puipui made fun of him, saying "oh, I thought you didn't like it." But Foxxo shows that he can now eat vegetables and work hard and etc. The problem is that it's too cliché. Yes, Foxxo can grow a tomato, but that doesn't mean he's gonna like it. So we changed the moral in this one; he still might not like it, but he now knows the value of it.



The original ending of Farming Foxxo.
Debbita shows a carrot to him and Foxxo runs away scared as a parody of the painting "THE SCREAM" by Edvard Munch. But we see that it's too much of an overreaction and the joke feels forced. So we cut it and changed the ending.

The final ending of Farming Foxxo.
Once we changed the moral, we felt that this page is dragging on the story that should have ended on the previous page.
While I agree, I still love the look and feel of it.
So I kept the final panel and put it in the comic as an extra page.

THANK YOU
LIST

Thank you everyone on this list for making a contribution to this project.

Without you, this book would have never been made.

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WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 3

BY PITI YINDEE

WUFFLE
THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 3
Jeff Lindee

WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 3

www.WUFFLECOMICS.com

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WUFFLE

THE BIG NICE WOLF YEAR 3

Five years of making this comic have gone by so fast, and I can't believe it's come to an end.

To my parents, my brother, and my sister for their continuing support.

To GinkgoSan, for all the love.

To Gus and Ryuji, for being very good friends and super-strict editors for the comic.

To Leonard Kirke, for helping to write the scripts and for proofreading my weird English. To Mik, for helping with the special watercolor backgrounds for the comic.

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Thank you very much, folks!

- Piti Yindee

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FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
BETZY, VANON, MATILDA, CHUCK, DR. GREYHAM, NATHANIEL,
MR. PEANUT, MRS. HAZEL, AUNTY PINKY, UNCLE BROCCOLI,
DEBBITA, ECLAIRE,
SOUFFLÉ, PUIPUI, WUFFLE, FOXXO AND JOE
LEFT : MAGGIE, DAMIEN AND ALMOND
RIGHT : HUGH, AL AND MAYA

WUFFLE THE BIG NICE WOLF

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START!

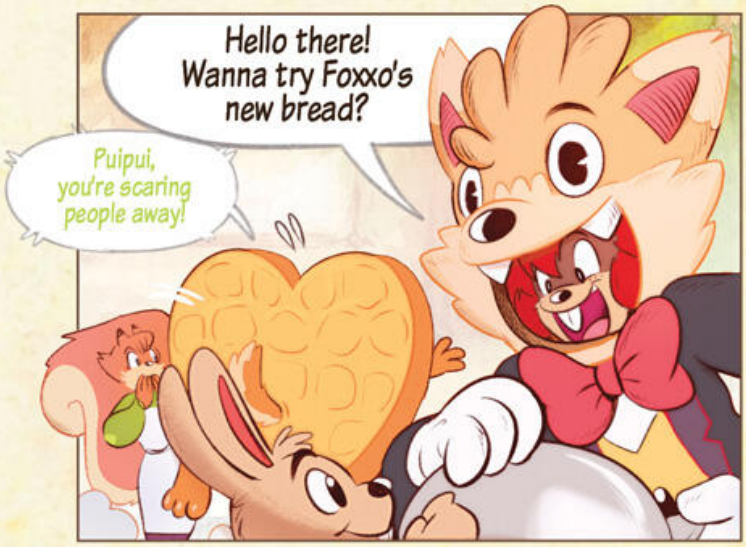
STORY by Gus, Piti Yindee and Leonard Kirke / CHARACTER ART AND COLORING by Piti Yindee /
BACKGROUNDS by Mik / SCRIPT WRITING AND PROOFREADING by Leonard Kirke

All right!
Today is the day!
I'll launch the new Premium Cinnamon Bread at my bakery in Cinnamon Town. Your job is to promote it.
Got it, Foxxo! I'll do my best!
Yawn...
Good old Wuff! I'm sure it'll be a success...
Sure! Just leave everything to Wuffle, you lazy pin cushion!
LAZY PIN CUSHION?!

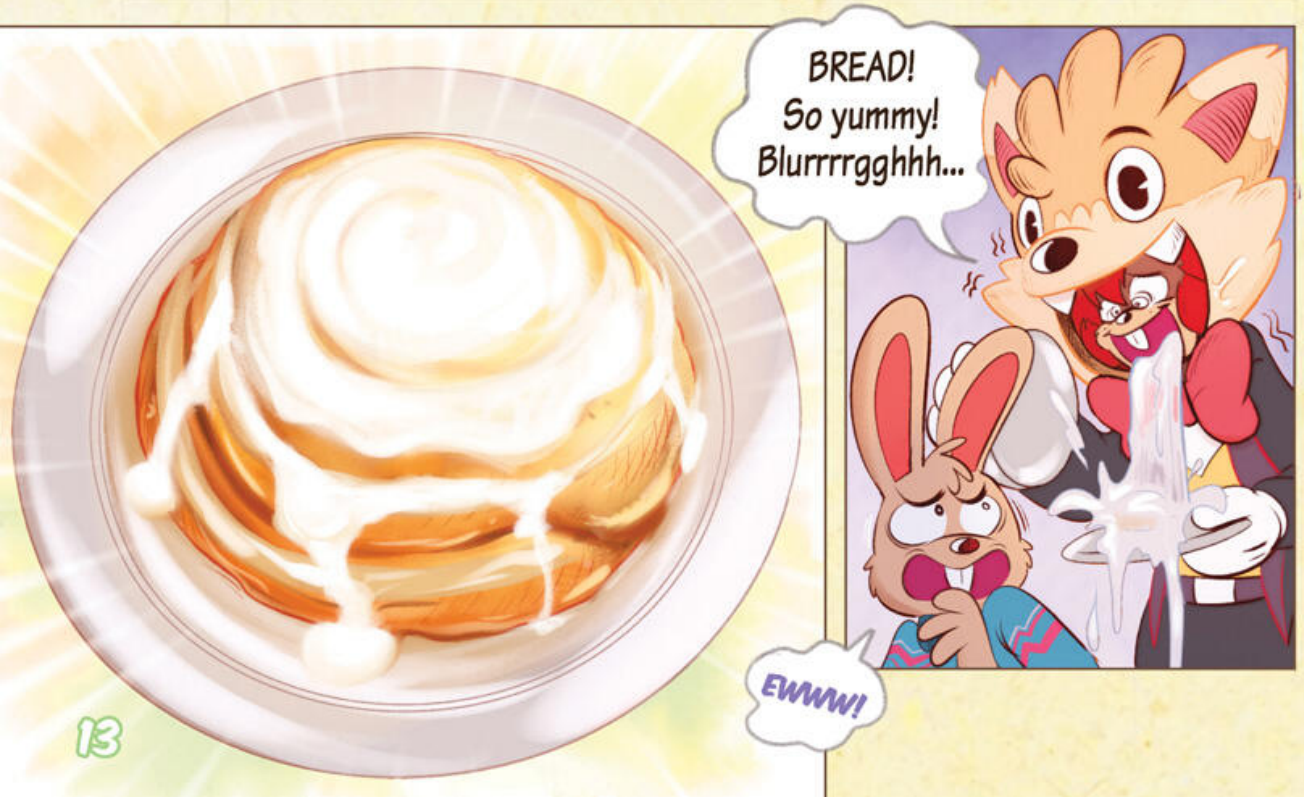
What makes you say I'm lazy?!
Because you're always SLACKING OFF!
GRRRR!
FINE! If I work ALL day and give out ALL the samples, you have to stop saying I'm lazy!
Calm down, bud.
FINE! But if you don't give away all the samples, you have to work for me for a month for free! Deal?!
Plus, I want a month's paid hibernation!
DEAL!
Sounds fun! Can I join too? I'll work for donuts!
Ouch! Hot temper!
Grumble grumble...
You're in!

CINNAMON TOWN
stomp
COME ONE AND ALL! Try the new Premium Cinnamon Bread at Foxxo's Bakery!
Available today and tomorrow only!
Oh boy...
I have to wear this again? So embarrassing...
Hi Mrs. Hazel, wanna try the new bread?
Oh?!
It's time, Puipui! Show Foxxo what you can do!
All right!

PLEASE TRY OUR NEW BREAD!
GOT BREAD?
TASTE IT!!!
JUST BUY IT!
!


Hello there! Wanna try Foxxo's new bread?
Puipui, you're scaring people away!

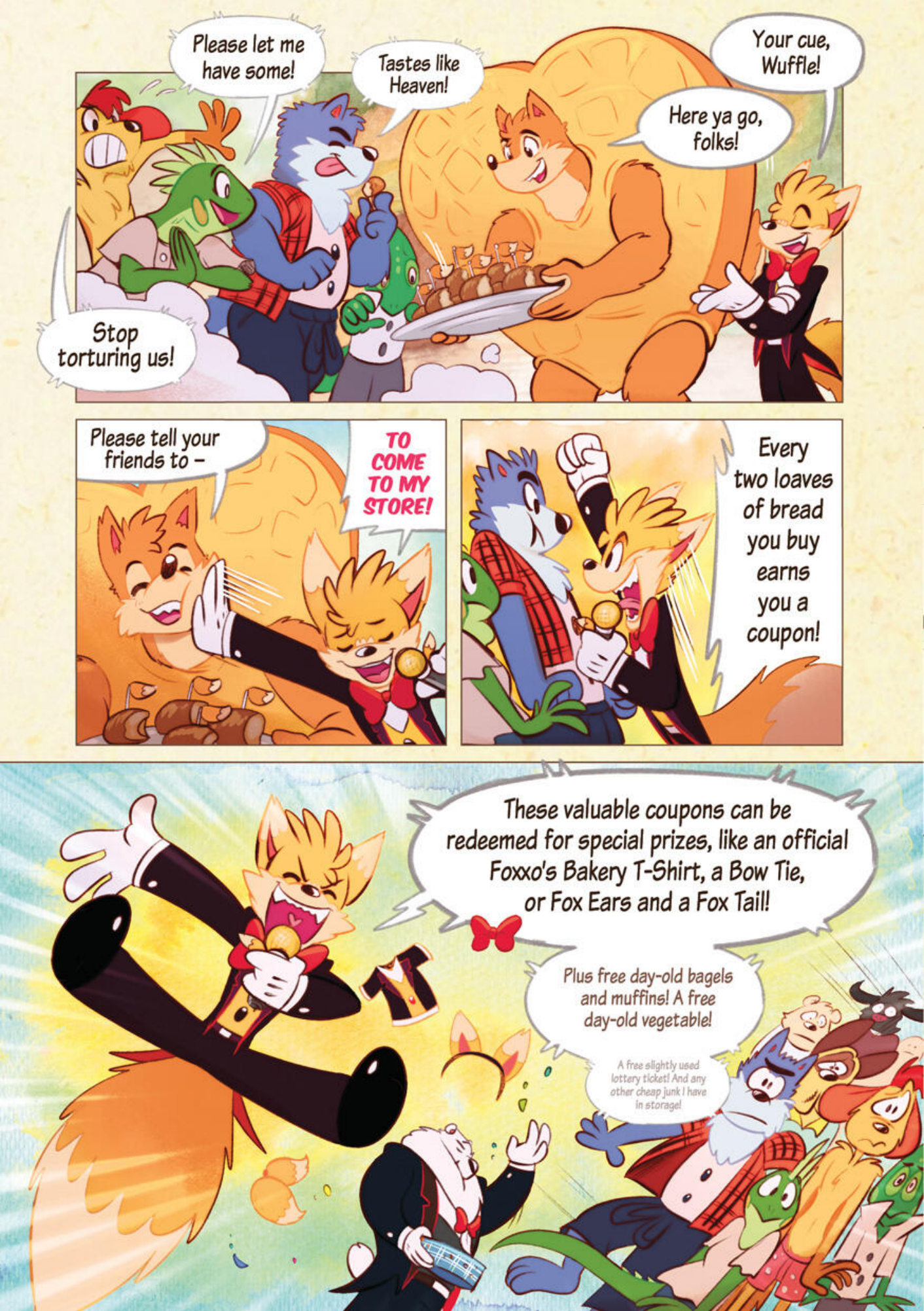
It's the new Cinnamon Bre-


BREAD! So yummy! Blurrrrgghhh...
EWWW!

Oh no, Debbita!
Oh my...
Sigh...
I knew this would happen. I should've trusted my instincts...
FOXXO!
I'm so sorry, Foxxo, I'll try to fix –
It's okay, Wuff. I failed as a manager. It's my responsibility.
Please help me fix this, Mrs. Hazel.

SUCH INCREDIBLE BREAD! SO TASTY!
WHA?!
This cinnamon bread will be a great gift for my kids!
Mrs. Hazel?
AHEM!
Tell me more, tell me more.
Is it love at first bite?
Puipui, you know why this bread is the best, right?
!
...!!!
Foxxo! What's going on?
Stay calm, just play along...

First, you remove the crust... What a luscious, golden brown it is...
Then, you eat the soft, cinnamon center...mmm.
And last, you eat the crust! With just a hint of honey-sweetness...
Foxxo's very own special recipe will make this bread unlike any you've ever tasted...
I WANT IT NOW!
It sure looks delicious!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!
Show them how much you love it!
Nom!
OH MY -
GOSH!!


Please let me have some!
Tastes like Heaven!
Your cue, Wuffle!
Here ya go, folks!
Stop torturing us!
Please tell your friends to –
TO COME TO MY STORE!
Every two loaves of bread you buy earns you a coupon!
These valuable coupons can be redeemed for special prizes, like an official Foxxo's Bakery T-Shirt, a Bow Tie, or Fox Ears and a Fox Tail!
Plus free day-old bagels and muffins! A free day-old vegetable!
A free slightly used lottery ticket! And any other cheap junk I have in storage!

cough
...
Just... go buy my bread.
LET ME THROUGH!
HUNGRY !!!
GIMME THAT BREAD!!!
OUT OF MY WAY!
CLOSED

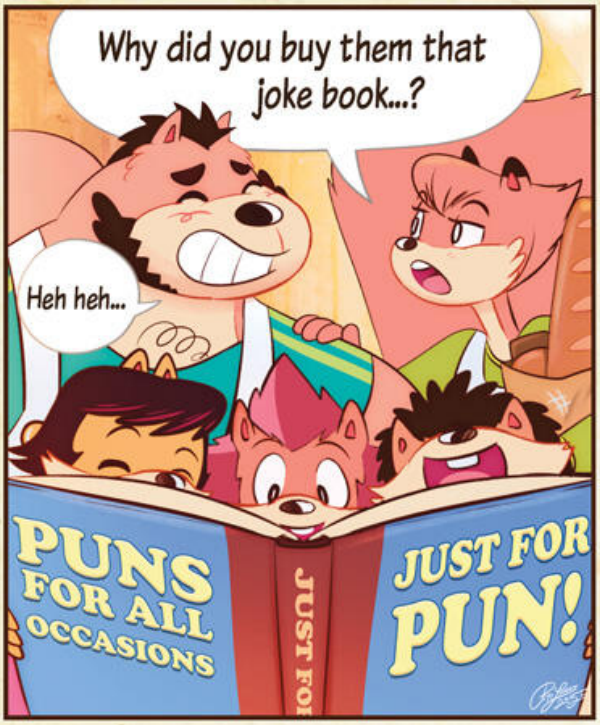
Thank you, everyone, for all your hard work today.
You're welcome, Foxxo!
And I'm sorry, Puipui...
For calling you lazy before.
You did a great job.
I...I just do my best. Now, if you'll excuse me, time to hibernate...
WAIT!
You and Debbita almost messed up everything! I need you both to stay and bake more bread for tomorrow!
WHAT?! But...I... Wuffle, help!!!
That's not what I meant!
Sure, I can help bake more bread!
As long as I get my donuts, yay!

THE END

So, you kids were selling bread?
Yeah, we really BUTTERED UP the customers!

At first we thought the idea was HALF-BAKED...
But without our help, Foxxo would be TOAST!

If he didn't sell enough bread...
He wouldn't make any DOUGH!

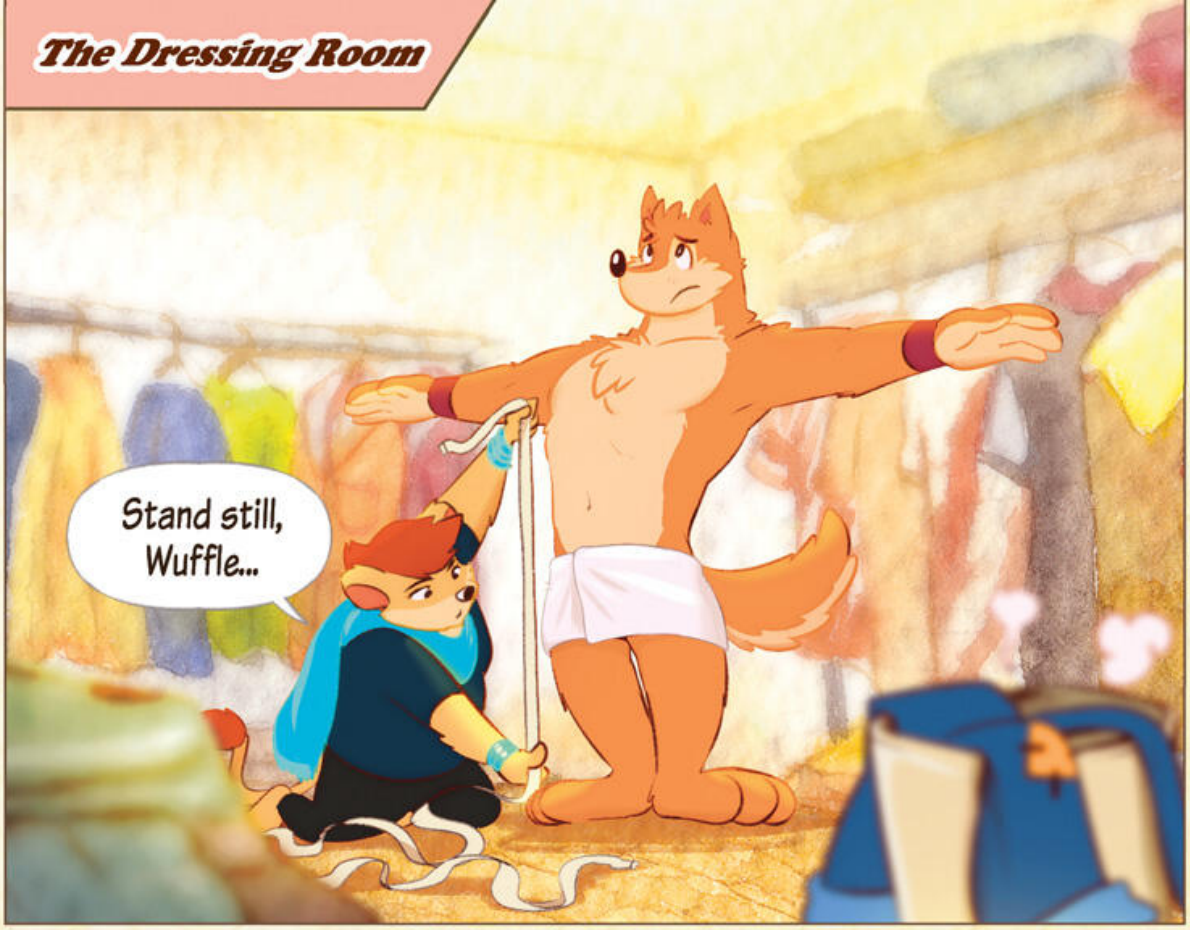

Why did you buy them that joke book...?
Heh heh...
PUNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
JUST FOR PUN!

STORY by Gus, Piti Yindee and Leonard Kirke / CHARACTER ART AND COLORING by Piti Yindee /
BACKGROUNDS by Mik / SCRIPT WRITING AND PROOFREADING by Leonard Kirke

Café Vanon
Here's your cappuccino, Matty.
Wow! This is Shellock Houses' shell! Thanks, Vanon!
Shellock Houses is so cool! Have you read the latest book yet?
My word, Matilda! Your outfit is so...plain.
Betzy, it's a shell...
What do you expect?!
At least paint it, or use some glitter!
Uh oh.
The coffee machine is acting weird again...

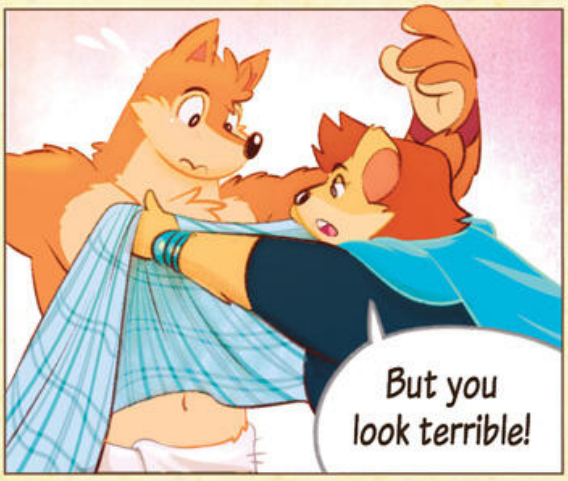
I know someone who can fix it.
Really?
Oh no, don't tell me...
Hiya, folks!
Hi, Wuffle! You're as fast as always.
How can I help?
Ah, the coffee machine.
Yes, Wuffle. Can you fix it?
Eh?
NOT IN THAT OUTFIT!

Those overalls are SO APPALLING!
Sorry, this is the only outfit I have. They're perfect work clothes.
Then let me WORK on them!
!
WHAM!
Geez... now I've gotta run this place alone...
No you don't! I can help until Betzy comes back!
Thank you.


Stand still, Wuffle...

You don't need to go to all this trouble, Betzy.
I can fix the machine here, if you don't want the customers to see me...

It's not about that... You're a great guy, Wuff.


But you look terrible!

Being a farmer doesn't mean you have to go out wearing tattered, patched-up overalls all the time!
Dressing fashionably shows people that you can take care of yourself, and that you're a responsible, reliable person.
For instance, Foxxo's suits are impeccable.
I always admire his sense of style.
I want to prove I can make anyone look that good...

Please welcome...the new and improved Wuffle!
Eh heh heh...
Ready to order, sir?
WHOOSH!
WOW!!!
A sleek, upgraded style...
More pockets...
Perfect for any situation!
It sure is beautiful.
Riiiight?
Thanks, Betzy.
RRRIP!

Whoops...
I guess it's a little delicate for my line of work...
PLINK!
RRRRRRIP!
I-I should start fixing the machine now...
SPLOTCH!
No, no, no...
RRRRRIIIIP!
SPLAT!
WHAM WHAM WHAM!
CREEEEEAK!
And...done!

The machine is back in business, folks!
NONONO!!!
WUFFLE!!!
THE SUIT...! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO SHOW IT OFF!!!
NOT DESTROY IT!!!
Calm down, Betzy!
I...I love the suit you made, Betzy...
It's just... I'm not sure it's so great to wear while I work...

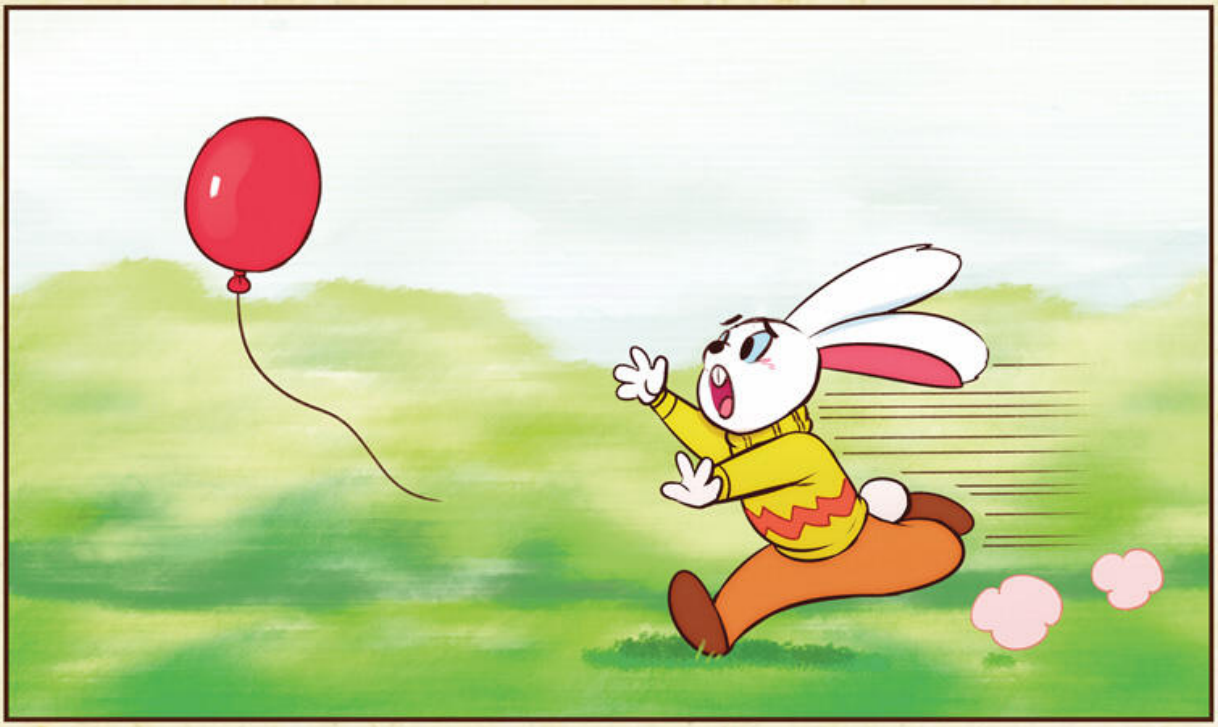
The old overalls aren't fancy, but they're great for fixing stuff and farming. They were a gift from my friends, and that makes me proud to wear them...
So...I failed as a designer...
I was only focused on what I like...
Don't be sad, Betzy.
If I need a fancy suit, you're the first person I'll call.

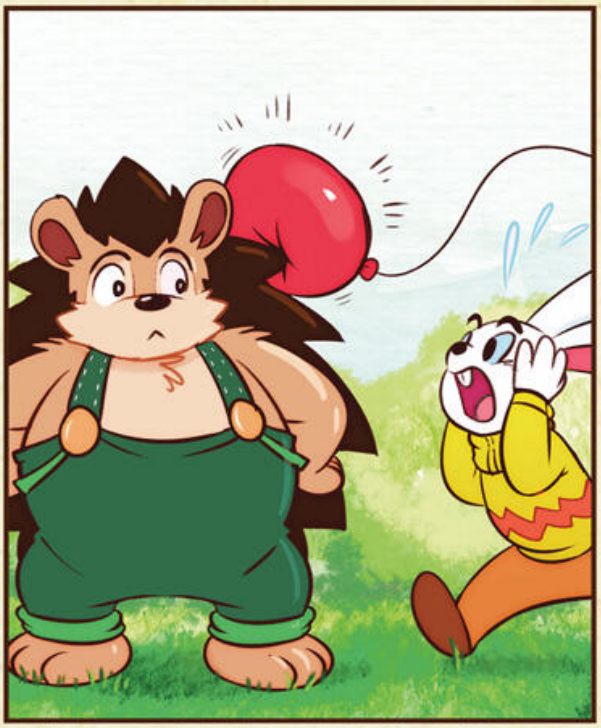
And now today's work is done!
Heehee.
WHOOSH!
I'm back.
We're back!
And the overalls are back!
Now that looks like Wuffle.

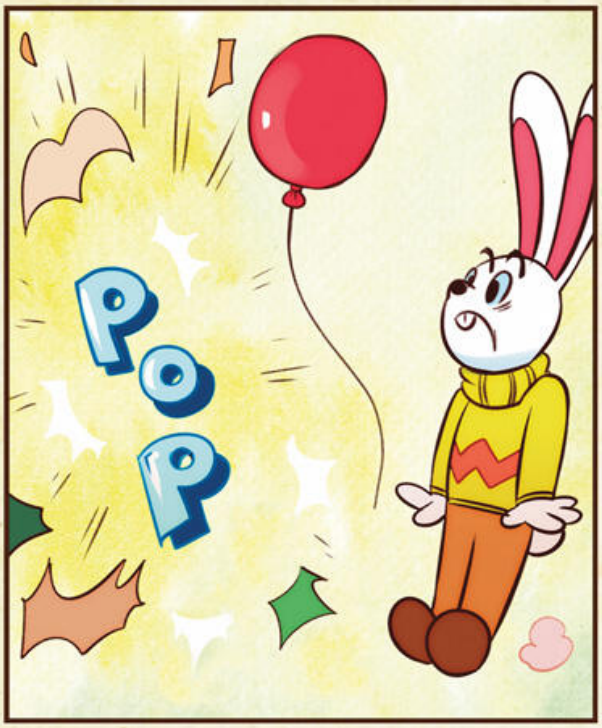
I'm still not a fan of overalls, but... Wuffle really needs them. So, I upgraded them with stronger material.
She is such a great designer! I love how they feel!
It looks way better.
The overalls are on the house, Wuffle.
!!!
But I've gotta pay you!
You fixed our coffee machine, so consider it a fair trade.
Man, what a day, huh?
Yeah...
You actually pull off that old-fashioned look.

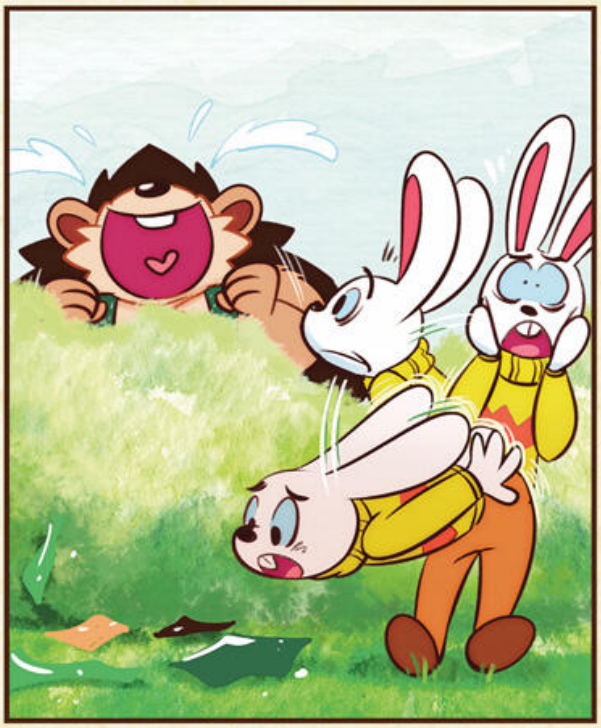
So, how about I get you a coffee, to say thanks for all your help?
Oh wow, another cappuccino would be awesome!
Thanks! What's this ...?
Hmm?
Aha! It's the cover from "Shellock Houses: A Study in Spade."
R-right! It's such a classic, hahaha!
They sure love those mystery novels, eh?

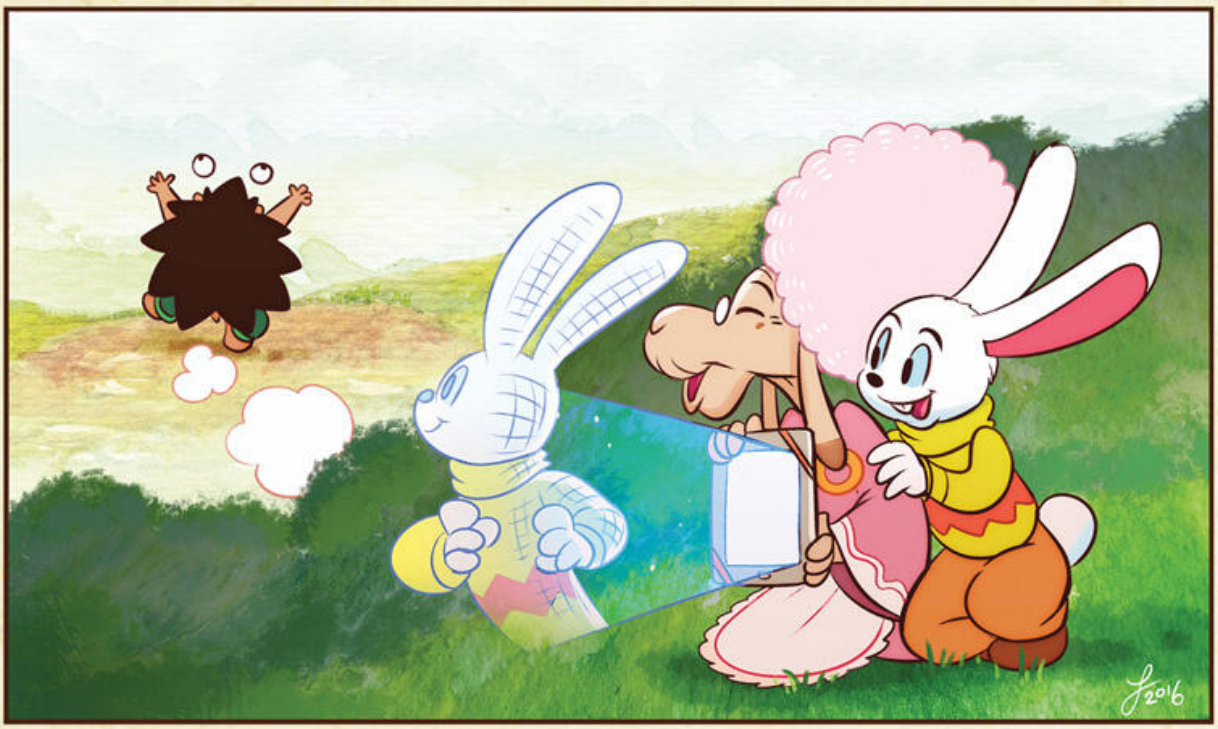
THE END






POP




2016

It's so hot today...
Eh?
Let's buy an air conditioner...
Don't be silly, Puipui!
Just be one with nature!
BE the gentle breeze!
BE the sunshine!
Be...the... sunshine...
OH NO!

Wooo!
I'm back!
DING
YAY!

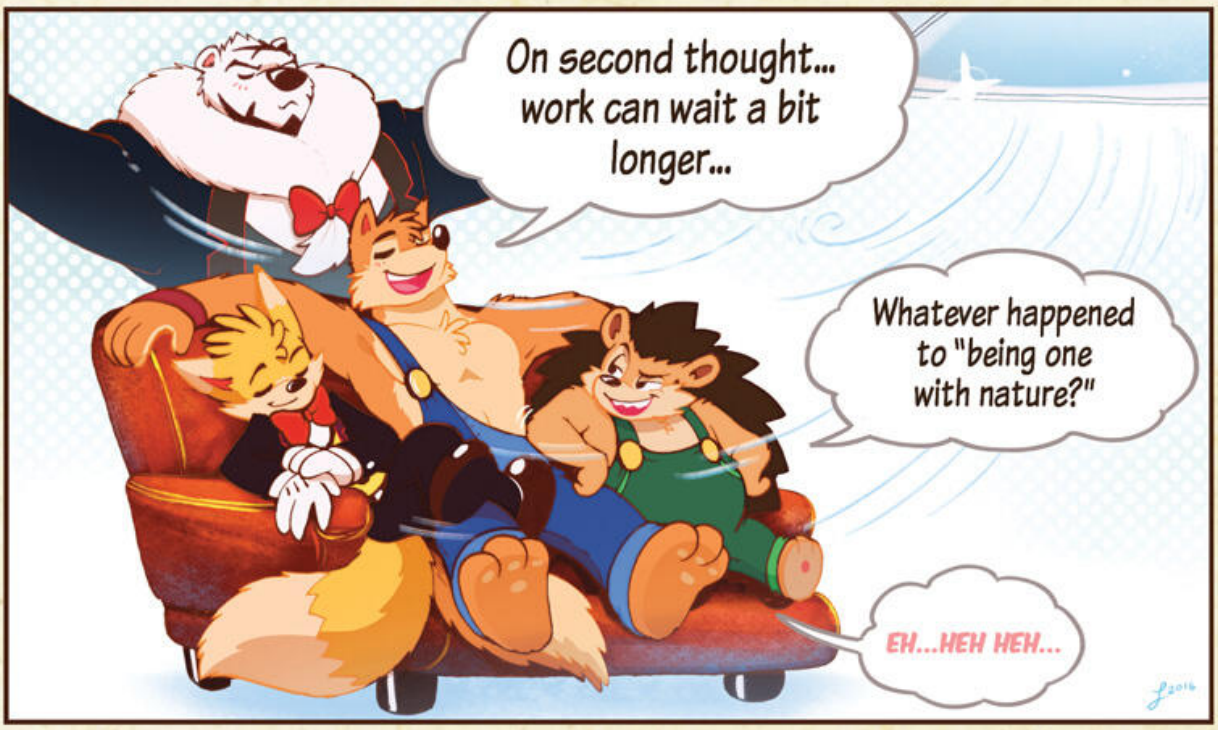
Let's visit Foxxo, his air conditioner will cool you down.
FWUMP!
P-p-perfect timing, Wuff. M-my air conditioner is acting weird a-and I need you to f-f-fix it.

The air conditioner is back to normal.
Thank you.
Why was it making snow in the first place?

Because of YOU, sir! Don't you remember "improving" it?
WHOOPS ...

I'm heading back to work. Please take care of Puipui!
Okay, Wuff.

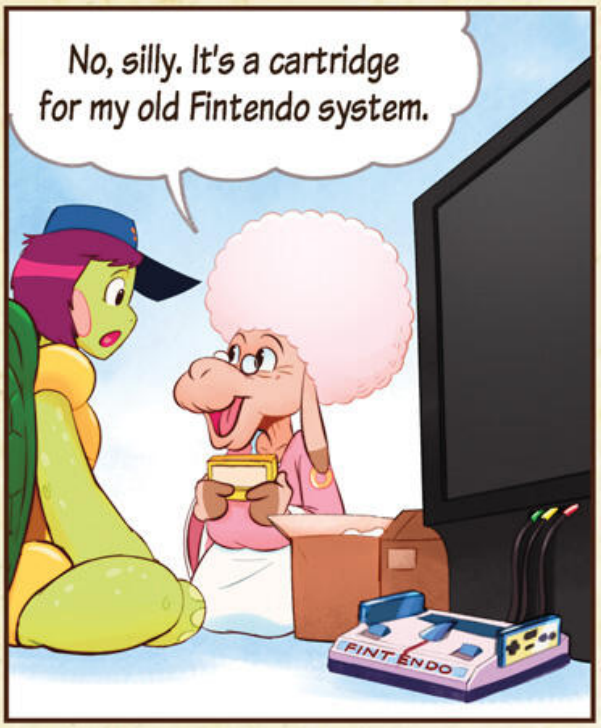
PLOP


On second thought... work can wait a bit longer...
Whatever happened to "being one with nature?"
EH...HEH HEH...

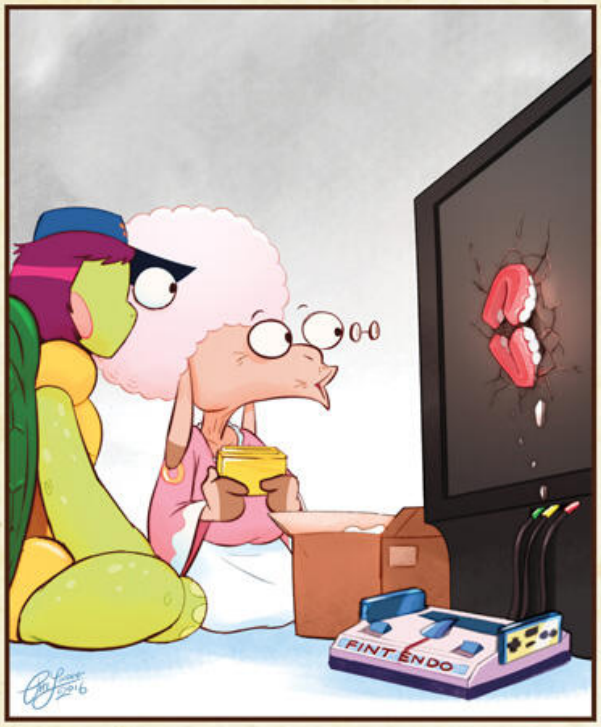
CRACK
CRACK

Time for my morning exercise!
WHOA!
That's impressive, Deb!
Thanks!
But that's nothing. Watch this!
She's so flexible...
How can you do that?!
And I can do this, and this, and even this!
SNAP!
CRACK!
KRICK!
POP!
Oh...my gosh...

Thanks for delivering my game, dear! Follow me, I'll show you how it works.
Is it a board game?


No, silly. It's a cartridge for my old Fintendo system.
FINT ENDO

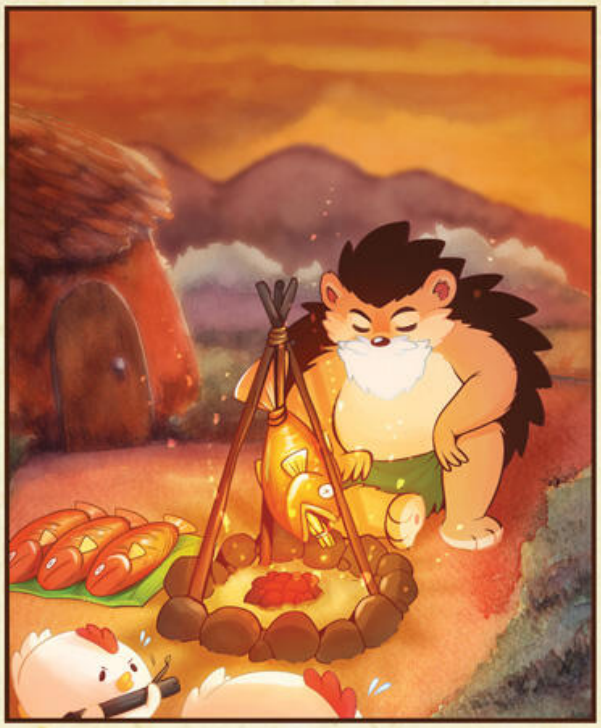
Sometimes you have to clear out the dust in these old cartridges...
FWOOSH!


FINT ENDO

It should work now, ma'am.
Thank you, dear.
LET'S START!
BZZAP
VZORRRP!
WHA?!
WUFFLE!
COOL BEANS!

GUIDE US WITH THE CONTROLLER SO WE CAN BREAK FREE!
OKAY, THAT WAS TOO HARD. LET'S TRY THIS GAME.
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?
AUNTY PINKY!
STILL TOO TOUGH? KIDS THESE DAYS...
BE CAREFUL!
GAH!

FINISH LINE!
WOOHOO!
That was so much fun!
I saved them... I did it... and it only took... 3 days...
Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, B, A, Start.
I feel like a teenager again!
FWUMP!



PUIPUI, THE BIG NICE HEDGEHOG!
つづく

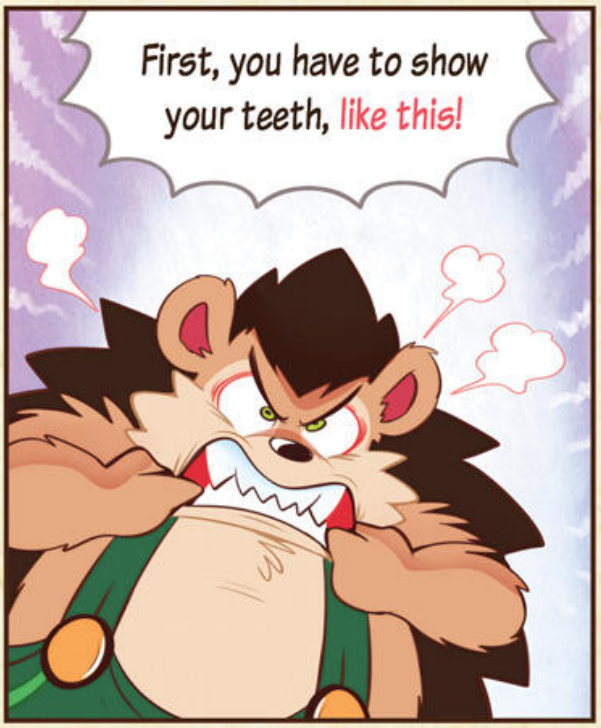
This year's school play will be "Little Red Riding Hood!"
YES, MA'AM!

Damien, you handle the tickets. Almond, you'll play the lead role!
Aye, aye!
WHOA!

And who looks grumpy, angry, and dangerous enough to play the Big Bad Wolf?
AHA!

What's up, kids?

The kids want you to play the Big Bad Wolf? No sweat! I'll teach you how to be bad!


First, you have to show your teeth, like this!

Then you hold up your arms, to pounce! Feel the anger!

LIKE THIS?
We've got a long way to go...

You've come to the right place if you want a costume for your play.
Tada! Big Bad Wuff and Little Red Riding Hood!
WOW!
GRRR...
That's not it! Crouching Wuffle, Hidden Red Hood!
WHOA...
HI-YA!
How about this? Red Riding Hood: IN SPACE!
Please stop...

DRESSING ROOM
This is perfect for Little Red Riding Hood, eh?
Umm, Vanon?

Hmm?
You used to wear a chest binder, right? What did it feel like?

Well, it was... hot and sweaty and hard to breathe, haha! But it did its job.

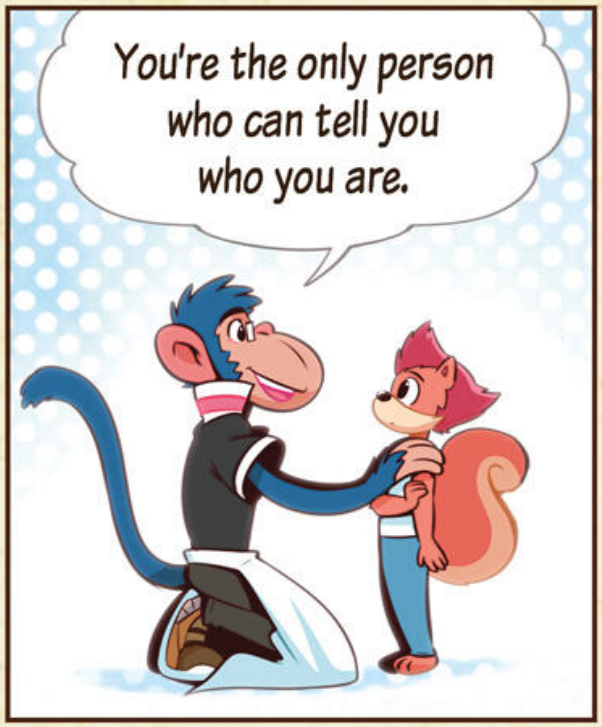
Why? Would you like to try one?
WHA ?!?!?!

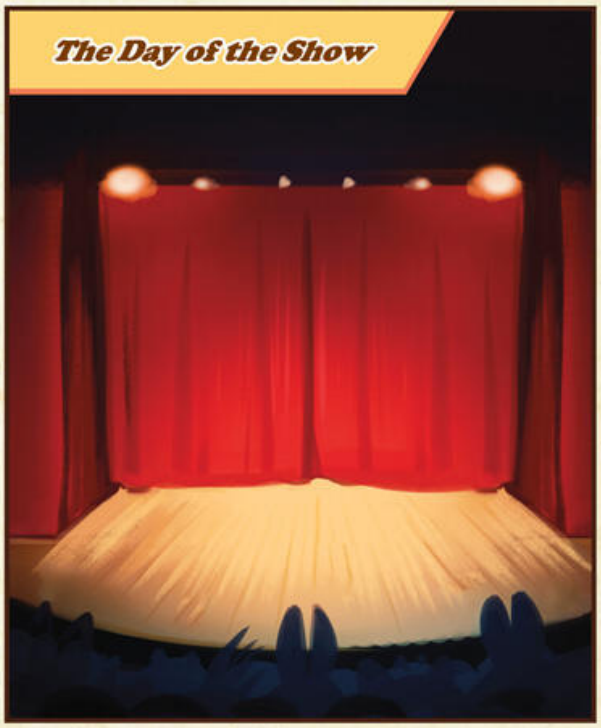
WOW
...
You'll need a little time to get used to it.
If you ever choose to wear one, you'll need to learn how to wear it safely...
I LOOK SO COOL!
You weren't listening, were you?

You might not need this now, but let me know whenever you do.
...
Thanks, Vanon. Hey...is it really okay for me to look more like a boy?
I mean, you've always known you were a boy, but... I think I'm neither.

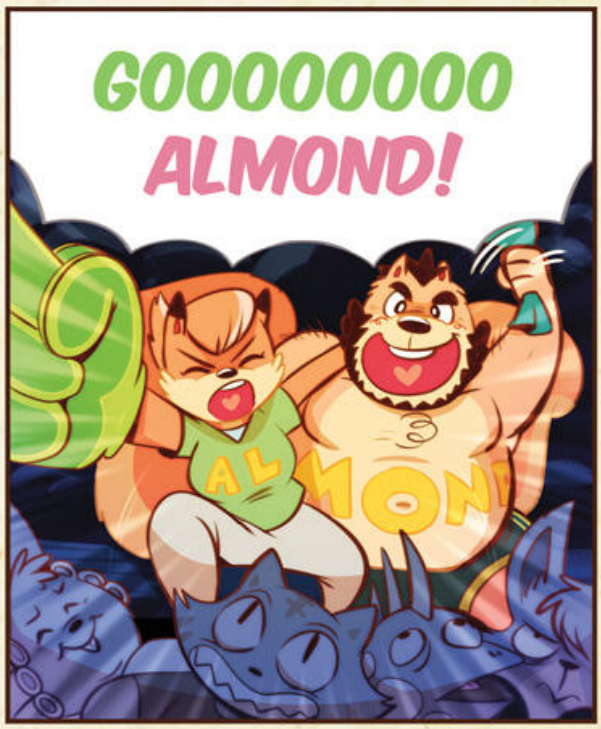
Well...

Feeling like neither a boy nor a girl is just as valid as feeling like one or the other.


You're the only person who can tell you who you are.


The Day of the Show

So many people! I'm nervous...
Don't worry!
Mom and Dad are here to cheer you on.


GOOOOOOOO ALMOND!

I'M EVEN MORE NERVOUS NOW!
HAHAHA!

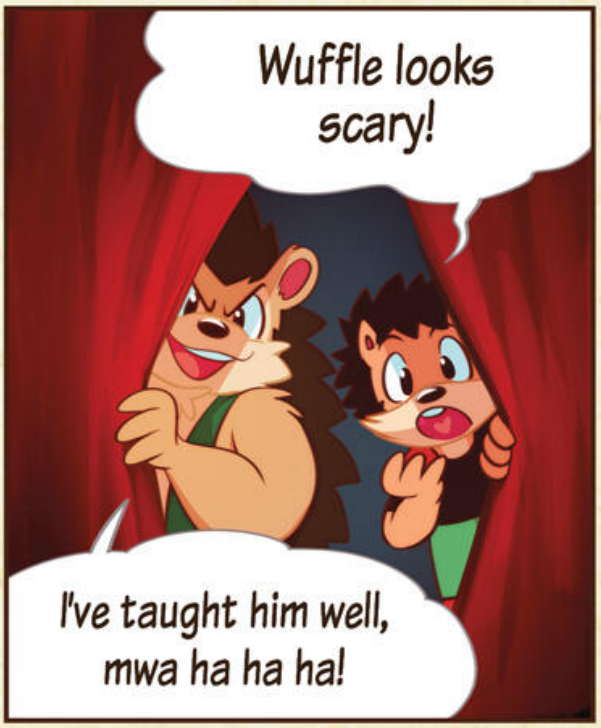
Our play begins with Little Red Riding Hood visiting the bakery, to buy treats for their grandmother...

Welcome to FOXXO'S BAKERY! May I help you?
Hello! Does your bakery have any special sales today?

Of course! Today at FOXXO'S BAKERY, buy one loaf of rye bread and get two gingerbread cookies for free!
!

What?! This isn't part of the play!
It's called product placement!
Producing a play isn't cheap, you know.

As Little Red Riding Hood walks to Grandma's house, a sinister figure appears...
Where are you going, huh?!


Wuffle looks scary!
I've taught him well, mwa ha ha ha!

I'm on my way to my grandma's house, but... I'm lost.
Well, well, well! In that case...

I know the way! I'll give you a lift!
YAY!

Um, Red Riding Hood finds Grandma sick in bed.
Why Grandma, what big paws you have!
And what big eyes you have!
The better to see you...
And what soft fur you have!
Yes, dear... the better to...
Give you big warm hugs!
WHAT ?!!!!!

THAT was supposed to be the
BIG BAD WOLF?!

You should show your fangs, big and scary!

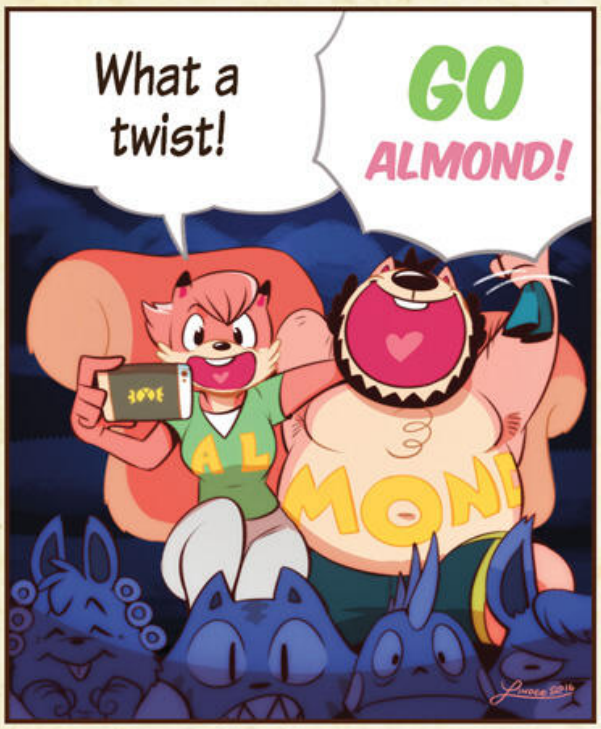
Raise your claws, ready to
POUNCE!

Feel the ang...er...oh.

The...haha... the REAL Big Bad Wolf appeared!
WHAT?!

I was undercover as Grandma, to lure him out!
HUH?!

I was undercover too! I am the PRINCETTE KNIGHT! Here to defeat you!
THIS IS WAY OFF-SCRIPT!


What a twist!
GO ALMOND!

Suddenly, the Undercover Wolf destroyed the bed!
TRASH

Maybe he was a real Big Bad Wolf after all!
W-what are you doing, Wuff-?!

AHHHHHH!

Your armor is finished, O Royal Princette!
Excellent work!

LET THEM FIGHT!
RAWW WWR!
YAAAAA HHH!
...Enjoy this free baguette.
Eat and be merry, friend. No one goes hungry in my kingdom.
With the true enemy, hunger, defeated, Princette Almond saves the day!

IT'S ACTUALLY MAKEUP!
ARG HHHH!

CHECKUP DAY
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
Your heart is beating very fast again...
I'm sorry, but I get so excited when you're so close!
How about now? Still not used to it?
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
You're gonna make me faint!
Then I'd better take extra special care of your heart!
*SMOOCH SMOOCH SMOOCH
SMOOCH SMOOCH!*

Ah, another beautiful morning!
G'morning, Wuff! Wanna go on a carrot hunt with me?
Good morning, Deb! Count me in!
Your dad is going, too!

I-I can't go now... I need to take care of Puipui....
Oh?
What are you two doing up so early? *yawn...*

I think I've learned how to take care of myself by now, Wuff!
See? He'll be fine! Let's go!

Uh, but I also have to... fix the closet!
CRASH!

This is broken too!
I'm SO busy!
CRACK
He really doesn't want to go, eh?

What's wrong, Wuff?
You don't wanna go?
It's not that,
it's...my dad. I mean...

Mom and Dad live separately.
I rarely see them.
Last time I met Dad,
he didn't want to stay...

If I see him, I'm afraid
I'll ask him to stay. Again.
And if his answer's the same,
I don't think I can take it...

Well, the offer still stands
if you wanna come with us.

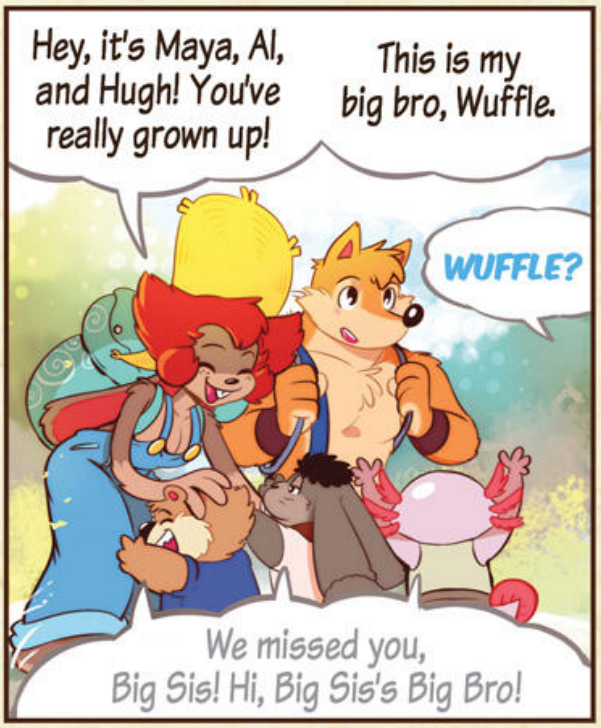
Your dad is bringing the kids from the orphanage, too!

He's still traveling and taking care of kids...
Delicious...*drools*

sigh I hope going on this trip wasn't a mistake...

So how long until we reach this mysterious carrot forest?
Usually by the time I finish my fortieth lunchbox... *nom nom*

BIG SIS! DEBBB!


Hey, it's Maya, Al, and Hugh! You've really grown up!
This is my big bro, Wuffle.
WUFFLE?
We missed you, Big Sis! Hi, Big Sis's Big Bro!

Is that you, Son?!

You're too big to hide behind Debbita, ha!
Hi, Dad! Long time no see!

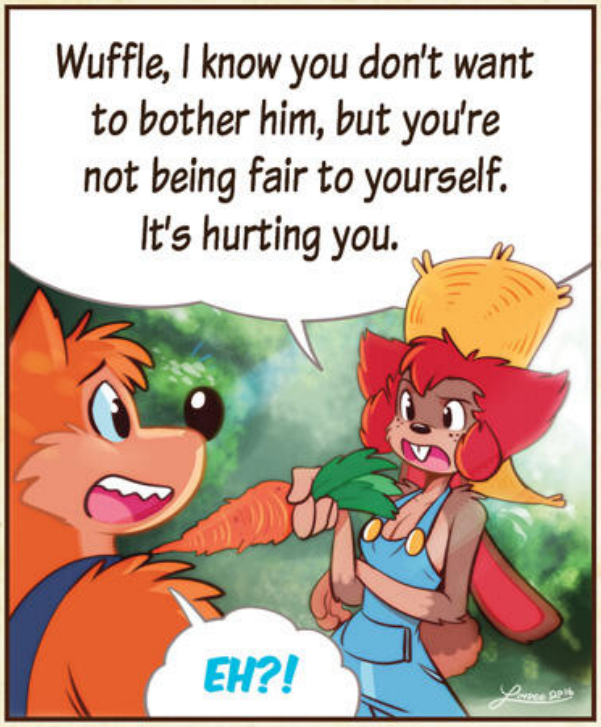
COME HERE, you little fluff!
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I'VE MISSED YOU!
Still wearing the overalls your mom bought you, I see!
Actually, these are new. I missed you, Da-
NOT FAIR! Hug us too, Daddy!
MWA HA HA!

Kids, grab the equipment. It's time to hunt some carrots!
Your magical satchel bag!
Same one I've used since you were born.
I'm so glad you're here.
smooches
Let's hunt all the carrots!
Hooray!
Yippee!

You and Dad seem to be getting along okay. It makes me wonder why he doesn't want to stay home with you.

Well, when I mentioned it, he said no, and I never asked why...

It's okay, Dad! Sorry for asking!
He just seemed really uncomfortable, so I changed the subject. I don't wanna cause him trouble...


Wuffle, I know you don't want to bother him, but you're not being fair to yourself. It's hurting you.
EH?!

You can't suppress your feelings to please someone, especially if something is important to you.

Being honest about your feelings, that's being nice to him. You have to let him know what you want, Wuff.

That their kids need them?

Ha! You played Aunty Pinky's videogame for three days?!

And what about Puipui? How's he doing?
Same as always!
Ha, I'll bet! Good ol' Puipui!

yawn The kids have the right idea. I'm off to sleep. Goodnight Dad, Wuff.
!
G'night, Deb!

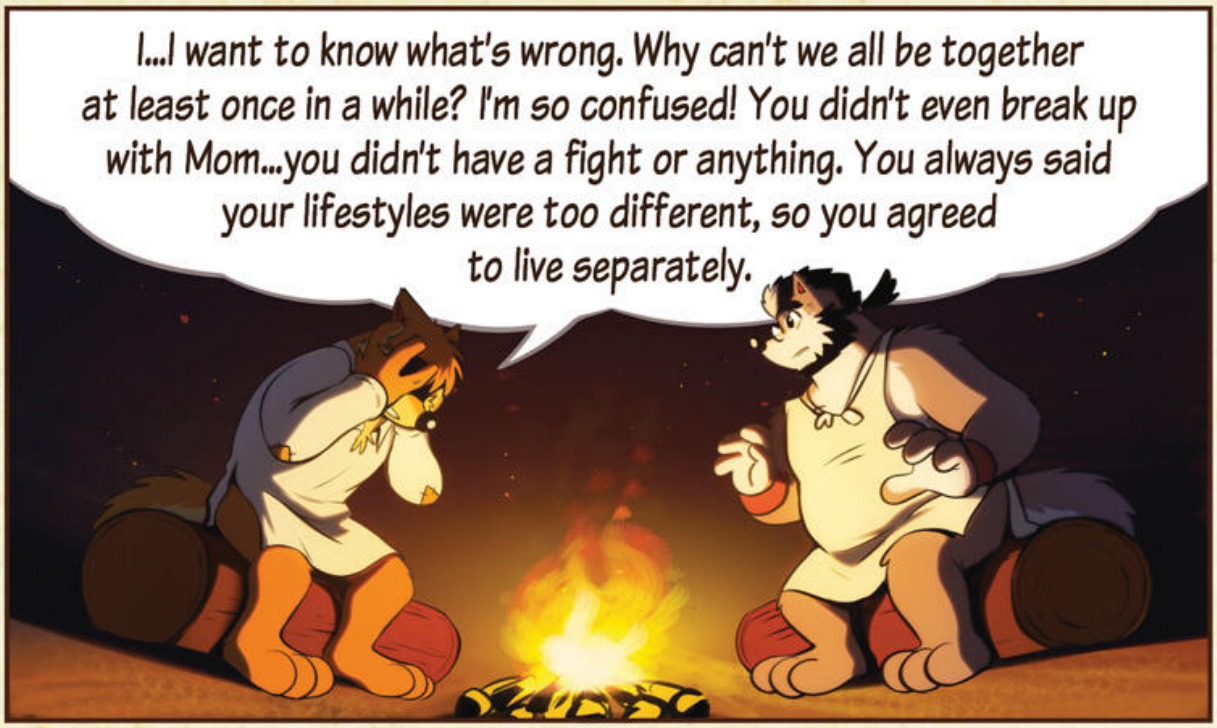
WINK

Dad... Can I talk to you about something? Remember the last time we met?
Yeah! What about it?

I was asking you to stay home, and you said no...
Oh, yeah, sorry. Things are just so busy, ya know?

No... I... I don't know, Dad. Even after all this time, you've never even given me an explanation. And I've been too afraid to ask.

But...it hurts me so, so much, knowing that you don't want to come home...


I...I want to know what's wrong. Why can't we all be together at least once in a while? I'm so confused! You didn't even break up with Mom...you didn't have a fight or anything. You always said your lifestyles were too different, so you agreed to live separately.

I just don't get it! Is it...?
Son!

Is it because of...me?!

The house... reminds me of when we were together.

Your mom and I... we still love each other. And living separately is for the best. But...

It still hurts me, every time I go back to that house. That's why I've been avoiding it.

It was never your fault, Wuffle. I'm so sorry.

Well, if the house is the problem...
You don't have to worry about that anymore.
I mean, not much of the old stuff is left since I kinda broke everything...
WHAT?!
And Puipui burned down the entire house once, too!
I AM REALLY WORRIED RIGHT NOW!

SIGH
The house is... gone?
You said it reminded you of when we were all together ...was it that bad?
No, those times were wonderful, actually. So wonderful that...it hurts, not knowing if we'll be together again...
So...you miss everyone, too?
Of course I do! It's great that we all get to live our lives the way we want, but I miss us all being together.

But...you've never told me you felt this way!
You never asked! I thought you were too old to hang out with your dad...

That's why I was so happy you came along on this trip!
I...I didn't know! You looked upset when I asked you to come home, so...

I should have told you why the first time you asked.
And I should have told you how much it means to me, to have you come home.

I love you, Dad.
I love you too, Son.

Great to hear you're gonna join us, Dad!

It's about time, eh? Besides, I gotta help you fix the house!
I'm really happy to hear that!

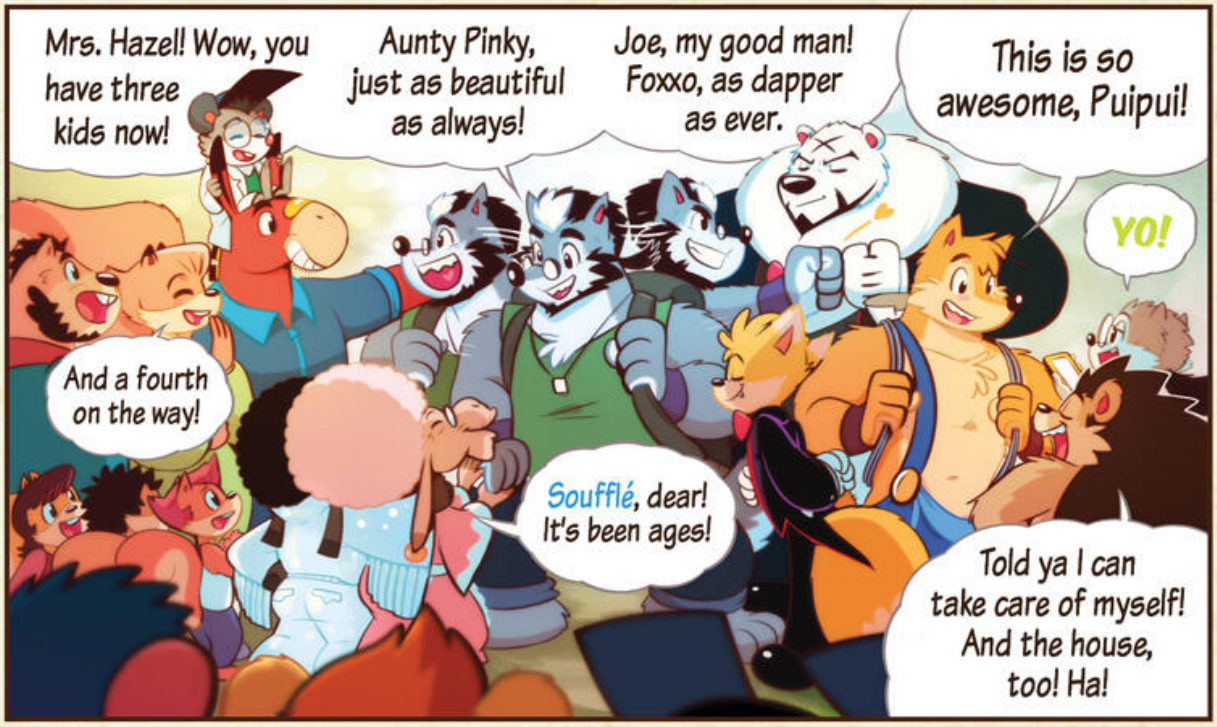
HOLY CARROTS!
You guys finally understand each other?!

GROUP HUG!
AWW...

We're here!

WHOA!

Welcome back, bud! You like what you see? Oh, hi Mr. Welwuff!
Looks like your friends had the same idea as us! Hahaha! Puipui, long time no see!
OH MY CARROTS!


Mrs. Hazel! Wow, you have three kids now!
Aunty Pinky, just as beautiful as always!
Joe, my good man! Foxxo, as dapper as ever.
This is so awesome, Puipui!
YO!
And a fourth on the way!
Soufflé, dear! It's been ages!
Told ya I can take care of myself! And the house, too! Ha!

ECLAIRE !!!
Hi, Dad.
Hi, Big Bro.

Eclaire, help!
Why are you here, too?!
hug hug hug
Deb called me. She wanted it to be a surprise!

Hi Mom. Yeah, Dad is really here. No joke. I'll let you two talk.
Mom won't be here?!
hug hug hug

AHEM... H-hi, d-dear...
It's too sudden and she's busy!
Oh, well... I've got you!

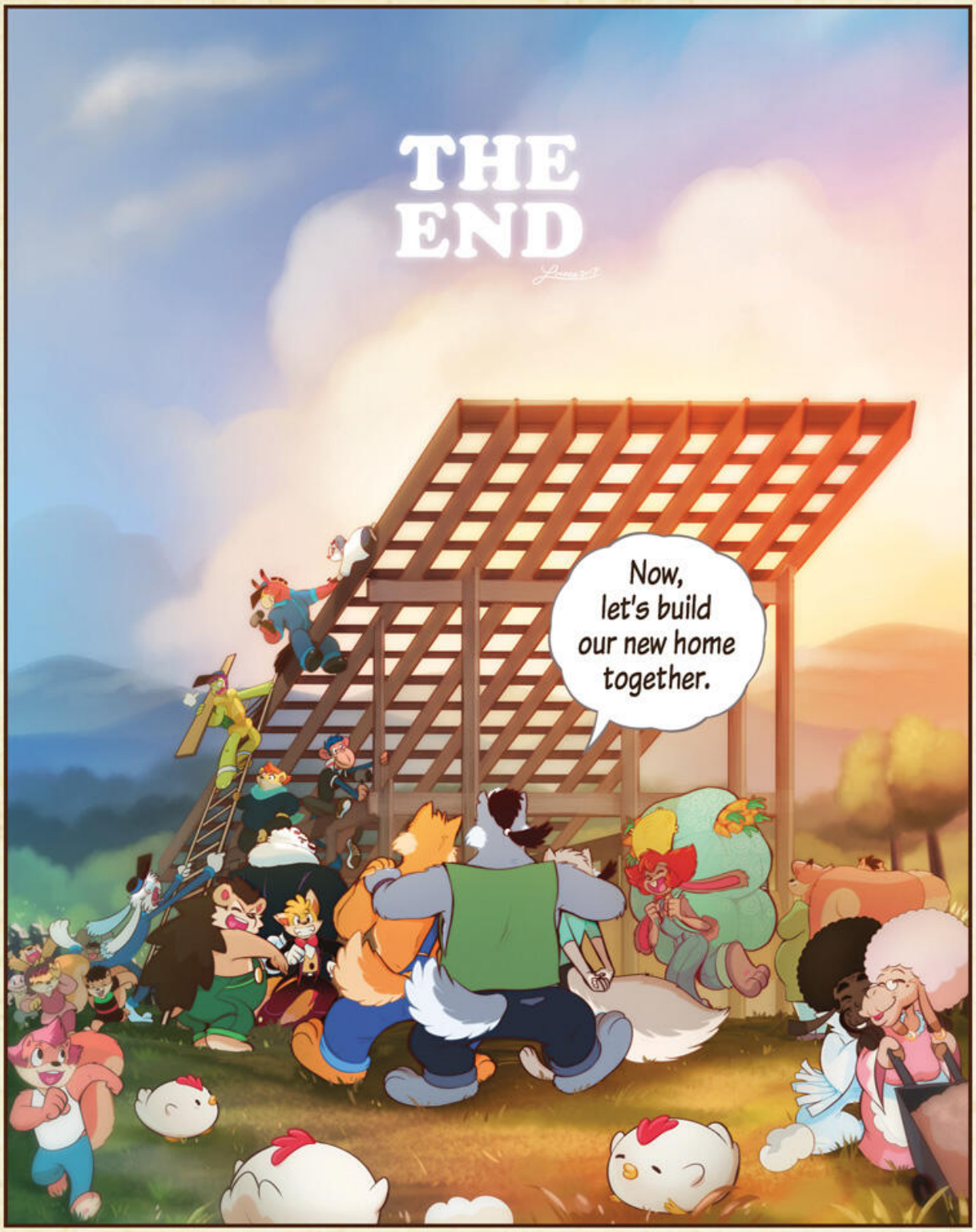
Sorry, dear. It's all my fault, heh...
You are always like this! You never plan ahead, so we never get to visit together!
POOF!

Here, Wuff. Your mom wants to talk to you.
!

...Hi, Mom?
Wuffle! How are you, Son? It's been so long!
I'm...I'm fine! I really miss you, Mom! How are you?
I'm really busy, honey. I'm so sorry I can't be with you right now. But maybe next Christmas we can all finally get together!
YINDEE & KIRKE
City Food Pantry

I'll call you as soon as I finish work tonight, okay?
I can't wait! I love you, Mom! Bye!
I love you too!
Mom sent you a photo

Are you okay, Son?
I haven't seen her for so long...
Can you send me that photo of her?
So I can see her, until we're really all together again.
You don't have a phone, silly.
OOPS.
Looks like I need to get one now...
We can go buy a new phone for you.
Really? Thanks!
You've finally learned to embrace the future, Wuffle.


THE END
Now, let's build our new home together.

It's been almost 10 years since our editor, Gus, and I started a project about a wolf named "Wuffle."

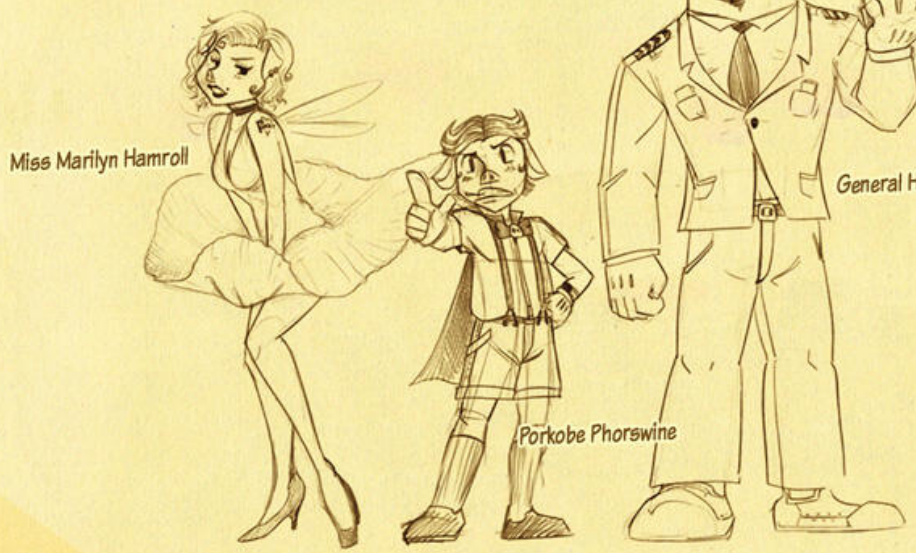
Back in 2008, Wuffle was designed to be the protagonist of game that shared his name.

Here are some early designs and sketches of our big nice wolf:

Wuffle's design was a parody of wolves in old, classic cartoons: a pointy muzzle, a round, black nose, and sharp cheek fur.

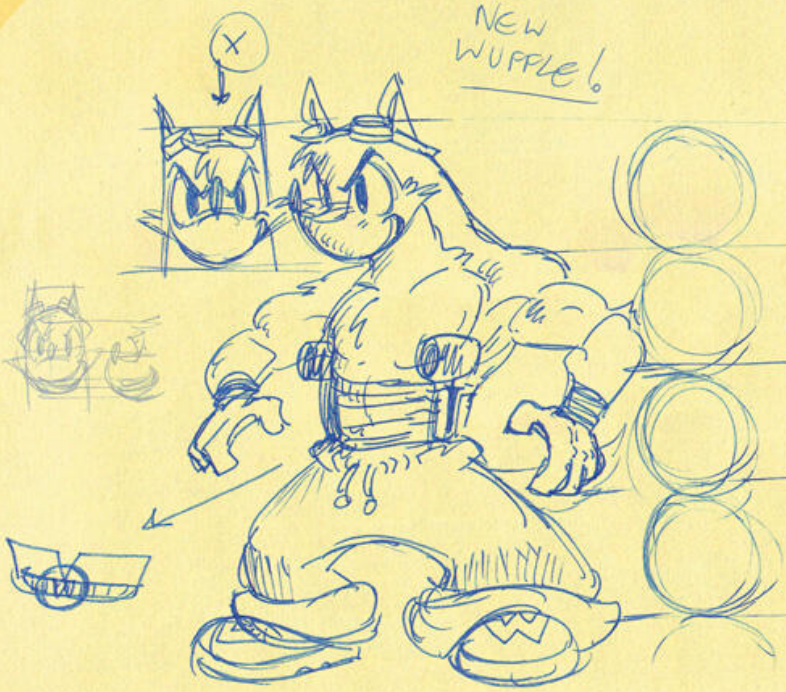
Wuffle lived on a farm with no money. So we made him wear a patched vest, broken shoes, and...no pants!

THE THREE EVIL PIGS



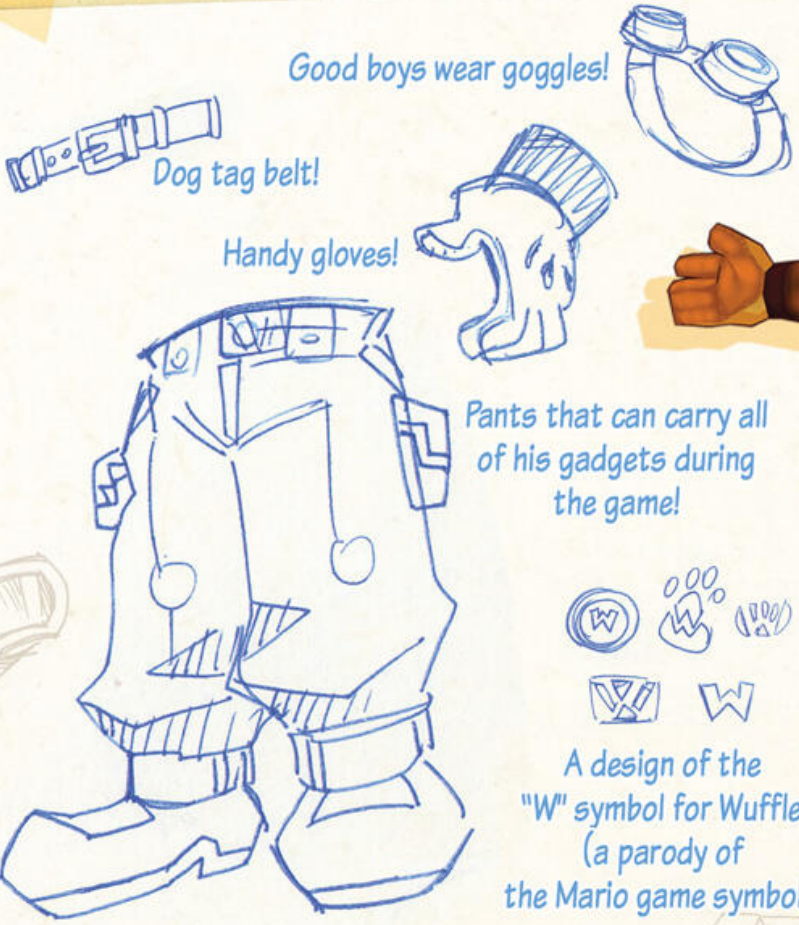
The project was supposed to be a platform game about Wuffle fighting "The Three Evil Pigs," as he tried to stop them from destroying his land and turning the forest into a bunch of big factories.

Sometimes we gave him a towel, and took away the shoes.



The final design of Wuffle in the game was less of a poor farmer and more of an adventurer, ready for combat.

We wanted to make a 2-D platformer but with a 3-D sprite. At that time I had no idea how to make a 3-D model (I still don't) but the result was good enough for testing.

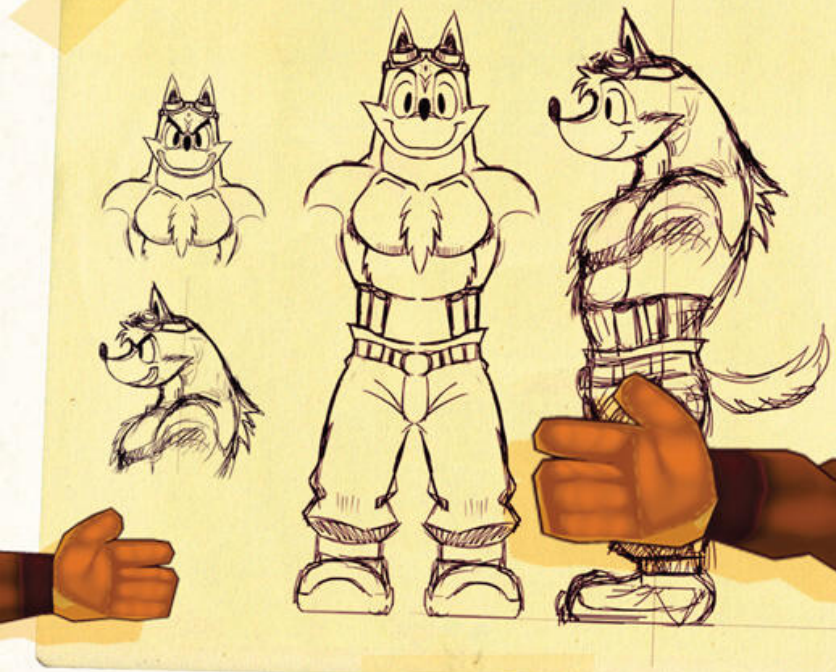


A design of the "W" symbol for Wuffle (a parody of the Mario game symbol).

Unfortunately, we never actually had time to work on the project, and it was eventually cancelled due to our busy college schedules.

Early CG model.

Front and back drawing of Wuffle for making the 3-D model.

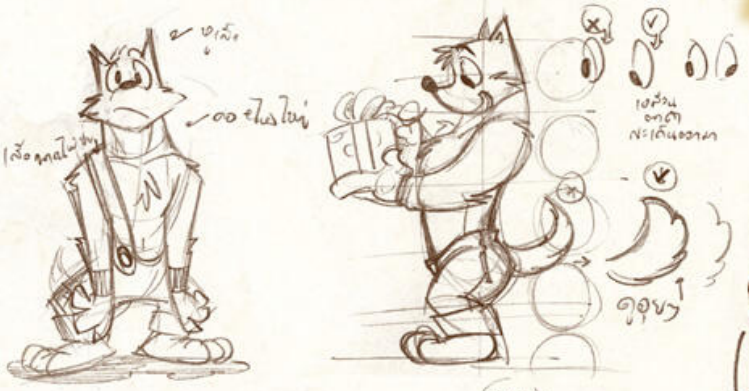


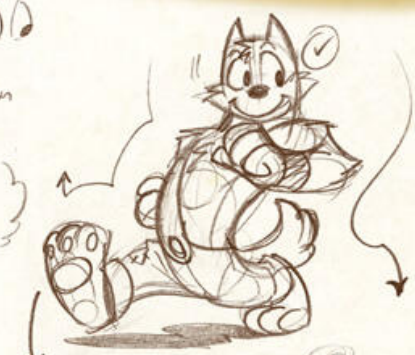
Final CG model.

Fast forward to 2012. I finished college and was about to quit my job. I was really in love with Wuffle's design. I wanted to see him come to life in some form. If he can't be in a game, I thought, then he can be in something else. And that's when I started working on the Wuffle Comics project.

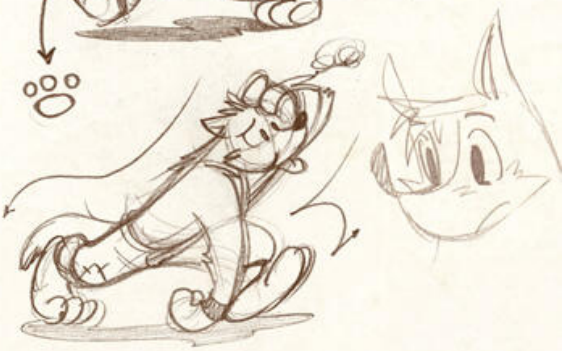
Early redesign of Wuffle and Foxxo. Wuffle still had 2-strap suspenders!

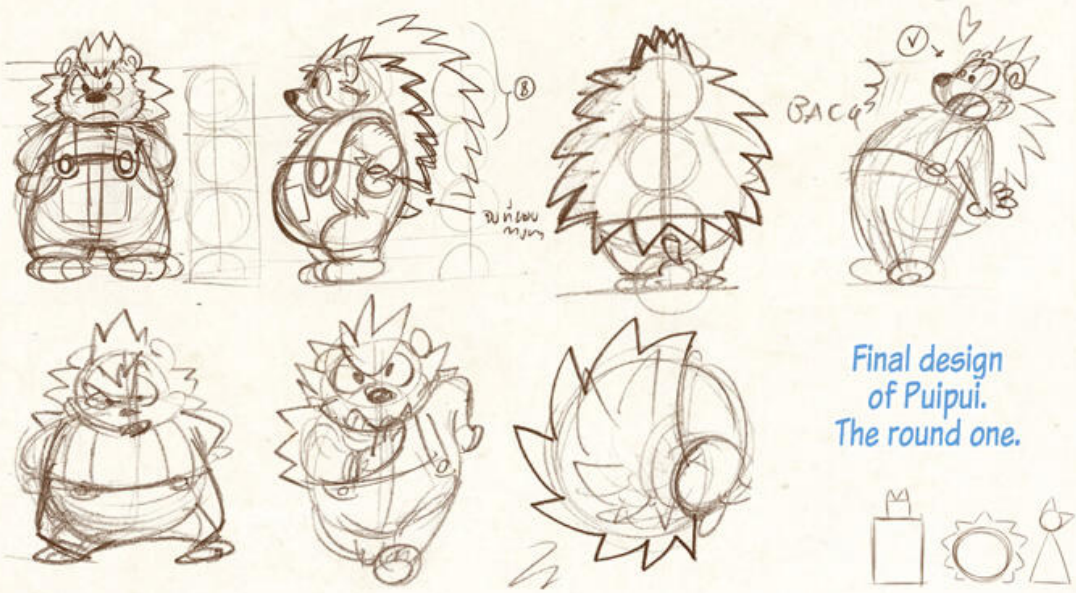
The idea was simple: I wanted Wuffle to be a comic for everyone, for people of all ages. I wanted to bring back the charm of the good old classic cartoons we saw when we were young.



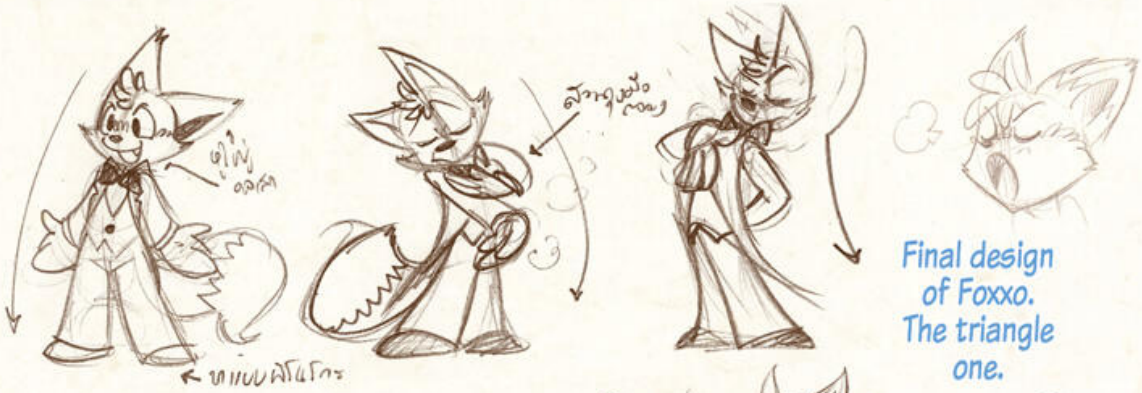


Final design of Wuffle. The square one.

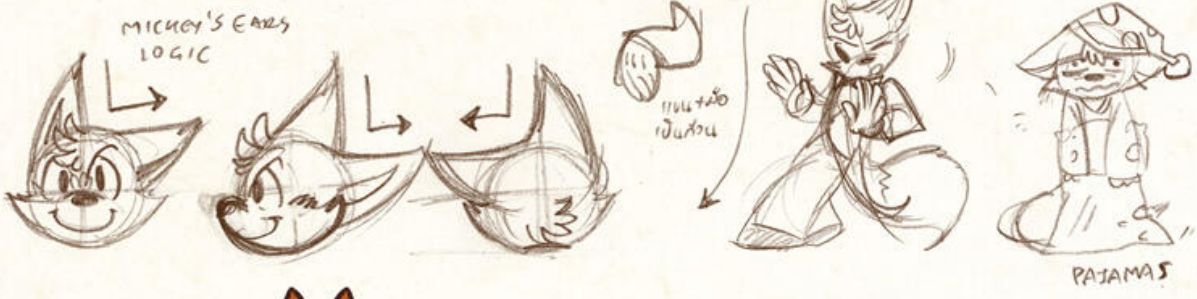




Final design of Puipui. The round one.



Final design of Foxxo. The triangle one.



Wuffle, Puipui, and Foxxo: final designs in color.

Five years ago, on 14th February 2012, the first Wuffle comic was greeted with a warm welcome from all of you.

I've learned a lot about making comics during these past five years. I've made friends and mistakes, and many things have changed in my life since I began.

But Wuffle hasn't really ended. I love the world and the cast, and I still have many more stories to tell about the folks from Gingerbread Village. It's just the perfect time to stop it for a while and move on to do new things, to explore new ideas, and to refresh myself.

I want to thank everyone for supporting the comic and showing so much love.

To Gus, Ryuji, Leo, and Mik: thank you so much for working on the comic with me for all these years. Without you, Wuffle wouldn't be the great comic that it is today.

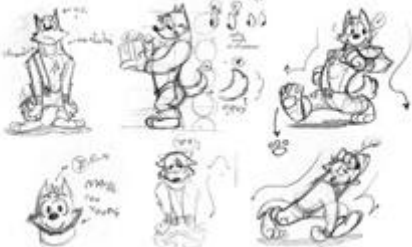
To the fans: thank you all so, so much for reading, sharing, and supporting Wuffle Comics all this time. Without you, Wuffle would have been just a short passion project. Because of all of you, Wuffle has had a great run, filled with laughter, tears, and a lot of joy.

There are now three full volumes, of five full years' worth of Wuffle comics, to enjoy for many years to come. And once in a while, Wuffle might visit again, too. I can never say it enough:

Thank you very much!

- Piti Yindee

"WUFFLE"



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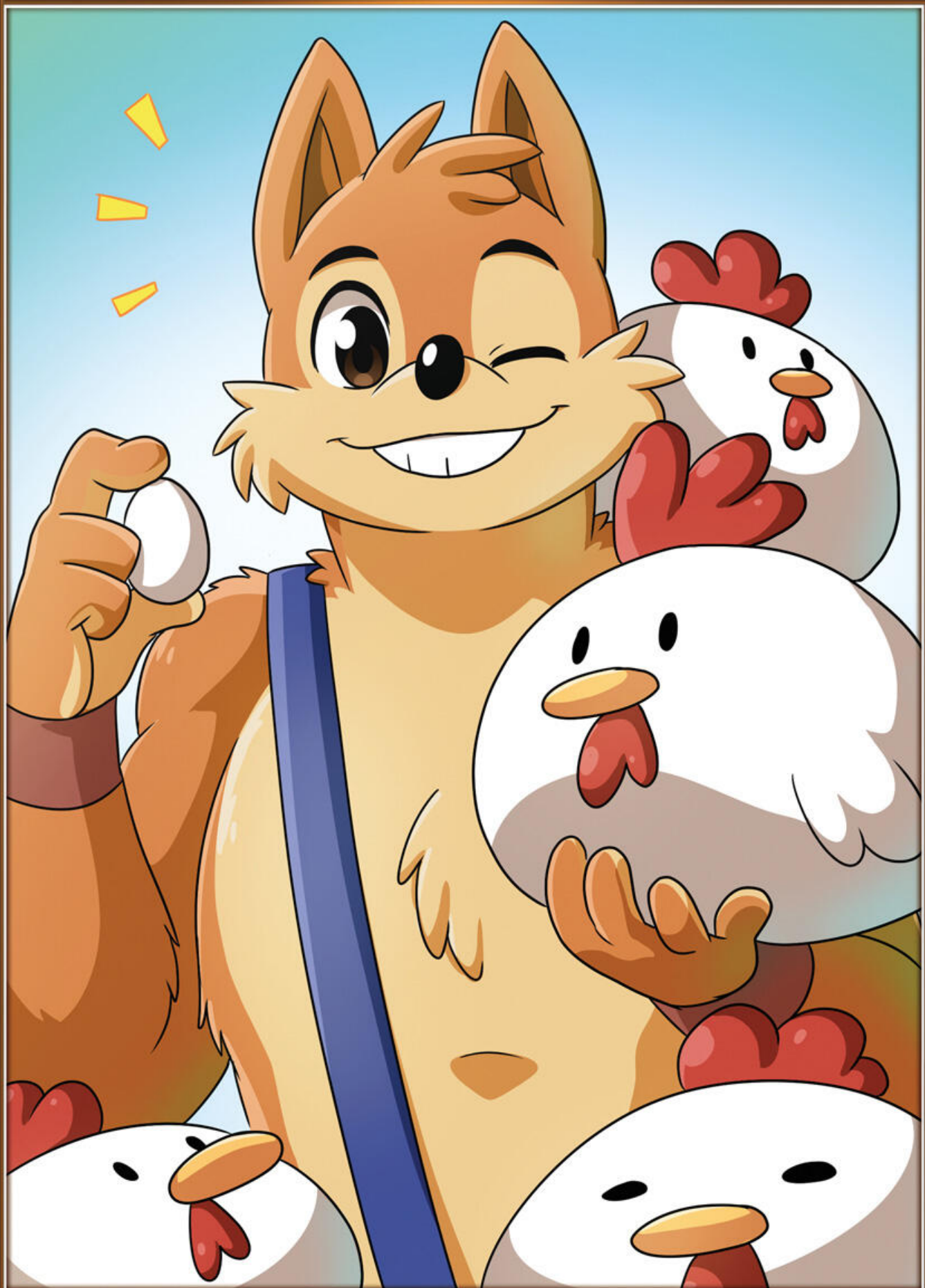

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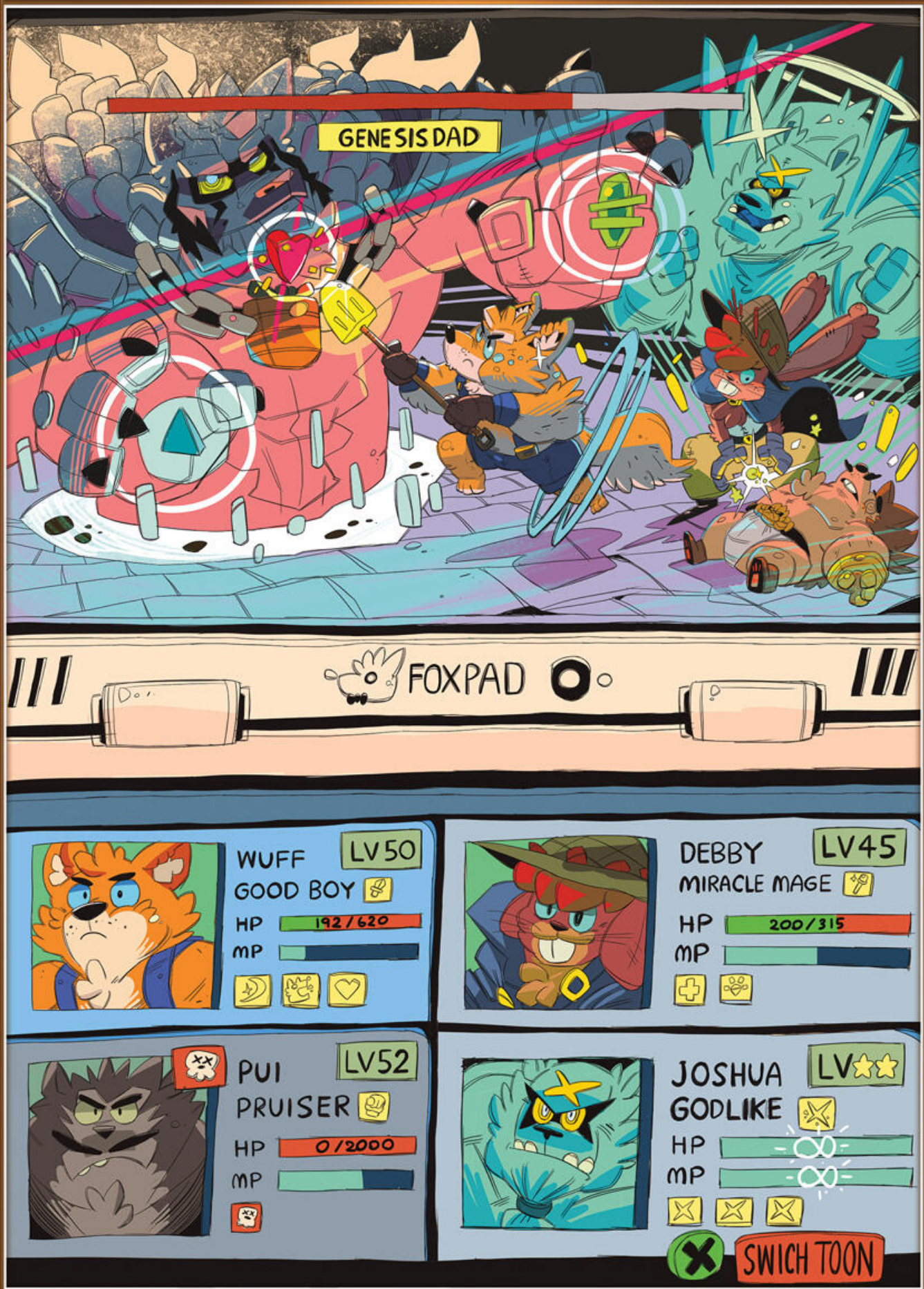
PuiPui, COME ON! IT'S YOUR TURN TO WATER THE PLANTS!
SandraMJ



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THANK YOU
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Thank you everyone on this list
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Without you, this book would have never been made.

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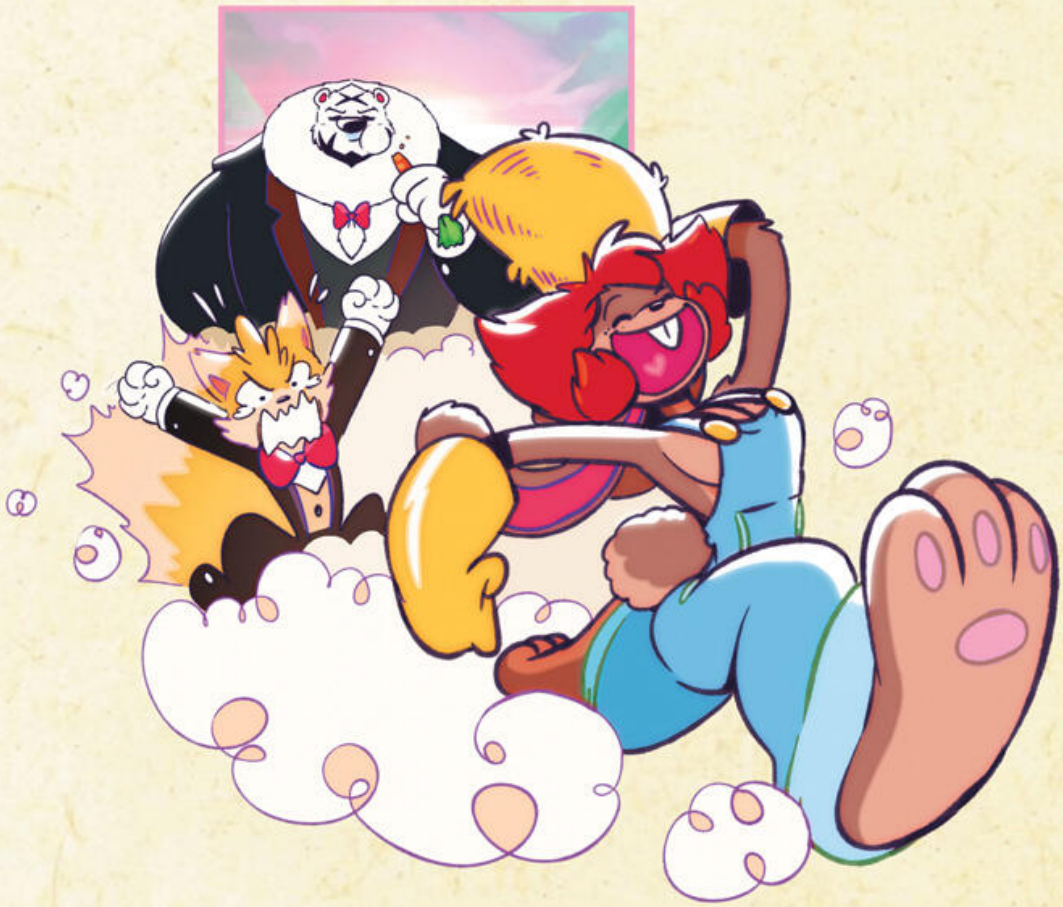
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